

CLARENCE K. JONES: FROM PAPERBOY TO PHILANTHROPIST

Interviewee: Clarence K. Jones

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Description

As student, alumnus and benefactor, Clarence K. Jones has participated in the evolution of the University of Nevada from a small, rustic college into the respected state university that it is today. He was a freshman in the fall of 1927, received an electrical engineering degree in 1931, and has been an enthusiastic and generous supporter of the university and its College of Engineering ever since.

When Mr. Jones and his classmates graduated into the Great Depression, there was little demand for electrical engineers. Therefore, Clarence Jones began building a career with the Reno Evening Gazette, eventually rising to become office manager of the combined Gazette and Nevada State Journal operation. Following his retirement from the newspaper in 1972, Mr. Jones established an office in downtown Reno, from which he carries on philanthropic work and other ventures.

In the pages of this biographical oral history, Clarence Jones focuses a keen, observant mind on several topics that are important in the history of Reno and the state. Mr. Jones was born in Genoa, Nevada, in 1909. He grew up, however, in Reno, and his experience selling newspapers on the streets as a youth taught him much about the social and economic dynamics of the town. In 1934, Mr. Jones joined the office staff of the Reno Evening Gazette. There is important information in his recollections of the paper's purchase by the Speidel chain in 1939, its forced merger with the competing Nevada State Journal, some of the principal figures in the Reno newspaper business from the 1930s through the 1960s, and the reorganization following Speidel's merger with the Gannett Corporation in 1971. Finally, Mr. Jones's deep affection for his alma mater finds expression in numerous observations about developments on the Reno campus since his graduation.

This oral history is more than a biography of Clarence K. Jones; it is a vivid and candid testimony to the social and economic changes that have occurred in a community twenty-five times more populous and fundamentally very different from when he moved here in 1920.

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An Oral History Conducted by Lenore M. Kosso
Edited by Helen M. Blue and R.T. King

University of Nevada Oral History Program

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PREFACE TO THE DIGITAL EDITION

Established in 1964, the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) explores the remembered past through rigorous oral history interviewing, creating a record for present and future researchers. The program's collection of primary source oral histories is an important body of information about significant events, people, places, and activities in twentieth and twenty-first century Nevada and the West.

The UNOHP wishes to make the information in its oral histories accessible to a broad range of patrons. To achieve this goal, its transcripts must speak with an intelligible voice. However, no type font contains symbols for physical gestures and vocal modulations which are integral parts of verbal communication. When human speech is represented in print, stripped of these signals, the result can be a morass of seemingly tangled syntax and incomplete sentences—totally verbatim transcripts sometimes verge on incoherence. Therefore, this transcript has been lightly edited.

While taking great pains not to alter meaning in any way, the editor may have removed false starts, redundancies, and the “uhs,” “ahs,” and other noises with which speech is often liberally sprinkled; compressed some passages which, in unaltered form, misrepresent the chronicler's meaning; and relocated some material to place information in its intended context. Laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of a sentence in which it occurs, and ellipses are used to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete...or that there is a pause for dramatic effect.

As with all of our oral histories, while we can vouch for the authenticity of the interviews in the UNOHP collection, we advise readers to keep in mind that these are remembered pasts, and we do not claim that the recollections are entirely free of error. We can state, however, that the transcripts accurately reflect the oral history recordings on which they were based. Accordingly, each transcript should be approached with the

same prudence that the intelligent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information. All statements made here constitute the remembrance or opinions of the individuals who were interviewed, and not the opinions of the UNOHP.

In order to standardize the design of all UNOHP transcripts for the online database, most have been reformatted, a process that was completed in 2012. This document may therefore differ in appearance and pagination from earlier printed versions. Rather than compile entirely new indexes for each volume, the UNOHP has made each transcript fully searchable electronically. If a previous version of this volume existed, its original index has been appended to this document for reference only. A link to the entire catalog can be found online at <http://oralhistory.unr.edu/>.

For more information on the UNOHP or any of its publications, please contact the University of Nevada Oral History Program at Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, NV, 89557-0324 or by calling 775/784-6932.

Alicia Barber
Director, UNOHP
July 2012

ORIGINAL PREFACE

Since 1965 the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP) has produced over 200 works similar to the one at hand. Following the precedent established by Allan Nevins at Columbia University in 1948 (and perpetuated since by academic programs such as ours throughout the English-speaking world) these manuscripts are called oral histories. Unfortunately, some confusion surrounds the meaning of the term. To the extent that these 'oral' histories can be read, they are not oral; and while they are useful historical sources, they are not themselves history. Still, custom is a powerful force. Historical and cultural records that originate in tape-recorded interviews are almost uniformly labeled 'oral histories', and our program follows that usage.

Among oral history programs, differences abound in the way information is collected, processed and presented. At one end of a spectrum are some that claim to find scholarly value in interviews which more closely resemble spontaneous encounters than they do organized efforts to collect

information. For those programs, any preparation is too much. The interviewer operates the recording equipment and serves as the immediate audience, but does not actively participate beyond encouraging the interviewee to keep talking. Serendipity is the principal determinant of the historical worth of information thus collected.

The University of Nevada's program strives to be considerably more rigorous in selecting chroniclers, and in preparing for and focussing interviews. When done by the UNOHP, these firsthand accounts are meant to serve the function of primary source documents, as valuable in the process of historiography as the written records with which historians customarily work. However, while the properly conducted oral history is a reliable source, verifying the accuracy of all of the statements made in the course of an interview would require more time and money than the UNOHP's operating budget permits. The program can vouch that the statements were made, and that the interviewee has approved the edited

manuscript, but it does not assert that all are entirely free of error. Accordingly, our oral histories should be approached with the same caution that the prudent reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries and other sources of historical information.

Each finished manuscript is the product of a collaboration—its structure influenced by the directed questioning of an informed, well-prepared interviewer, and its articulation refined through editing. In the interest of facilitating the use of the Clarence Jones oral history, a notable departure has been made from past editing practice. While the words are substantially as spoken by Mr. Jones, the text makes no effort to be a faithful, verbatim transcription of the interview as it occurred. By shifting text when necessary, by polishing syntax, and by deleting or subsuming the questions of the interviewer, a first-person narrative with chronological and topical order has been created. Mr. Jones has reviewed the finished manuscript and affirmed in writing that it is an undistorted record of his statements.

The UNOHP realizes that there will be some researchers who prefer to take their oral history straight, without the editing that was necessary to produce this text; they are directed to the tape recording. Copies of all or part of this work and the tapes from which it is derived are available from:

The University of Nevada
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INTRODUCTION

As student, alumnus and benefactor, Clarence K. Jones has participated in the remarkable evolution of the University of Nevada from a small, rustic college into the respected state university that it is today. He was a freshman in the fall of 1927, received an Electrical Engineering degree in 1931, and has been an enthusiastic and generous supporter of the university and its Engineering School ever since. In the fall of 1988, as I write this introduction to his oral history, Clarence Jones is entering a seventh decade of active involvement in the life of the university.

Today the University of Nevada-Reno serves in excess of 10,000 students. When Mr. Jones was a student at the university, the average annual enrollment was about one thousand. Then, there was no sister campus in Las Vegas, no faculty senate in Reno, and the president, Walter E. Clark, was in the middle of a twenty year term in office. From the perspective of the 1980s, that time seems a more tranquil, less complicated period than the present; but it was not, either for

the university or for the community that supported it. Mr. Jones and his classmates graduated into the Great Depression. There was little demand for electrical engineers, so with characteristic energy and determination he began building a career with the *Reno Evening Gazette*, eventually rising to become office manager of the combined *Gazette* and *Nevada State Journal* operation. Following his retirement from the newspaper in 1972, Mr. Jones established an office in downtown Reno, from which he carries on philanthropic work and other ventures.

Since 1920 Clarence Jones has been engaged in activities that make him a good primary source. In the pages of this biographical oral history, he focuses a keen, observant mind on several topics that are important in the history of Reno and the state. Although he was born in Genoa, Mr. Jones grew up in Reno, and his experience selling newspapers on the streets as a youth taught him much about the social and economic dynamics of the town...including some things his mother may have wished he

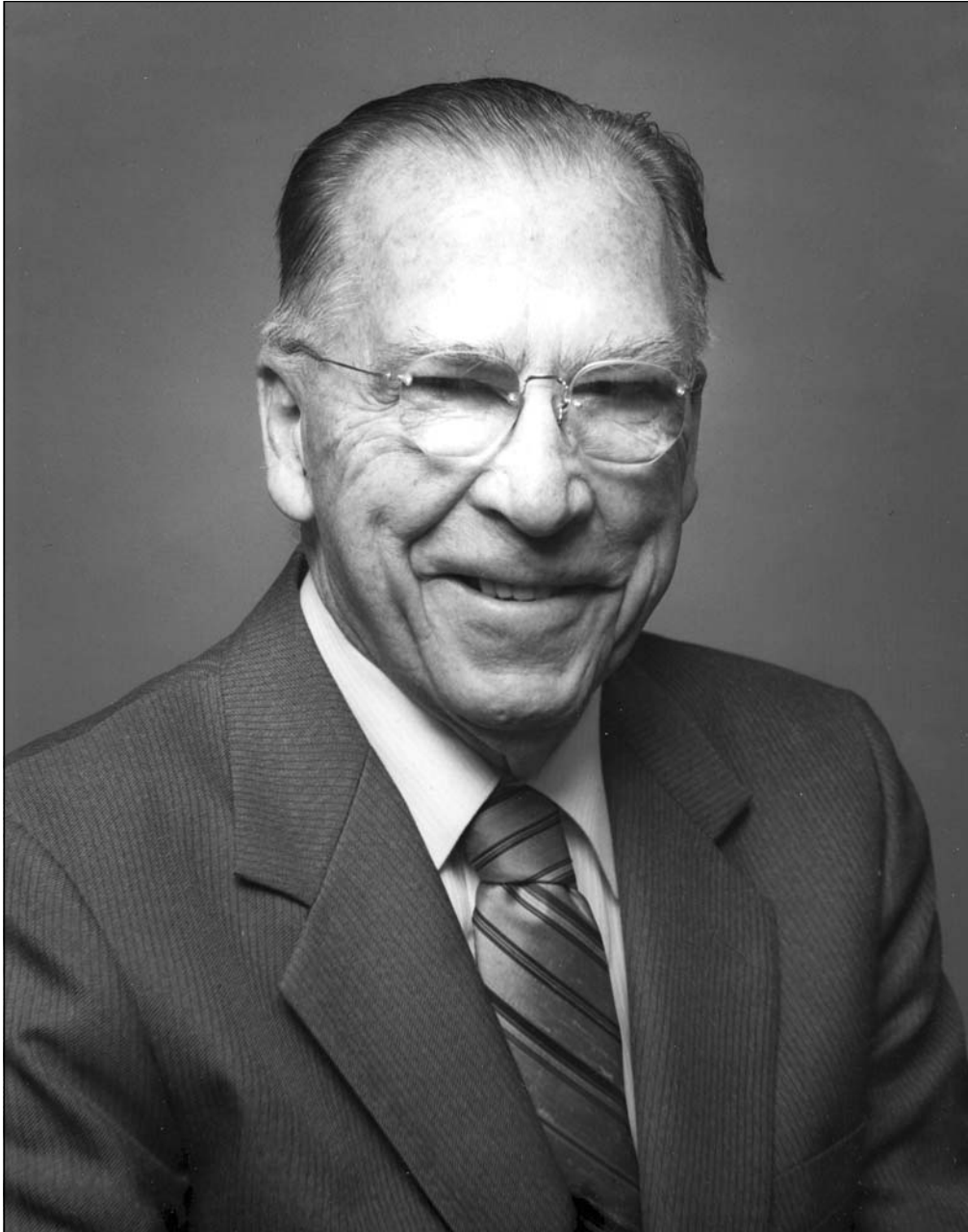
hadn't learned. In 1934, Mr. Jones joined the office staff of the *Reno Evening Gazette*. There is important information in his recollections of the paper's purchase by the Speidel chain in 1939, its forced merger with the competing *Nevada State Journal*, some of the principal figures in the Reno newspaper business from the 1930s through the 1960s, and the reorganization following Speidel's merger with the Gannett Corporation in 1971. Finally, Mr. Jones's deep affection for his alma mater finds expression in numerous observations, some of them pungent, about developments on the Reno campus since his graduation.

This oral history is more than a biography of Clarence K. Jones; it is vivid and candid testimony to the social and economic changes that have occurred in a community twenty-five times more populous and fundamentally very different from when he moved here in 1920. Great credit for the quality of the memoir must also go to Lenore Kosso, who conducted the interviews from which it is derived. The words are Clarence Jones's, but they would not have been spoken without her informed questioning and guidance.

The 1980s are trying times for publicly-funded higher education. No state university can hope to advance without substantial private support. Clarence Jones maintained an interest in the welfare of the University of Nevada after his graduation, and he has always sought to be of service. In recent years, as he and his wife, Martha, began benefiting from astute investments made throughout his working life, they shared their good fortune with UNR in ways that have had a significant and lasting impact on the growth and development of the institution. They have been a remarkably generous couple, holding in common a dedication to helping others and advancing the well-being of their

community. It is entirely appropriate that Clarence K. Jones's memoir should be part of the Nevada Biographical Oral History series sponsored by the University of Nevada-Reno Foundation.

Joseph N. Crowley, President
University of Nevada-Reno
October, 1988



CLARENCE K. JONES
1988

Photo by Upson

CHILDHOOD IN GENOA

I was born in Genoa, Nevada, in Douglas County on a Friday, September 24, 1909. [Genoa is in the shadow of the Sierra Nevada, west of the Carson River in Carson Valley. Founded in 1851, it is the oldest settlement in Nevada.—Ed.] My father was Lionel Eugene Jones, and my mother was Kate Klotz. My mother was born in Genoa in the same house that I was born in. Her parents came over from the Black Forest area in Germany; I'm not sure of the exact date, but I know it was in the 1850s. Grandfather came over first, and he was a harness maker. Of course, the Carson Valley area was very similar to the German area. Lots of the Germans were migrating to that area, due to conditions over in Germany and Europe at that time. I don't know whether it was a famine or whether it was a political aspect that ran them out.

My maternal grandfather, Frederick Klotz, came over here, and he then sent for his lady friend and brought her over, and then they got married in Genoa, which was the county seat of Douglas County. They

were both naturalized when my grandmother arrived in this country.

There were other pockets of German people throughout the country, such as in the Midwest. But many of the Germans who came here had heard about the California Gold Rush. They often came through Genoa and that area on their way over to California, because this was one of the lowest routes to get over to the mining country. Many Germans thought they could just go over to California and pluck the gold out of the ground. When they got here, though, many of them found out that this was not true.

My grandfather hadn't come looking for gold, though. They came over here because they had heard it was a very great country for growing produce. Then he and others like him would write back home and tell some more of their relatives, and pretty soon they would start coming. This is the way that these communities developed and grew.

Grandfather had a harness shop set up right in the center of town on the main street

next to the mercantile store. His shop was in the same building as the post office, so that everybody coming to town would probably go there to it. There was also a hitching post out in front that people would hitch their horses to. Then he was elected the county recorder of Douglas County, and he served in that job for many, many years. There was a fire in that part of the city in 1910, and the courthouse was burned. After the fire Genoa began to go downhill pretty fast.

More and more of the valley was becoming populated with farmers about that time, and Minden was set up. And then it became a pretty good community. [Minden was established in 1905 on land owned by the Dangberg family at the Carson Valley terminus of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad. In 1916 it replaced Genoa as the county seat of Douglas County.—Ed.]

My grandfather knew about the Carson Valley because of the people back home in Germany. They would come out here and they said what a very fertile area this is, and so they made their home here. They knew there was room for you out here, and there was work to be done, and, of course, they did need a saddle maker or a harness maker with all the ranches around there. My grandfather made a very good living by that. And, of course, it also gave him an “in” with a lot of the farmers, and this helped him along with being elected as county recorder and auditor.

When my grandfather died, one of his daughters, Josephine Klotz, took over as auditor and recorder of Douglas County. This was coming into the era when there were a lot of women in Nevada who were recorders and auditors. My grandfather’s family moved to Minden; Josephine went along. She established a home over there, and then she married a Lundergreen. They are one of the families that’s there now.

Josephine left Minden when she didn’t want to run for office any more, and came to Reno where my sisters and I and our families were. She came down here to that nice little home, and her husband, of course, came down with her. His health wasn’t too good. They had their problems with health, and then they both later passed away. She had been county recorder and auditor for perhaps 25 or 30 years.

* * * * *

My father was born in Park County, Colorado, on May 4, 1867, and he died here in Reno on September 30, 1938. My father had been working with horses and teamsters in Colorado on the ranches. His family then moved to California over in the Jackson area in Amador County, near Daffodil Hill.

The Daffodil Hill area belonged to the McLaughlin family, and it was great fruit and produce country. My father’s family used to fill a buckboard of produce and fruit and then come over to Carson Valley and to Genoa and sell it throughout that area. Well, this is the way he got to meet my mother, Kate Klotz. Then after several trips, as I understand it, they decided to get married, and so he took her back to California with him. Two members of our family were born over there—one boy, Irving, died when he was 12 years old from scarlet fever, I believe it was. He is buried in Genoa and is the only one of our immediate family that is buried there. My older sister, Gladys, was also born there, in 1896.

The Klotzes were a large family. In those old days, why, my mother got a little bit homesick for her family, so she convinced my father to move over to the Carson Valley because her whole family was there. In Carson Valley, he worked on the Trimmer

ranch as a general worker. He worked with the horses, harnessing them up to do field work, and plowing, driving, hauling, and working in the hay fields. This was a year-around job. He was making about \$30 a month and raising a family of six of us. This period was from 1909. My father didn't tell me about his life as a farmer and teamster. We never had much time together. He was out working on the ranch all the time, and he'd only come in maybe once a week or because he lived there.

My mother was really the head of the family and the guiding light, and I owe practically all that I have today to her. She had to be the whole mainstay of the family, and she did a very marvelous job.

My mother was also a practicing midwife. In those days, whoever was available or *capable* was a midwife, rather than being a professional and actually getting paid for it. I don't believe they ever paid for her service.

I know one time when she wasn't home, and we were by ourselves, I was told that she was down at the Winkelmann ranch, down south of Genoa just beyond the Walley's Hot Springs. She was down there helping to deliver a baby and take care of them for a few days or a week, depending on circumstances.

I had four sisters and a brother. There was Gladys, the older one, who was born in California, and Irving, who also was born in California. Then the next one in line was my sister, Louise ("Ouida"), and after her came Grace Joyce Jones. They were both born in Genoa. By that time it was getting to be quite a family, so Grace moved in with my grandparents, and they raised her. So she was never really part of the real close family. I was born after Grace, and then came Kathryn, who now lives in Maryland.

When my mother was gone, Gladys, the oldest, took care of the rest of us. We were

pretty much self-sufficient, I suppose. We were trained to take care that we were able to do things for ourselves, not relying on our parents or somebody else to do it for us.

Our family went through a transition when Genoa was on its way down. There was no work available around there, and the only place to go to a good high school was over in Gardnerville at Douglas County High School. So Gladys went over there. Then when she graduated from high school, she came down to Reno to go to the University of Nevada normal school to become a schoolteacher. And then she was hired by the school board or principal to teach at McKinley Park School. She taught second grade there until she was married. After she was married, they moved to San Francisco. She later died of cancer in 1944. She was only in her forties. She was a beautiful girl, and just the finest person you could ask for.

Then the next one was Ouida, and she also went to the Douglas High School. She graduated, then went to Reno to the normal school. Then she got a job teaching on the Whipple ranch out at Sunnyside. She taught most of the Whipple family. I think the Whipple family still has a tremendous amount of ranching property.

Ouida was out there just a few years, I think. Of course, in those days all of the young, eligible bachelors that were around would always look for the schoolteachers because they were the ones that were available. So Ouida later married Murray Whipple. And then Murray died in his forties, I think, from saddle roping. He burnt off three fingers and went to Caliente Hospital and got pneumonia and died. He was a cowboy, rancher.

My sister raised the whole family—they had three children. She taught school there in Hiko, where she and her husband had bought this big ranch. They had gone up around Long

Valley, but it was so crowded and they didn't have the freedom, and so after analyzing it, Murray decided that this wasn't for him. He liked that open range out there. They, therefore, stayed there at the Hiko ranch, and she lives on it yet.

Ouida had two boys and a girl, and Keith is the one that's still running the ranch there. He's the oldest one, and a real good boy. The younger one was Kent, and he died from cancer of the liver, I think it was. They claim that he got it when he was delivering milk over in Utah during the time of the atomic testing, and that that was the area where the fallout ended up. They could never prove it, of course, and they never even thought of that until just recent years when they began to wonder about cancer showing up in that area.

Their ranch is the closest spot to the test site. It's just over the hill from it. Surprisingly enough, they never got any of the fallout. The winds would carry it over the top of them. They were concerned about this, though, and so was the government. The government had the people in the valley wear little monitors and patches to measure any radioactivity.

Ouida used to drive the school bus to pick up and deliver school children. Not only did she teach and run the school bus, but she also ran the ranch to raise enough money to support the family. Ouida's daughter became a nurse.

None of my family is left in Genoa, but the house is still there on Main Street where I was born. It's on the righthand side going south, and it's near the fire station. There was a dance hall nearby that we used to have great times in. There's a pink house there, and then the fire station, and then I think there's a vacant lot, and then the house that I was born in. It was my parents' home.

The annual dance in that hall was really quite a ball. It was for the whole community.

There was a girl that was about the same age and the same height as I was, and we used to have a ball dancing! [laughs] You had to be so careful because they would slicken the floor by using baled hay. By dragging the hay across the floor, it would act just as a sand paper and put a beautiful polish on it. And so you had to be very careful! [laughs]

I went to school in a little white one-room schoolhouse in Genoa. There were about 20 or 25 students in grades one through eight. It was way back up from where the school was located later, after the headquarters of the county seat was moved over to Minden. That brick building, which is standing today, became the courthouse. When they moved out, the school took it over. I used to get a chance to ring the bell. The school is long gone now.

In the wintertime, going to school got to be quite a little chore, because we'd get a couple of feet of snow there. Whenever there was a big, heavy snowfall, we would get some kind of snowslide. It wasn't an avalanche, but the snow would begin to roll and sometimes it would get as high as 70 feet. When it came down off the mountain, the farther it got, the bigger it got. On one occasion I remember it came down off the mountain and the good Lord willed that the upper end of it got caught and twisted and turned so that when it came into town it wasn't straight on. That was about 1915 or 1916.

We'd try to wade in the loose snow. I was a kid who was maybe over four feet high and about 50 to 75 pounds, so they got me a pair of skis. This was the first time I got on skis. They had a pair made there by a fellow named Jim Hawkins. My skis were about five feet long. They were wide enough to hold you up pretty much so you'd only sink down maybe a couple of inches, where otherwise you'd go clear down to your knees or better. There

was just a toe strap to strap to your regular shoes, with a little strip of wood nailed on at your heel to keep it in place. Then you'd just kind of guide your skis with your feet. You also used poles. I usually used one pole—to push with. Then I'd have a little bag or something to throw over my shoulder. That's where I carried my books. Not too many people had skis in Genoa—just those that really needed them to get to and from places. Skiing wasn't a sport then, it was purely for practical reasons.

An interesting thing on skiing is that Snowshoe Thompson is buried up there in Genoa not too far from where my brother is buried. Every time we go up there, we stop over and see Snowshoe Thompson's grave, and where he carried the mail from Genoa up over to Placerville through the snow. There are a lot of stories about him and the wolves and his great big, long, 12-foot skis that he rode on.

As far as other natural phenomena are concerned, we were also occasionally subjected to forest fires. A couple of times in a good, dry summer, lightning would strike and set a fire. In those days, we didn't have tankers and all the new equipment to fight the fires. We were at the mercy of the wind. When we had a fire, everybody would volunteer to help. They'd have picks, axes, and shovels, and they'd cut a fire break. And if the wind was blowing embers around, they'd have to be put out. We were lucky and our house never burned.

One event that did affect us, though, was the flu epidemic of 1918. Everybody in town had the flu, and many people died. Our whole family had the flu. We were all running around with masks on so we wouldn't breathe in each other's faces. We would drink a tea that had been boiled. We didn't have antibiotics back then—only tea. Where this flu came from,

only the good Lord knows. They closed the school and everyone was quarantined. [The flu epidemic of 1918 resulted in the deaths of over 20 million people worldwide. Nearly 600,000 people died in the United States. The strain began in Europe and was brought to North America by returning veterans of World War I.—Ed.]

* * * * *

They brought electricity in to Genoa quite late, really—about 1915 or 1916, right in that neighborhood. So we grew up without electricity. You had coal oil lamps, and you had to be careful about the wick being too high and smoking up the chimney. Then you'd have to cool it off and clean it so you could get it running. When you went around at night you either carried a candle or a lamp; most of the time you carried candles. All the time you had to be so careful with both the lamps and the candles. There were so many fires there.

* * * * *

We used to have a lot of fun as kids. Just north of Walley's Hot Springs was a long marshland. I used to go out there with my uncles, and we'd take several gunnysacks. Then you'd take a pole and put as many as 10 hooks on the line and cast it out and just leave it there. Pretty soon they'd be nibbling, nibbling, and when you pulled your line up, you'd have a whole string of catfish. You had to be darned careful because of their prongs, though.

Another way of filling the time was by gardening. We grew raspberries next to the ditch...everybody was allocated a certain amount of water—more than today, so there was enough moisture. We picked big baskets

about four inches square and three inches high, loaded with raspberries, for about 25 cents. That was a very important job—to keep those raspberries picked, because if you didn't, the bushes would disintegrate.

We grew all of our own vegetables: potatoes, rutabagas, corn, turnips, cabbages... all the vegetables you could use. The cabbages would be made into sauerkraut and put up for the winter. We did that up at my grandparents' house. Sauerkraut is a good German dish, and I still like it; it's good for you and it's very delicious. My grandmother prepared all the German foods, so it was always a treat to go there for dinner. It was an interesting and healthy life. Everybody would pitch in and help.

We also raised some chickens—we had a bantam hen and a bantam rooster. Of course, they became our pets, but every once in a while we'd have to kill one of the chickens for food. You'd have to strip their feathers off after the head was cut off. After you chopped the head off, you had to be sure to throw the chicken away, because there was a lot of life left in them, and the blood would be flying.

* * * * *

When we lived in Genoa the road went right by our front door, so we could keep track of everything that was going by either way through town. Genoa was located about 40 or 50 miles from Virginia City, and that would be just about the right place for an overnight stop for teamsters to rest the horses and get their harness off and feed and water them.

The teamsters themselves could also get a little rest and a little sleep before they proceeded on to Placerville, which would have been the next stop on the road. Placerville was pretty much of a terminus point, because from there I think it picked up the railroads.

The teamsters would be on their way from Virginia City with ore that was going to be processed in Placerville or shipped to other points. There was almost a continual string of horse teams and wagons hauling freight. I used to see a 20-horse team go by our front door, and I counted them at times. They had a span of 10 horses. It's quite a sight to see this span of horses hauling the freight that they picked up in Virginia City. This was all done right there in the center of town, because there were about four big horse barns for stabling the horses overnight.

After the teamsters got their horses all stabled, they went and ate. There was a restaurant there...actually, they ate in the Raycraft Hotel. That's where they would stay overnight. Next to the hotel was a big horse barn, which was called the Raycraft barn. There was a road that went out towards the hillside and out west, and this was the entry to the upper end of Genoa.

After they got through eating, the next thing on the street there was a bar. Of course, that was a very important part of the teamster's life, because they brought a lot of stories and a lot of big news, and this is where it would be communicated—in the bar. They would all sit around the tables. I remember that we were too darned young to be even close to it. We would go over and look through the window to see what was going on until they'd catch up with us and they'd run us away. [laughs] But you could see them in there talking and gambling and drinking, of course.

This was the life! After all, when teamsters would be sitting on that wagon all day, they didn't have to be driving those teams, because the horses pretty well knew the road—especially their lead horses. The drivers held a whole string of 10 lines wrapped in their hands, so they could pull on any one of the teams of horses. But the lead team was the

most important of all, because they usually were the older ones, and they knew their way and could go by themselves.

This was one way to use animals to the benefit of the teamsters, because they could sleep then. The teamsters might have been out all night, but when they were on the wagons, then they could sleep and they knew that they'd be going on down the road. They wouldn't be losing any time.

My father drove a buckboard full of produce to Genoa, but he wasn't a teamster; they called them drivers. He got his training in Colorado and California. Now we used to get drivers like him here in Reno, where they delivered fish and the Cui-uis, a prehistoric-age fish that lives in Pyramid Lake.

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I was just about a year old or somewhere in that neighborhood when the Genoa fire of 1910 occurred. It started in the poorhouse. Because Genoa was the county seat, the poorhouse was located there. The poorhouse was for the people that couldn't afford any other type of living and had no relatives or anything to support them. It had space for 20 to 40 people. It was right on the corner of the intersections of the two main streets, the one coming up from Minden and the one coming up from Carson.

What used to happen is there used to be not much care for the tenants and for the property, and every so often, they'd get the bed bugs. In those days, it was a very common thing to have bed bugs in the beds. Of course, they would keep people awake most of the night working on them. What they used to do to take care of the bugs was to fumigate them by burning sulfur under the beds. One time they set fire to one of the beds. Because of that fire, to this day I have the very greatest

respect for fire. The fire burned everything in that whole block right there. But the church was saved, and that was right in the back of it. Most of the people who were in the poorhouse were burned, except for those that may have gotten out, but most of them perished there. They were mostly elderly and sick people.

The worst thing in the world for the old folks was to be put in the poorhouse. This was one of the great fears in those days. There was not only the stigma on the family and on the individual and their life, but it was the actual living conditions. It was not a pleasant place to be. But that was where the fire started, and it just wiped out that whole section of town.

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Genoa was, of course, very small. All the old-timers that were around there would congregate every day down at the general store, and when the mail would come in to the post office, everyone would see who had mail and who didn't. So they'd sit out there in front of the general mercantile store and smoke. Cigars were mainly what they would smoke. The bar was right next to that, so this was the center of the community. Then the Masonic lodge hall was up on the top floor. The Masons and Odd Fellows had built the building originally, and the store was in the Masonic temple part of it.

Sometimes the fellows who hung out in front of the store pitted me and my best friend against each other in a fight. My friend's name was Jimmy Canonic. I think he still lives in Sparks. We were both pretty tough little kids—not that we were always into mischief, but we were always doing something. One of the old-timers would get ahold of Jimmy and tell him I said I could beat him up in a fight. Another one would get ahold of me and say that Jimmy said that he could beat me in a

fight, too. So then they'd get us in a fight. I think that was probably one of the best things that occurred in my earlier days, because I learned self-protection and not being afraid to stand up and fight for my rights...or to fight, period.

Those old-timers wanted some amusement. They just wanted to watch us fight. After we got through, they'd give us a nickel apiece. [laughs] I can remember one time when I went home after having one of these fights, I showed my mother I had a nickel. She said, "Where did you get that?" And then she looked up and I had a black eye. Then she said, "Here, you go back down there. I'll give you another nickel to go down and get the other eye blackened." [laughs]

Jimmy and I wouldn't really get into a fight with ourselves, because after the fight was over, we were buddy-buddy and we'd go on our way. After we had the fight, what difference did it make? We were still friends. We never really hurt each other badly, because we didn't have enough power. But it was real fighting. Jimmy and I used to go climb the mountains near Genoa all the time to develop our bodies, minds, and our strength. I had always liked the out-of-doors.

Tom Raycraft was another good friend of mine. He was sort of a father to me. He used to take me fishing. He always bragged about what a great fisherman he was. One time when we went down to the Carson River to fish, I was the one that caught all the fish—so as we came walking back, I had the big fish and he had nothing. He really took quite a bit of kidding from the old-timers sitting on the porch of the store.

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One interesting story about Genoa when I was there occurred in the late 1910s, when

Mary Pickford came out for a divorce. In those days, divorces weren't quite as common as they were later, and she chose Genoa as the place that she wanted to spend her six weeks. She stayed at the Campbell Ranch at the northern edge of Genoa, because everything was quiet and nobody bothered her. Every day she'd go walking up the street in front of our house. She was a very small woman. The Campbell Ranch was the nicest place that there was in Genoa, and they had room for her to stay there. She could ride horses and do those things if she wanted to. It was just a normal ranch.

I often wondered how Mary Pickford knew about Genoa, except that it's a quiet, beautiful little city located right at the foot of the hills, with little streams of water running down and everybody was very friendly. She never had people bothering her because she was a notable person. The fact is, she wasn't the only celebrity we had in Genoa; we had many. Hans Meyer Kassell, the artist, was another one. He lived in Genoa, but that was after we had moved.

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Genoa was infested with Indians originally, and that's where they used to have some of the big Indian battles. It was pretty much taboo that any of us, especially the young kids, would go and associate with the Indians, let alone go into their village. No white people wanted to associate with Indians, because it was believed that they were still barbarians that would fight the whites and kill them. Or they'd take them and run away with them. There was a fear of Indians. That was in that transition period from about 1910 up to about 1914 or 1915. I think in 1914 Fred Dressler's family gave the Washos land on which to settle south of Gardnerville. That land was named

Dresslerville. The Washos had had a camp just south of Genoa.

I couldn't see any difference between Indians and anybody else—Italians or Germans, or any of them. So one day, this little Indian boy from school invited me to come to the village. I just said, "OK," so I went down to their village, and I couldn't see anything wrong with it. They lived in the tepees in a kind of circular area that had been used for excavating dirt for using for fill around in the valley. Each family had their own tepee, and they all lived in one room. Actually, you could walk from town down there very readily, and there were never any problems. They weren't really aggressive.

Pretty soon I heard some voices calling my name, and I sure got a licking for going to that Indian village, because I was never supposed to go there. But even back in those days it didn't make any difference to me whether it was black, yellow or red. They were people. I felt my punishment was justified, though, because I was told not to go because the whites were afraid of them. We were told that the Indians would take us away, and we had all those fears that were instilled in white people...that the Indians might even kill you. But I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't go to that village.

Later in my life, I used to hire Indians; I used to hire blacks. And when we got to Reno, if my mother couldn't get some white person to help in the house, they'd have some Indian woman to help.

I know I helped break the barrier as far as the relationship with the Indian is concerned, because I came back from that village and told them what the situation was—that there was nothing to fear in them. After I got my licking, I told my mother what the village was like. To me, this is part of my development and education—wanting people to know what is right and what isn't.

My Indian friend from school finally moved away when they moved the Indians to Dresslerville. We were friends in school until then when they moved away. We no longer had any Indians in Genoa after that. There were no incidences of fighting, but people were afraid anyway. They still had the fear in their minds of an Indian as an Indian. To this day, many people do. It had been carried over all these years due to historical incidents and these other things. But the Washo was not actually a fighting tribe.

They were correct in moving the Indians over to Dresslerville. There, they had houses built for them and they were taken care of like people, whereas where they were in Genoa, it was just a little dirt place. It was about similar to the Indian village on Glendale Road in Reno for a while, the Reno-Sparks Indian Colony, where they had tepees in the earlier days.

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I remember that after World War I, they brought a railroad car to Carson Valley to have a promotion for war bonds. They had a display brought in in one car that showed the "Heinies" (Germans) and then the prisoners. The German officers had the hats with the spikes on them. I always remember that, because one of the officers said, "Would you like to have been in that war?"

And I said, "I sure would have."

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One of the things I had found out was that you could make a propeller out of a piece of wood. You'd put a nail in the middle and then run with it into the wind. Being air-minded, I used to run around the town with this thing whirling, and I'd make noises. One time when

I was running across this place that I had run through before, somebody had strung up a piece of barbed wire across it, and it hit me across my lip. It tore all of my gums loose. I went home and, of course, never said anything to Mother, and she came in and said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "Well, I can't stop this blood."

It was bleeding like the dickens and she said, "Well, something's got to be done about it."

So she called my uncle, who was the only one with transportation. It was raining like the dickens by this time, and they called over to see if Dr. Howell was there. They took me over to him, and he looked at me and said, "Yes, you sure got to be stitched up." That was in Gardnerville, because we had no doctors or hospitals in Genoa.

He asked me if he could give me an anesthetic, and I said, "No, you're not going to give me an anesthetic." So he went ahead and sewed it all up without one.

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I still have many friends in Genoa, but what is happening is that so many of these friends and relatives die off. Then these new people are beginning to come in, because the Carson Valley is a beautiful place to live. The home that I lived in, that I was born in on Main Street, is still there. It has been remodeled. My mother's home is still there, too, and that, I think, has been designated as one of Nevada's historical markers. Of course, the church is there. It was a unified church because both the Catholics and Lutherans used it.

As I look back on my childhood experiences in Genoa, something, comes to mind: I have never been afraid of work. As long as I was doing the work, and as long as

I got some remuneration—I didn't care how much. It didn't make any difference to me. I remember I used to take this fellow's cow up to pasture in the morning and bring it back in the evening. I was about four or five years old. I'd get a nickel a week for it. [laughs]

I was never afraid to take on obligations to perform jobs. It didn't make any difference to me how menial or important they were, as long as I was working and making money to pay bills. I owe that thinking to my mother. She used to repeat to us Longfellow's ballad, "The Village Blacksmith." You look the whole world in the face because you owe not any man. To this day I always think of that, because I don't want to owe anybody, and I don't. My wife is the same way. We don't owe anybody.

Genoa gave me a good background for some of the things I believe in. I had a very solid beginning as far as I was concerned. I learned how to protect myself and how to sustain myself.

YOUTH IN RENO

One reason we left Genoa goes back to my oldest sister, Gladys. She was the one looking out for the family, next to Mother. In those days—and with families even today—the oldest one is usually pretty much the one that watches out for the children.

Gladys could see that Genoa was going to be a dead town with no future for any of us. She decided that she was going to move the family to Reno, where we'd have opportunities to do something. So she footed the bill and got located over on 676 Nevada Street, and we went to Mary S. Doten School. It was 1920 and I was in the sixth grade and was 11 years old at that time.

Coming to Reno was a great thing as far as I was concerned, because I felt that many opportunities would be available here that you wouldn't have.... One time I remember I saw a speck in the sky, and I asked several people what the heck that thing was, because it wasn't a bird. Somebody said, "Well, that's an airplane."

And I said, "What's that?"

They said, "It carries people."

I thought, "That's for me!" [laughs] This was one of the things I'd always had on my mind. I wanted to get someplace where I could be involved with things like that.

At the time we moved to Reno, Ouida was, I think, still going to school. Or she was in a transition period about then. And I think right after we came here, she finished normal school, and got the job out over there in Sunnyside. But the rest of us were all here, and then we attended Reno High School. My father came down a little later.

When my father came to Reno, he went to work for the city and helped establish Idlewild Park. That was about 1927 that he was working there. Then he worked up at the cemetery as sexton. This was the type of work that he did; it was always menial labor. I worked with him up at the cemetery digging graves. It was hard for him to leave Genoa...it really was. It was a hard thing for him to leave the ranch because this was his home, this was his life for a number of years. Of course, he came from over in the fruit country in California where he had a similar way of living. Colorado, where he was

born, was also similar to that. When he got down to Reno this was the only type of work, really, that fit into his way of living. He was a brilliant man, though. He was very brilliant. He had a good mind.

I don't think my father came to Reno so we could have better opportunities.... No, the pressure was put on him by my mother. She wanted him to come down and join the family, because we never had him as a father in all those years. Even then, we weren't really close to him because this chasm had been created for many years. You just couldn't sit down and talk with him like you normally should be able to.

Our first house was located in a neighborhood in the north part of town on Nevada Street, in the Saint Mary's Hospital area. It was close to town so you could walk; you didn't have to have transportation, and the stores were all close. There was a grocery store, which was only about two blocks from us. And the hospital, of course, was right close. It was on the south side of the street at that time, and then the nuns stayed in the building behind it. Across the way, where Saint Mary's is now, on the corner, was a recreation hall where we used to play basketball. Reno High School was also very close. You could probably be at Reno High School in five minutes or less. And Mary S. Doten was only a short distance, too, up the other way.

Then we built a house up there at 636 Ralston Street; it's still there. We built the house with the help of day labor, and my father dug the basement with the old scoops—the horses and the scoops. It was a well-built house. I was about 15 or 16 when we moved into that house, and I was going to Reno High at that time.

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One of the reasons we came to Reno was to get some new experience and new

opportunities. Three of my sisters were trained as teachers in Reno. The youngest sister became a hairdresser; she got her training in San Francisco. I immediately went to find out what work was available for young people, and I found out that the only work for anybody that age—sixth grade—was selling newspapers.

The building of the *Reno Evening Gazette* was on North Center Street, and the *Nevada State Journal* was over on Second Street at that time. The *Gazette* was a Republican publication, and the *Journal* was a Democratic one that had many owners over the years. The *Gazette* group that I was with was a very firm, steady organization, and you didn't have to worry about paychecks or anything. At the *Journal* you never knew if you were going to get paid or not. This was the big difference between the newspapers.

The editor of the *Gazette* when I first went there was Graham Sanford. He had a son named John, who also worked for the *Gazette*. In fact, John went to work just about the same time I did. We had a big discussion going on who had seniority over the other, so I always said, "Well, John, we'll give you the seniority because you started in April of 1920, and I started in October of 1920." We were only kids. John's uncle, Leigh Sanford, was the business manager, and George Sanford was the attorney. He was over in Carson City. Leigh and Graham were the two that really ran the newspaper, although George had a lot to say in it.

When I went down to see if I could sell newspapers, I found out they were sold to you at two and one-half cents apiece, and you sold them for a nickel. So you made a 100 percent profit. But in order to sell the newspapers, you had to put up the cash to get them. I'd get the money from my parents. Once you were started and got some money coming in, then

you'd always have money to go down and buy the papers. It really was a business operation. That's the way I look back on it.

In order to sell papers, there was an initiation. You had to be accepted into the group. The newsboys wanted to know they could trust you. The first day they'd take you down there by those ink barrels in the alley behind the building. Then they'd take your pants down and they'd get ink all over you. So the first day you'd come home—you wouldn't do anything. You wouldn't sell any newspapers; you wouldn't buy any newspapers. You'd just have to go home and get all cleaned up—what a mess! That ink was so sticky and messy. Everyone that was accepted into the group had to go through this initiation on the first day.

On the second day, there was another initiation. They'd have one of the big boys there—a real fighter—and you had to fight him. I wore glasses, and by the time he got done with me, my glasses were all wrapped up like figure eights. Fortunately, Gasho Optical was nearby, so I went down and showed the glasses to Mr. Gasho. He just shook his head and unwound them...I was lucky the rims were gold. This incident explains why I was lucky to have been pitted in fights against my friend, Jimmy, back in Genoa. I showed my muster on that day. Then I was one of the gang.

After you passed the tests, you'd just show up down there at the paper. You weren't really an employee of the paper; you were an independent salesman. But if you didn't sell the paper, you'd have to absorb the cost. Since it was for profit, you learned fast.

Each day when the paper came out at about 3:00 in the afternoon, we'd go down to the plant, get our papers, and go out and sell them. I'd get home to eat about 6:00 or sometimes later. We didn't really have

“beats,” but we built up a lot of customers in the buildings downtown. Some sellers had as many as 60 customers a day. You'd come in, the customer'd take the paper, and then give you the nickel. Or if you left the paper, you'd collect a nickel later. You had to be careful that you didn't take customers away from other people. Often, other kids' customers wouldn't buy a paper from someone else. They'd say, “My boy is so-and-so.” I did well, but I really didn't enjoy the selling. My heart wasn't in it.

After I had been selling papers for a while and had gotten acquainted with the management, I approached them and said, “Do you have a job inside that I could do?”

“Well, we've got inserters. Would you like to try that?”

“What's an inserter?” I asked.

They explained to me how their flat-bed presses worked, and how they would print two, four, six or eight pages at a time. Anything over eight pages required two runs on the press. They needed someone to insert some pages of the newspaper into other sections, so that's what I did. Usually there were eight pages in the newspaper. Sometimes you'd have six, depending on the news and advertising content of the paper. In those days there wasn't too much of either one. Those were before the days of the news services that provide copy to run in the paper. It was mostly local news. They had a good news staff—John Sanford, then Joseph Jackson, and later Paul Leonard. They found out that I could do a darned good job in inserting, because whenever I set my mind to a job, I'd do it to the best of my ability.

Then it was decided that maybe I should go work in the mail room. I was already officially an employee of the newspaper when I was an inserter, but the mail room was a step up. I made about \$8 to \$10 a week. That was pretty good for a high school kid.

I also tried working for Western Union delivering messages in case the job at the paper didn't work out. I had a bike that I got probably for about \$5, and fixed it up. I was very mechanically minded, and fixed things very easily. I worked for Western Union for about two weeks, and that wasn't for me. In the first place, you had to get in line and take your turn when the messages came in. And if no messages came in, you'd just sit there and waste time. Needless to say, that wasn't my nature. I lasted about two weeks at that job, and no more. I told them I wanted to quit, and they said, "What's the matter?"

I said, "There's not enough action for me; I don't like that."

So then I went to work for the F. W. Woolworth Company in June, 1922. That was a great experience. It was right down on Virginia Street. I got to know the manager, Mr. Maurice Sheppard, and the assistant manager. They wanted me to go to work for them, and I asked them how much I'd be paid an hour. They told me 17 1/2 cents. I thought that was better than what I was getting over at the newspaper, because I'd be working all day long. It turned out to be something like \$17 or more a week. Like everything else that I undertook, I did a good job, and I wasn't there too many months when they raised me to 25 cents an hour.

The first thing I'd do when I went down to work in the morning was polish the brass. This was in the days when they had the scales outside in which you'd put a penny to get your weight, and usually the *dogs* used to use them, too. So we always had to clean them off in the mornings and make them look respectable. This was the way my day would start out, and then I'd go to school. After school I'd come down and work in the basement in the stock room. I would fill orders for the girls

upstairs when they needed items. It was also part of my job to see that the stock didn't run out. This is where a lot of learning came in. If you go into a market today, and you're shopping for milk or some other perishable item, you always look at the date on the item to make sure it's still good. You notice that the newest or the most current date is on the item in the front. So you always look to see what the date is on the item behind it. This is what I was taught in Woolworth's: that you always brought the old stock out and try to get it moving, so that it gets sold first. This is where I learned to mark and price.

Every so often, they'd get a great big shipment of china in from China. It would come in huge crates by ship, and then by rail. They were about six feet across and almost five feet high. They'd be full of straw and everything else, and we'd get in there and get the china out. We had to check every piece to see if it was cracked, because if it was, it had to be thrown away. We had to do the same thing with barrels of glassware. We had to unpack them and ring each one out with a wooden pencil. If it had a sort of nice ring to it, it was fine; if it had a dull thud to it, we'd throw it out. Then Woolworth's would get credit for the damaged items from the shipping company.

I was doing this kind of work for quite a while, and then I asked them about what the possibilities of promotions were. I think I was about 14 years old about that time. They told me that the earliest they could hire anybody as an assistant manager was 18. So then I asked them for a raise, because I was doing a darned good job for them. I was doing the work of two men. I worked six days a week, and most of the time during the summer I put in from 8:00 in the morning until 6:00 at night. And then on Saturdays I'd work from 8:00 in the morning until 9:00 at night. I thought that

I should be entitled to a raise because I was doing the work of two men.

On the Saturday that I should have gotten my raise, I was in a big rush and accidentally left the stock room door open in the back of the store, which was no crime or anything. So when I was getting ready to leave at 6:00 to go home to get something to eat, I asked how much I had gotten paid that week. A woman at the store said, "Mr. Sheppard said we're not going to give you that raise."

I said, "Oh, that's interesting. I'll put in for overtime." So I put in for overtime, which was more than the \$3 raise I was supposed to get. I waited around but was finally told that Mr. Sheppard wouldn't pay any overtime, either. I said, "Fine. Thank you very much. I just wanted to know." So I walked out of the place to pick up my friend and we went to the show and never showed up again for work. [laughs]

I thought that would teach Mr. Sheppard a lesson. There was nobody to fill orders, nobody to sweep up. Monday morning came, and here was a filthy, dirty place, scattered with rubbish with no wastebaskets emptied or anything. So they called at home. My mother told me they wanted to know why I wasn't down at the store. I said, "Well, you just tell them that if they can't keep their word, I don't want to work for them. You tell them so, because I'm not going to talk to them." I may have only been 14 or 15 years old, but I had firm convictions and ideas. I thought if a man was no good with his word, I wouldn't have anything to do with him. This went on for a couple of days, and my mother pleaded with me. They were just crying down there because there was nobody to help them do things—they were just having a heck of a time. Finally she said, "They want you to come down and talk to them."

So I went down and they said, "Well, we want you to come back to work."

I said, "On what conditions?"

"About the same conditions you were."

I said, "No." I said, "I'll tell you what I will do—I will come back and I'll work two weeks. I will work under these conditions: I am going to leave on time and start on time, and if you have other problems, you work them out yourself." So this is the way we were working, and it went on for a time, and I finally said, "When are you going to get somebody in here to learn this work?"

"Oh, we'll get somebody," they said. I knew what was going to happen. Finally they got one fellow in. What were they paying him? Eighteen dollars a week, and he wasn't doing half the work I was doing. I knew what was going to happen then....

It went on for about another week, and I said, "When are you going to get somebody else in here?"

"Well, we're going to work with the way it is."

I said, "OK, fine. I'm through this weekend; all through. Don't call and ever ask me to come back to work."

So what did they have to do in a couple of weeks? They had to hire another person to do the work and pay him \$18 a week, so here it was costing them \$36. And all because they wouldn't give me that raise because I went off and left the door open to the stock room.

But in spite of all this, I think that working for the F. W. Woolworth Company was a very helpful and educational job. The manager, Mr. Sheppard, was a rough, tough character. He was just tough to work for. Mr. McCauley, on the other hand, was a wonderful person to work with, because he did a lot of work. When there are only three men in the store and you

have to fill all the orders and keep the stock up and see that they are ordered, you have to look down the road, because you have a lot of responsibility. This, to me, is probably where I had to develop early in my life this sense of responsibility.

Of course, after I left Woolworth's, I went right back to work at the newspaper, because I could go back any time I wanted to. They liked to keep me on their list, and they were always after me to go down and work full-time when I could. I wasn't afraid of work; I wasn't afraid of doing anything.

Later on I went to work with my father—he was sexton up at the Masonic cemetery. In the summertime, he'd give me a job working up there on the end of a pick and shovel at 50 cents an hour. The graves had to be three feet wide, six feet long, and six feet deep, so you ended up moving a lot of dirt. Some of my friends also dug graves. I also mowed the lawn. The whole cemetery took a week to mow. We'd go up early in the morning about 6:30, 7:00, and get off at about 3:00 in the afternoon. Then we'd go down to the YMCA and have a swim, and we could go play tennis or do anything else that we wanted. My father and I got a little closer during that time when I was in high school.

My father later had a nervous breakdown, and consequently, there were times when he was unable to work—in fact, it was most of the time. High blood pressure caused it. I realize now what it was, because he was a very hard worker. He'd get up early in the morning at 5:00. Of course, he was used to that out in the ranch. He'd get up and harness the horses right after breakfast so that the horses were ready when you were ready to go out into the field. He always had everything prepared to go—he was used to that kind of life. When he came to Reno, he didn't have that kind of

a life. He did return to work later after his nervous breakdown.

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I was in the Boy Scouts for a number of years. I joined when I was 12 years old. I was a member of Troop 3. That was one of the original troops, and we enjoyed it very much. I learned a lot from scouting. We had a lot of good friends, and we used to take hikes and bicycle trips, and qualify for merit badges. Sometimes we'd ride our bikes out to the Winters Ranch, which is out in the north end of Washoe Valley, and back again. That was a pretty good ride. Back then we did not have the different speed bikes. In those days you had one speed, period. You'd have to put toe clips over your pedals in order to push with one foot and pull with the other, which is what you had to do when going up some of the hills. We used to ride out there and back, and then used to ride out to Verdi and back, which was another 20 miles or so. And around town here, all you could use was bikes.

We also used to have a basketball team. It was up there where the Saint Mary's Hospital is now on the corner of Chestnut [now Arlington] and Sixth Street. There was a big hall there, and we used to play basketball in there. That was another one of the outlets that we had.

There were so many good things that Scouting taught. I got acquainted with the Scoutmaster very well during that time, Bob Parker. He was very active with the boys. Bob Parker is the reason I became so involved with Masonry—he encouraged me to join DeMolay, which is sponsored by the Masonic fraternity. Sadly, DeMolay is not as popular today as it once was. You could qualify to be a member back in my day if you were

between the ages of 16 to 21. Now I think it's lowered to 13 or 14. But that's really too young to understand the philosophy that you have to work hard. Young men today do not realize the opportunities that are there to be worked for.

You don't have to be invited to join DeMolay, but you do have to have the recommendation of a friend and a Mason. The only qualification was that you had to be an upright person. What we actually did in DeMolay was like acting, only it was ritual work that was intended to convey a message to the young men. It's like any fraternal or women's organization: you have to know what you're doing; you have to know what you're going to get out of it; and you have to know what part you can play in it. One of the big things that I found with the DeMolay organization was that they could take a young man at that period of his life when he's not used to getting up on his feet and speaking, and train him to be able to think on his feet.

RENO IN THE 1920S AND 1930S

To me, Reno was a beautiful town when I was young. It was pretty much of a family community. This is a valley where the Italians moved in. They had little truck gardens and ranches that they developed, and they did a good job. When you got up in the mountains and looked down, it was all just green in the summertime. They would grow the produce for here, and they'd grow hay and ship it out. They had cattle, and though there weren't too many sheep here, there were a lot of sheepmen, many of them Basques.

Most of the Italians that came into this area here were from northern Italy, so they did not face some of the discrimination that others did. You never want to say *no* discrimination, because there would be some discrimination always. But basically, they were able to integrate into the community and take high positions...look at our mayor [Pete Sferrazza] today.

Reno was a farming community, and it was also in the path of one of the cross-country routes. It was the railroad junction

point for the Virginia and Truckee Railway. There was a little car that they ran—it took off from there; then it went on down to Carson City first, and then they extended it over to Minden. And then they would run the other branch from Carson up to Mound House and then on up into Virginia City to haul the ore out. When the mines went down, they cut off that branch on Mound House first. And then they brought it to Carson City where you can see the old sheds where they worked on the engines. So it was a town that served the agricultural and the mining communities, because there was still a little bit of mining then. Supplies also came in through here for Gardnerville, Minden and that Carson Valley area, and Fallon. Those are the larger towns. Of course, there was Yerington and Weed Heights. Weed Heights was one of the newer communities that developed the copper mines.

In Reno itself, you knew everybody at one time. You'd walk down the streets, and you'd know everybody. And then gradually as

more new people came in and the older folks died or left the area, you knew less people all the time.

When we first came to Reno in 1920, there were four grammar schools—now they call them elementary schools. One was Mary S. Doten, which served the northwest part of town. That was where *I* went to school. Mary S. Doten was pretty well considered to be the Italian school. Echo Loder was principal and the eighth grade teacher. Estelle Prouty was our seventh grade teacher. Our sixth grade teacher was from Idaho or someplace. She was beautiful—one of the young women teachers they had in those days. All of our teachers were women. At that time it was taboo for men to teach, because women really made the best teachers. They had more of a natural interest in children.

The Orvis Ring School was over in the northeast part of town. It's off of Evans Avenue. There was the Southside School, which was just down about where the city hall is now, and that was one of the odd buildings. And then there was the Mount Rose School, which has been preserved, and the McKinley Park School on the river. There were actually three of them there that were of the same pattern and the same layout. That's why it was so important to preserve *one* of them. The schools were all built in the same period.

The west boundary line of the city limits in those days was about Vine and Keystone Avenue, right in that area. It was Vine at one time; then they moved it one block more. The north boundary line was about Ninth Street, on the south side of the university. And the east boundary line was around Morrill Avenue where the old cable car barns used to be. That was when there were streetcars running around the downtown area and the outlying areas. Finally, the southern boundary of Reno

was around Vassar Street. There were very few paved streets in those days.

In the early days, Reno had a very good streetcar system. The streetcar barns were located down on East Fourth Street on Morrill Avenue, and I think there's still some traces of them having been there. The cars would come in at night and be stored for the nighttime, and that's where all the cables came out. It was all powered by electricity supplied by the Reno powerhouse just at the edge of town on Booth Street. We used to go up to the power dam and swim up there, and we had to be careful of getting caught in the flow into the forebay, because that water went down into the generating plant for Reno. There was a stream that came right down through there, and that was where the water that had gone through the turbines got back to the river. That was where Reno got its power.

When I was first here as a young boy, there were four or five streetcar lines. One used to go down Fourth Street, running east-west. The streetcars would get out of the city and then go on down on Coney Island Drive, which was a stopping point where people went to dance—a big recreation center. [Coney Island Drive is now called Galletti Way.—Ed.]

There was quite a space between Reno and Sparks in those days. People don't realize that. Today it is all one continuous run, but those days there were two separate cities. In between Reno and Sparks was farmland. It was a very fertile area. People would come to downtown Reno to shop, because in those days, there wasn't such a thing as a shopping center anyplace. Instead, there were little neighborhood grocery stores. The railroad station was around A Street, and that was the south part of the Sparks city limits. There was a big bandstand right near the Sparks depot, and that's where they used to put

on concerts, and speakers would come into town on the railroad. That was the eastern terminus of the streetcar. There were certain points where the streetcar stopped so they could pick up passengers for Reno. In those days, Reno did have a station. Sparks had the maintenance station, the roundhouse, and the junction. They had moved it from Wadsworth to Sparks.

Another streetcar line went from the farms to the west, because there was nothing much north of that. You could always walk from the streetcar to the city limits in those days. The university farm was outside the city limits. Reno extended as far north as Sixth or Seventh Street. You could walk to almost anyplace in town if you really wanted to. The streetcar that went west would then cross over University Avenue, which is now Center Street. In those days, that was University Avenue, which was not open. The railroad kept it closed, because the freight barns were across it. That's where they delivered the freight, because it was close to the merchants. Then just east of Lake Street was where the express office was. The head office of the Southern Pacific in Reno was on the west side of Lake Street.

If I remember rightly, Lake Street didn't go through in those days. Evans Avenue did not go through either, and it still doesn't. The streetcar that went west went on Second Street. Another car came up Fourth to Sierra. Of course, that was the stopping point for anybody that wanted to go up to the university, and that's also where the mortuary was. It was up there on the corner of Fourth—the old Perkins and Gulling mortuary. It was one of the original ones. The streetcar would go south then from Fourth Street, and it would go down to Second Street. One branch of it would go west, and it would go up to about the 900 block, which was up there

right around Keystone Avenue. That was the outskirts of town then. There was the Chism's Auto Court up in there, which is still there. It was like a little motel. In fact, they came to be called motels. They were for tourists. There were one or two other auto courts—there was one down at Coney Island that I remember. Needless to say, after the auto came around, the streetcars pretty well lost their use. When each one of these lines became obsolete, the Reno Traction Company quit running them, and then eventually they took up the tracks.

There was another line that went down to Virginia Street. In those days there was no bridge over the river at Sierra Street, and there was no bridge at Center or Lake streets. There was one line that went down Sierra Street. Actually, it was Granite Street, and then it became Plumas Street. The line went out to the Moana Hot Springs, another terminus. A lot of people in those days went out there, because there was a big recreation center. We used to go out there swimming. It wasn't a built swimming pool—it was a natural water pool. The water in it came from the west, where there's a hot water spring at the fault line. The Berrums used to own that—their house was across the road. That was quite a little complex out there, with a lot of nice trees around it.

Of course, Moana Lane was just a little old lane. We also used to play ball out there. It was quite a recreation area. They used to have boxing matches out there and there were a lot of dances out there, too. All the farmers used to live around the countryside, and that's where they'd go dancing. Anyway, the streetcar went up to the Moana Lane area and then it turned north and went up Plumas Road, as it was called in those days. They weren't streets then.

The tallest building in town then was the Overland Hotel. All the cattlemen used to go

there when they were in town, and they'd stay at the Overland, and they'd all get together and drink and gamble. The Golden Hotel was also there, and then the Riverside Hotel, which burned around 1926. Then it was rebuilt. That area was the central place for people to come. In those days, Commercial Row was one of the big business areas. They had bakeries, ice cream parlors, shops, eating houses, clothing stores, hardware stores... that's probably why it was called Commercial Row.

There was another line that went from downtown Reno out Virginia Street to Moran. Then it turned and went out Moran Street east. It didn't go down there too far, just a couple of blocks or so, because that was a residential area in the southeast part of town. That line went the way of all the other lines, and they discontinued running it. People had begun using their cars and they didn't have time to wait for the streetcars to come. The fare was about a nickel. The Moana line might have been 10 or 15 cents. There were some beautiful homes in those days right where the downtown area is today. Everything beyond the courthouse was pretty much out of town; they had some beautiful homes there, and west on Court Street used to be the Newlands Heights area. As I remember rightly, I don't think California Avenue went out over the hill. There was no reason for it to, because that was all agriculture and farms out there. That was a long time back. There's some lovely old homes there, designed by Fred DeLongchamps.

The depot was located downtown. The train would come up Center Street and it ended there at the railroad tracks. The streetcar let people off close to the depot between Center and Lake. That whole block in there was the depot, which was on the south

side of the railroad tracks, near Commercial Row. Second Street was another one of the business districts. Lake Street was not open, so the only crossing actually was Virginia Street. Virginia Street was always the main street.

The Virginia & Truckee Railroad also had its terminus right over by Lake Street. It brought the passengers in from Carson City, Virginia City, Gardnerville, Minden, and Genoa. As soon as the passengers got to Reno, then they could take the streetcar and go to where they wanted. If they wanted to go down to Sparks, they could, because the streetcars ran more often than the trains did, and they were easier to take, and it was cheaper. The Virginia & Truckee went down by the old Sunshine Laundry on Holcomb Avenue. The streetcar tied the Reno people together with Sparks. It was an excellent transportation system in its day. Of course, everything moved so fast there after Reno really started to move and started to grow, and they eliminated most of the lines because they wanted to grow.

One of the interesting things about those streetcars was the pranks that the kids used to pull. They'd get these little bombs, put one on the tracks. [laughs] The streetcar would hit it and it would bounce up. Of course, the conductor would get mad as the devil and stop the car and get off. By that time, everybody would go. The other thing that always annoyed the conductor was that some kids would pull the power line off the train. When the conductor would try to get the car to go, it wouldn't. [laughs] Of course, we'd irritate the customers, too.

When the streetcars were no longer used they'd take up the tracks, because they'd be able to use them elsewhere. The tracks were on dirt roads, so they would just fill them in

with dirt. The Moana line was one of the first to go, because it was so far out. And then later when they began to pave, they had to make provisions for the tracks.

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In the high school days, about our main recreation would be to go to dances. We loved to dance, and there was a group of four of us—we were called the Four Horsemen. We'd go out to Winnemucca to dances; we'd go down to Fallon; we'd go around Reno and out to Gardnerville. Verdi Glen was also a great place to go dancing. In those days, we used to have just a lot of good fun. They had live music in the dance halls. There was Winterland, which was upstairs in the Byington building on Second and Virginia Street. And there was Roseland. Another place that we went to was out on West Fourth Street where Stoker Avenue comes in now. A man named Faye Baker had a place in there. He was a real nice individual. Then there was one that was called Pan's Garden between Center and Lake Streets. It was quite fixed up with lanterns and fans...the oriental look.

You always paid about a dollar to go in to the dance halls, and then you'd meet the girls there. But the boys and girls never did couple up or anything like that. We'd just dance and have a good time. You could buy refreshments at the dance halls, like lemonade, and some of the fellows would bring their alcohol in. This was during Prohibition.

The Verdi Glen was the worst place of all of them for getting into trouble. It was on the old Verdi road. There used to be some real rough fights in that place. [laughs] So you always had to stay together. But we very rarely ever got into any scraps there, my friends and I. My friends in our group were

Ted Moore from Winnemucca; Al Seliger from Carson; and Ted Reconsone from over around Yerington. I think Ted Moore died, but the rest are still living.

Tony's El Patio Ballroom was a favorite place. It was run by Tony Pecetti. Tony played the squeeze box—the accordion—and so did Louie Rosasco. Then, of course, they had a pianist, but most of the time it was just the accordions. The El Patio Ballroom was located on the corner of Chestnut Street—which is now Arlington Avenue—and Commercial Row. That was above Saint Mary's Hospital where the foot crossing is over the freeway today. Anyway, Tony and Louie began developing quite a clientele in the 1920s and 1930s. All the other dance halls became pretty much obsolete. A lot of them had financial problems and problems with kids fighting. Tony's El Patio was well patrolled; it had police over there all the time. It was a good-sized hall, and they used to *really* decorate it. The Shriners used to hold dances over there, too—Potentate's Ball, and other dances where they'd spend a lot of money on decorations and top-notch bands. The big bands they brought just packed the place during Prohibition. A lot of the dance halls came and went, and sometimes when they closed down they'd mysteriously catch on fire...insurance companies have a name for this....

Tony Pecetti and Louie Rosasco later had a little dissension among themselves, which always happens sooner or later among musicians, and especially among Italians, about money...about who's getting the most. So they kind of split up. Tony stayed at the El Patio, and Louie moved out to another club on Plumas Street. Needless to say, he couldn't compete with Tony. Louis had a daughter that could sing, and she kind of kept things going

for a while. Louie would accompany her, but pretty soon he had financial problems. This was during Prohibition, but Louie had opened up his place serving hard liquor. It became more of a drinking outfit. That became the downfall.

The big bands loved to come to Reno to play. It was a good town and Tony paid them well. He paid what they wanted. But after that, Lake Tahoe really became the center.... When Tony's closed up, there wouldn't be any place else to bring the big bands.

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In Reno, nobody ever wanted to bother the young girls or the high school girls. They were absolutely safe—this was one of the policies of the police department. I know, because I had four sisters, and none of them was ever bothered. Of course, there's two or three reasons for that.

In those days, we had about five houses of prostitution. They were practically located downtown. From Lake Street, there was one just east of the Mizpah Hotel in there with a very small entrance; you'd never know it was there just by walking by. There was one of these kinds of walkways where you would weave your way in. In the meantime, they were checking you out to see who you were and whether you had any business in there, whether you were a troublemaker or whether you could afford to go in there or anything else. There was about 40 to 50 cribs in there, and the girls all around. It was set up in a horseshoe shape for control. That place was one of the closest.

There was another one located where the Bundox restaurant now is on the corner of Lake and First streets. They had a big, high fence about eight or ten feet high around that place. Of course, you couldn't see through

it, so I never got an inside glimpse of it. It was called the Alamo. It was pretty well controlled. You had to be pretty well known to go in. Some of the town business people ran it—William Graham, James McKay, George Wingfield...and Graham ran another place down in Tonopah.

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There was all kinds of gambling here in Reno, though it wasn't yet legal. One establishment was the roadhouse out to the west of town on the old Verdi road, which was pretty much what they have today. It was over south of the present road near where the bridge finally went out up there. It was on this side of that bridge. There was a road that took off and went back into The Willows, I think it was called; a beautiful spot. There was plenty of gambling and drinking there. Everybody'd go out there and dance, except it was always controlled.

Every one of these places was controlled by a person that would not let in troublemakers, or if there was any trouble started, they got them out, because that's the one thing they couldn't afford: to get mixed up with the law. Anybody that was in the know around town was aware of these places. I used to be able to get into all of them because I was with the newspaper later. They knew who I was, so I never had a problem getting into any of them.

A lot of the gambling places of the 1920s were about in the same place they are today, but they were a lot different then than they are now. They just looked like a business—a store or something. There was usually a small entrance. Everything was controlled by one person, who would let people in and out. And they had to be built like that. You never got in until you got a clearance that it was OK to

come in. It was *very* tightly controlled, so they never had any troubles.

After Prohibition, the people running the gambling part of the speakeasies, as we called them, would be alerted. They always had the inside track: "So-and-so is going to get over to such-and-such today. Get ready for them." So, they'd get ready for them, and they'd take all the money and put it away, so when they came in, what could they confiscate? Maybe a bottle of whiskey or something...they'd take that. Then they'd put a padlock on the door, and the next day they'd open the entrance in the back end of the building. So, there were a lot of ways to operate!

Most of the people who gambled were high rollers. They knew that they could come in here and gamble safely and nobody'd bother them. Some people came from out of state...from California. In those days, you didn't have airplanes. All you had were cars and the train. Your range of people coming in was not like it is today where you've got worldwide...hopping in a plane and coming in and spending a few days and leaving again.

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There didn't seem to be too much discrimination in Reno against people of other ethnic groups or races. In fact, my daughter married a Jewish boy. We are an open-minded family and always have been. I wouldn't say there were too many Jewish people in Reno when I was growing up, but there were a number of them. The Herz family was a good example. They came over here with their trade of jewelry, and that business is now in its third generation. We had Jewish boys in school, and we never thought anything about it. They used to tease them, because they were very temperamental,

and so you could get them mad fairly easily. Everybody learned how to fight.

There were very few blacks in Reno at that time. They were usually bootblacks or service people. I had a number of friends that were blacks, but we never thought anything about it. They were *good* people; they were not like a lot of the blacks today. There are a lot of fine blacks, but the main ones that cause the trouble and really create the problems are the other class...not the high-class, professional blacks, which we are getting more and more of—those that go to church, and those that support religion and education. Those are the fine people, but it's the other side....

There's a history of Chinese people in Reno, but there were very few Japanese. The Chinese families were down here on Lake Street. The dividing point was the alley between Center and Lake streets. That was where a lot of them did business. On Lake Street itself there were several Chinese restaurants. The Chinese were good cooks and good food producers and they were clean, immaculate. They were very precise in what they did, and they were good butchers.

The reason for Chinese being here is that they built the railroad through here. They had brought in thousands of Chinese coolies to do the work. Many of them died, of course, especially over Donner Summit, where they had to cut the tunnels and cut the rock out to put the roadbed on. Reno was the focal point—it was pretty much where they lived. They had the laundries, and if you wanted some of your laundry done, you'd get ahold of one of the Chinese laundries. There was the Yee Laundry, and there was a Dr. Yee who was a herb specialist.

On the river, at the end of Lake Street, east of where the Bundox is now, was the old joss house. [A joss house is a Chinese temple or shrine housing idols or cult

objects.—Ed.] That was where the Chinese used to congregate and smoke their opium pipes and gamble, and nobody ever bothered them. They wouldn't be smoking enough to create any problems or distort their minds, but that was one of their central places to congregate. It was just like a pool parlor...a social gathering place for the Chinese people.

Another ethnic group about that time were the Bohunks, the Yugoslavs. There are many of them in Reno today. I have many friends who came from Serbia. The Slavs in Tonopah came from the coast of what is now Yugoslavia today, and there is a large group of them in White Pine County that came from Croatia and that part of Europe, which is where all the mountains are. Some of them have become very prominent citizens in Nevada.

The Basques were yet another group; they were running the sheep around the Reno area. There were a lot of Basque families in other areas, too—Winnemucca, Elko...that's where your sheep were run, and so most of them lived very close to where they had their herds.

Of course, there were British, Scotch and Welsh people, who were good miners. You never kind of looked at them as anything else but Americans. They came earlier and were probably assimilated, and then when the people from southern and eastern Europe came, they seemed more like foreigners.

Reno was a real center of a melting pot. That's why you learned to live with so many different kinds of people, and you accepted them, and they all became good citizens of the city of Reno. Reno was a very clean town, a very good town.

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

Long before I entered the university of Nevada in 1927, I had a good idea that I was going to study electrical engineering. This goes back as far as when I was a kid in Genoa. The first electricity I'd ever seen was there when they installed it before I left in 1920. I thought that this is a great thing—it had a lot of potential. I was about 10 or 12 years old then, and I was always looking forward and looking at things that were progressive and challenging.

When we came to Reno, I'd determined that I was going to be an electrical engineer. This was my goal in life, and I always remember in the sixth grade or seventh grade, I'd walk by Waltz's place over there on the corner of Bell and Sixth Street. He'd always come out there, and he'd say, "Well, what are you going to be?"

And I told him, "I'm going to be an electrical engineer."

"How do you know you're going to be an electrical engineer?"

"Because," I said, "I know I am."

And so, "How do you know so early in life?"

I said, "I just know that I am." So he used to kid me about it, and periodically he'd just stop and check with me.

That was where it started out. Then I continued, and as I went along, anything relative to electrical engineering has basically always appealed to me, and I'd get in and study it. I got to the point where I could do practically all my own electrical work around the house.

I went on to high school in 1923, and I set up my courses to take the sciences and get me prepared for the electrical engineering. I had to work hard, but I was a top student and I took all the mathematics courses I could. I took trigonometry and solid geometry, which was not regularly required. I had some good teachers. Mrs. Anna Loomis was excellent, and so was Miss Alwine Sielaff.

Miss Sielaff used to call me up every so often, and she'd ask me to coach other students. Charles Mapes was one. [Mr. Mapes

later established the Mapes hotel and casino in downtown Reno.—Ed.] He wasn't one of the prime mathematics students. I told the teachers if they wanted to pay me for my help, that was fine and dandy with me, but I was mainly interested in getting other students to see the light as far as mathematics was concerned. Geometry was the subject that usually gave them problems.

It was very interesting to instruct these individuals on a one-to-one basis. When I'd ask them what was wrong, they'd usually say that they just could not see anything to geometry. So I'd talk to them and try to show them why geometry was so important in their life. I'd take all the little facets that were around them—things that they'd be doing every day—and I'd tell them how those facets were governed by geometry. I would try to make them think with reason and propriety, making language subordinate to thought. Surprisingly enough, it worked on every one of them. They soon found out that math made sense to them. That was rewarding to me.

I could have cared less about history. We had a schoolteacher, Effie Mona Mack, that didn't think I was too good in history, and I agreed with her—she was right. She didn't give me very good grades.

I realized later that history is a very important thing to make, but that's the *recording* of *current* history. I could see no reason why I should study about the Roman Empire and about all of these other things way back hundreds of years or thousands of years. What good is that history going to do me today? Now, history today, that's a different story! The history of places, history of people, history of organizations—all of these things are very valuable. But they have to be recorded at the time when they occurred. Of

course, that is what happened in a lot of the old ancient history, which I enjoy reading.

I enjoyed languages, and I took all the Spanish I could in high school. We did conjugation on the language. To me today that is not worth a dime, because you do not do it. I always thought the thing that they should have had was conversational Spanish. You can conjugate everything you want, and when you go into a country it doesn't do you one bit of good, because they just don't follow those rules. I tried that originally when I first started going to some of these countries that are Spanish speaking. I used to try to do the Castilian conjugation, and people looked at me, "What did you say?" They had no idea what I was saying, and I knew I was saying the words that I was supposed to say! But they didn't understand it because they didn't speak Castilian.

During high school, there were athletics programs, but I never had time for them. I did like to play tennis, though, with my friend Marvin Humphrey. We got to be friends in sixth grade. He lived on the corner of Fifth and Ralston, and we lived up on Sixth and Ralston. We'd get up early in the morning and go down and play a set of tennis before we went to school. This is what we did for sports. Then on Sundays, we'd get out and ski. The first skiing that we did was out there where the Washoe Golf Course is.

We would have fun on weekends, but the rest of the time we were busy working. I always had either one or two jobs. I worked at the *Gazette*, and then when the *Journal* needed help at nighttime, I'd work there, too. I'd get through working for the *Gazette* at about 8:00 or so, and then I'd go home and do my schoolwork. About midnight, I'd go down to the *Journal*, insert and help them in the mail room. The press was downstairs and

then all the makeup and everything was on the ground floor.

I felt that working and getting through school was more important than sports and gals. I said my goal was to be a graduate of electrical engineering, and that's what I was going to do. That's why I took the courses that would be applicable in high school—chemistry, physics, biology. I did very well in high school, and so I earned extra credits. When I went to the university, I'd already built up a couple of extra credits in mathematics and physics, I think.

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I never really thought of going anywhere besides the University of Nevada, because my family couldn't afford anyplace else. And at that time, the University of Nevada had a very good reputation in engineering, especially electrical engineering. Mechanical and civil engineering were also excellent, as was mining. Mining and agriculture were two of the reasons that the University of Nevada was established. It was a land grant college established under the Morrill Act.

When I entered the university, I think we had about two faculty members in the Electrical Engineering department at that time. Jesse Sandorf [Irving J. Sandorf] was one of them, and Stanley Palmer was the other. Jesse Sandorf was great on English—correct grammar. I think that's good because engineers have a habit of getting away from English.

We had been working on a theme. Each of the four or five students wrote a paper, and when I got mine back I got an absolute zero. Needless to say, I wasn't very happy. The more I thought about it, the madder I got. The other students wanted to see what was going

to happen. I told them I was going down to see the prof. [laughs] So I went down to Jesse Sandorf's office, and he said, "I thought you'd be in."

I said, "You're right."

And he said, "I told you that we wanted this theme done just this way, and you didn't do it that way—you used the wrong word. I told you to use the right word!" Boy, that brought it to a head. People could really hear me all over the building then, which I could do when it was necessary. Everybody was sure getting a kick out of it, because Irving Jesse Sandorf thought he was up on a pedestal—that nobody could touch him or nobody would stand up to him.

I told him, "I don't care what you give me, but I don't think that it deserves a zero. There's a lot more work that went into that for you besides that one word. I think it's very wrong, and I just feel that you did us an injustice. If that's the kind of professor you are, we're not going to get along very well."

After that we all got cooled down. He said, "I'll reconsider." And he did.

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Up until your junior year, you had all the same basic engineering courses. When you reached your junior year, you could go off on any one of the branches, because you had fulfilled all your prerequisites. Then you were qualified for any engineering school. Naturally, my goal was electrical engineering. There were 27 of us who registered to be electrical engineers. The heavier and more technological the work got to be, the more students began to drop out.

There were only about four of us out of that group of freshmen who graduated: Francis Headly, whose father was a professor

at the university; Robert Geyer, who was a friend of mine; Jack Wardle, who was from Tonopah; and myself. We still have our names on the plaque up there.

Electrical engineering has really changed so much since we took the courses. It was just basic. It was power, transmission, communications and power generation. The General Electric Company was a major employer of electrical engineers. Westinghouse was another one. Of course, then there was Bell Telephone. Actually, it was Western Electric.

The University of Nevada campus was divided into four areas. Mining was pretty much separate from engineering, although the mining engineers took the basics of engineering. Arts and Sciences was on the other side of the campus completely. Then there was agriculture. In engineering we were pretty much separate in what we were doing. We did have to take chemistry, physics, biology, geology and mathematics, of course. I took solid analytical geometry, special trigonometry, the theory of equations, and about everything that they gave up there. I never had any problem with mathematics. We had to take courses in all four departments except mining. We had civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering classes. When I graduated, I was equipped to enter any one of these three fields.

Every penny that I earned went into education. I gave up everything else in order to get this education. But Saturday nights we used to go out.... We'd make up for lost time! [laughs]

I used to go out for track, but that was about the only extracurricular thing, because I could work it in. I had good, strong legs, good, strong muscles and good heart and lungs.

One time there was an intercollegiate meet that they had, and old Doc Martie, [J.E Martie] the director of athletics, asked me to run in it. It was about a half mile race, and I had very short legs. When I came across the finish line I noticed I was practically one of the last ones, and Doc Martie came up and said, "You know, I was questioning whether you were ever going to finish this race." [laughs]

I said, "You're right, Doc. I was, too!" [laughs] When you run against these big tall guys here who are 6 feet tall, and they'd take 3 steps and I'd take 10.... Anyway, it was a lot of fun. I used to participate in the run between Reno and Sparks. I think they still have that race.

I was also a cross-country skier in those days, though the university didn't have a ski team then. One other sport I enjoyed was gymnastics and working on top of the high rings. Then there was the high bar, where you do grand swings over it. This would keep your body in pretty good shape.

I got to be good friends with some of the faculty. Dr. James E. Church was a character, and he got to be world renowned for his tremendous job measuring snow on the Sierra. I was also good friends with Charles Haseman, who was very active in Masonry. We had a lot more in common than just the university. He was a mathematics professor, and was very well liked. He was a good professor, and a top-notch individual. He was tough, and I always admired him for it.

Professor Haseman was up on about the third floor of Morrill Hall. That was one of the reasons we later put in that elevator in the restored Morrill Hall. I was thinking back to the days when I'd go from one class on one end of the campus to one over on the other end of the campus. I went like the dickens, and tried to get up those stairs about two at a

time. I came a-puffing in, late, and he looked at me and said, "Do you know what time it is?"

I said, "Yes, it just took me a little longer to get from that building to this building than I anticipated."

"Well," Professor Haseman said, "We'll accept it this time, but don't do it again." So I didn't. He was that way. But, nevertheless, he was good.

Professor Leon W. Hartman taught physics, and he knew all the top physicists in the world in those days. And there was Peter "Bugs" Frandsen in biology. And we had Wayne Beurer. He was a character. He taught geology, and I used to feel sorry for him. He'd get up on the board, and he'd start writing out the formulas, and there was two or three of us in there that *knew* the whole doggone stuff. So pretty soon someone would say, "Hey, Wayne, that isn't right."

"What do you mean?"

"It's not right. Look at it."

He'd look at it, and pretty soon he'd say, "Oh, yes, yes, yes. This should be so-and-so." We were always right.

And then there was Professor Sigmund W. Leifson, who was a top-notch man. He was a very good physicist. He and Dr. Hartman gave us a *real* education in physics work.

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There were a lot of social activities on the campus, and practically all of my friends belonged to a frat. They could never figure out or understand why I wouldn't belong, because I turned them down a number of times. I just said, "No, I can't do it, and I'm not going to. I'm not going to sacrifice my time. On top of that, it takes up a lot of time that I have to spend working." When I had some

time, then I would study. I did belong to the DeMolay organization, though. There was also a DeMolay fraternity on campus, Delta Sigma Lambda. It didn't work out, though. There were too many other things going on on the campus.... That's probably why the DeMolay didn't last on campus. They were having a bad time because there was such a limited membership.

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In those days, I could tear automobiles apart and rebuild them. Sometimes you'd have to hone out the cylinders and grind the valves. I had a Model T Ford that I pulled all apart and worked all over. It was a magneto type originally, and I took the magnets out up there on the lathes at the university in the mechanical engineering department—or the shop, as we called it. So I was able to learn how to run lathes. We took the flywheel out of the Ford and took all the magnets off, and then we took another flywheel and matched it up and balanced it all up and put it back in. And then we put the other type of ignition system in. This was one of the areas that I got into at the university. It was a great help later on in maintaining automobiles, up until the time they got so high-tech that I just forgot about it, because it wasn't worth it. The car that I took apart was my own—a Model T Ford that I bought for \$8 in 1926. It was a used car, of course. I later sold it for \$27.

In our courses, when we were running a transit around the campus and surveying, one of the tendencies was to survey the other side of the campus as well, because it brings things up very close. The equipment works just like a spyglass. The girls used to have to be pretty careful when they were sitting up on the chemistry building facing the quad. Many

times they didn't know about it, but they were cautioned that this could happen...we were surveying more than the campus. [laughs]

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There was a big barrier between the campus and the townspeople. One of the main reasons was that the people that ran the university and a lot of the professors felt that they were intelligentsia up and above the community. Therefore, they had a glass house. They never realized that the community was what supported them, and in those days, that fact was never really impressed upon your mind, either. Of course, as time went on and they needed more and more money all the time, the only place they were going to get it was from the community rather than from the state legislature. In those days, the legislature wasn't quite as tight for money as it is today, because as you expand, you need more and more money.

The big thing that I remember at that time was that the money was not the biggest problem. The biggest problem up there on the campus itself was personnel. We had good deans in those days. Dean Hartman was one of them; Walter S. Palmer was another one. And there was Dean Frederick Sibley. He was a good dean. He was good working with students, he knew his subject matter, and he treated *all* of the different departments alike... he didn't have a favorite department, which was important since engineering and mining were in the same department. We had good men who were deans, and they were respected individuals, and this is what counts.

The solid people in the teaching profession at the university were in engineering. The engineering people never bothered the administration, but you got over in psychology

and over into that area, and you had nothing but problems with them. Everything was wrong. They weren't getting enough money.... Same thing today. You've got the same thing up there. No different today than it was then. That was President Walter E. Clark's downfall, and he got to fighting with the legislature. The student body wasn't happy with him either. He was kind of a victim of circumstances, which in most cases is what's happened up there on the campus, where you get one professor up there that can raise the dickens. That, in turn, gets the student body stirred up, and everything's wrong, and many times it is not right at all. But once they get things stirred up, then it's a goal to get them out of there.

The townspeople felt that the people on campus were in an ivory tower, and the feeling was not very good toward the university. There was not a good relationship between the University of Nevada and the community, because they wouldn't invite a lot of the public to different activities up there, which I always thought they should. They had communications problems, too. The newspapers always ran the wrong things, which is still true. It's funny, though, because there are a lot of places where the town houses the university, and the townspeople are *very, very* supportive of the university. Stockton in California is a good example, with its University of the Pacific. They're proud of the university, and we have never been able to achieve that here at the University of Nevada in Reno.

When President Robert C. Maxson came in at the University of Nevada-Las Vegas, he was a go-er, and he made a cohesive relationship between the downtown people of the community and the campus. It takes somebody that can get out in the community,

and they have to have respect. They must also have the ability to speak to the community and to get the fullest support from them. If you want to really be true and honest about it, is that you *must* turn out students; you must teach courses that are going to be of value to the businesses in the community. And if you don't, sooner or later there's going to be problems. Of course, this is what Maxson has done down south—get the support of the Las Vegas community for his university.

EMPLOYMENT, 1931-1933

None of the four of us who graduated from the University of Nevada in electrical engineering in 1931 could get jobs because of the Depression. Frances Headley was *accepted* for a future appointment for a job, and he was the only one. That was because he was a brain...there's no question about it. He did a lot of studying, and the fact that his father was a professor helped, too. But Frances was kind of an effeminate individual.

Jack Wardle had come out of Tonopah, and he was a heck of a nice fellow. I think he wanted to study power transmission to get tied in with the power company from southern California and probably do work there around Tonopah. That way he could stay home and be able to work as an electrical engineer.

The companies like GE and Western Electric had sent recruiters up, but the only one that came out to the university said, "We're just out as a courtesy call." They didn't have jobs. After the Depression was over and things got better—especially during the war—electrical engineers *were* needed.

After I graduated there in May of 1931, Hoover Dam was being built. I went down to Las Vegas with Jake Wainwright, who was the federal probation officer. He had said he knew the hiring man...top man on the job at the dam. So I went down, and I told him we had no jobs available in engineering, and that I would like to go to work on the dam. He said, "Jones, I'll tell you: the only work here is to put a gunnysack over your shoulder, go out there, and we put you down on a cable. We'll keep you wet, and you work in about 120 degrees of temperature." He said, "I wouldn't give you that job." So I learned fast about Hoover Dam, and thanks to him, I wasn't put on. So I went back to Reno.

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In 1931, I worked on a survey for the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey (USCGS) that was running a control line of levels around the western part of Nevada. The survey was establishing elevation points with which the highway department and

other construction companies could work. The USCGS was a very important entity in those days, and this was part of the work that they were doing. I don't know if it was primarily to give work to people and get jobs done that they wouldn't have done otherwise, but it definitely was a government program. Now survey work is all being done by aerial means. They can do it so much more easily. It's surprising how accurate those old surveys were, though.

I had gone down and asked the university about getting a job on the crew, and they told me that Willie Van Doren, who was an electrical engineer, was going to be leaving. He was recorder of the party. The other three members were John Ransom, who was chief of the party and the government employee; Augustus "Gus" Dixon, who just died this past year; and Frank Horton. Gus and I later bunked together on the job.

We were told to go out to Austin to find the chief of the party out there and tell him we were reporting for the job. So I got my survey books out, and I went out to the old Hogan Hotel and the International Hotel, the two that were there at that time. They had the store and ran most of the town. When I finally found John Ransom, I told him, "Well, I brought my book, and I'm ready to go to work."

He said, "I'll tell you something, young man." He said, "The first thing you do is you send that book home, and we will teach you what we want you to know, and will tell you when to do it." That was a very good lesson to me.

Later on, while looking for the rest of the work crew, I found Gus Dixon. Gus Dixon was quite a character and he really liked to talk. The first time I met him he said, "I want you to know one thing: I'm a Mason, and I am mighty proud of it." He went on and on about Masonry and how great it was, and that

he was a member of Reno Lodge No. 13. He was one that liked to ramble.

"Well," I finally said, "You know it's an interesting thing." I pulled out my card. "I'm a member of Reno No. 13." And they *looked* at me. After all this talking that he had done, when all the time he had been talking to a brother Mason in the same lodge...I thought it was quite an interesting situation. Gus and I always got along very well.

I got along with all the party, except the boss. What the boss always tried to do was drive you hard. He had a record. He was going to make five or ten miles in a day. That's a lot of walking and a lot of pushing.

John Ransom, the chief of our party, was really going to make a name for himself. Even before I could give him the OK that the readings were right, he'd have his transit in his arm and start to walk. Well, you know, this kind of irritates people after a while. What was he working so hard for? He was working for the government. He was just trying to make a name for himself, which was the wrong thing to do, because that could ruin his whole doggone reputation. It got to the stage where everyone said, "Well, to heck with him!"

In order to take a reading, you had a foresight and backsight—the backsight is the point you'd start from. You'd have to stay on the rod for the reading from the transit. John Ransom would drive a pin in the ground. Then you were supposed to take a reading on top of that pin for your foresight. Then when they were okayed, they'd pick up the transit and the rodman behind would come up. Then Ransom would jump ahead and go 500 feet or sometimes a thousand feet. So the rodmen, Gus Dixon and Frank Horton, got pretty mad at him, because he was getting pretty pushy. They said, "We'll fix him." So they'd take a reading on the foresight and

then they'd put the rod on the ground for the backsight reading, and you know what that did to those figures. I just shudder. Those readings just weren't right. [laughs] Each time they did this it only meant an error of a few inches, but pretty soon it turned into feet. I wasn't involved. I really wouldn't have been that bad to him, but I think it was right. This can show you what can happen when you start pushing people.

We went to Austin and started there up on top of the Austin Grade Summit. Just over the summit is where I went on the party. Then we came over the hill, down to Austin, up through Reese River, and up to Battle Mountain. We tied in up there at the railroad station where they had a point. Then we went from Battle Mountain over to Lamoille, by the Ruby Mountains. At Lamoille, we picked up a point there and tied it into the railroad there in Elko. We were running a lot of these tie-in lines that they had before.

Every mile you would put in a four-by-four post that would be three feet long, and you had to dig that hole. Some of that country out there was rocky and pretty rough, but this is where you had to put it. Then you had to make a description of where it was located so that somebody else coming up the road could locate it. Most of those old wood posts are all gone, from what I understand now. On top of those posts, you'd put in a nail, and that would be your elevation point. Every three miles you had to put in a permanent concrete marker, which was six inches square at the top, one foot square at the bottom and three feet long. We used to have to dig a hole to put that in, and the post would stick about six inches above the top. That meant you had to go down around two and a half to three feet in the rocks, and we used to get serious using the old crowbar. That thing was about eight

feet long, and it was a heavy doggone thing, so that was where I really got built up.

We went from Elko back over to Eureka, and this was getting up along about pretty close to Thanksgiving time. We tied in a line from Eureka to Palisade. That was the last one that we tied in, because by that time we were out there wading in snow two feet deep and it was about ten below zero.

Rather than returning to the hotel every night, we would set up our station we were working out of—Austin was the first one. We worked down to within maybe 10 or 15 miles of the Rand ranch, so then we moved our headquarters over there. That was a very interesting place, and Bill Rand was quite a character in those days. The four of us would stay there at the ranch, because they'd always have a bunk or something that you could put out in the cold. Oh, my, it was cold. We learned to live the hard way. You'd get out there in that cold air, and work all day in it. Of course, we were warm except for our hands; they were hard. We'd put on gloves and then mittens. Then when you tried to write, you'd have to take your hand out of the glove. It'd get pretty cold before you got your hand back in again.

The breakfasts were really great at the Rand ranch. We'd have all the pancakes and eggs we could eat. Then for lunch they'd put up the sandwiches, so we'd eat lunch out on the job and sit down and rest for a half hour or so. Then at nighttime we'd come back in to the ranch. I was just as hungry as could be when we finished work, and I could really eat in those days. One time everybody else finished and got off, but I remember Bill Rand standing in the doorway, and he looked at me and he said, "We're going to have breakfast in the morning."

I said, "OK, Bill, I got the message." [laughs] Oh, I was hungry. Man!

For dinner, they'd have steaks, mashed potatoes and gravy, bread, and then usually a sweet—they had pie or cake or something periodically. Bill Rand's wife did the cooking. They were great people. Bill Rand would get reimbursed by the federal government for the food. The federal government paid us about \$50 a month, I think, for the work. [laughs]

When we left the Rand ranch, we went to Elko. We just stayed there overnight, I think, and then took off for Lamoille. We stayed at Lamoille one or two nights, because there wasn't too much of a run between there and Elko that we had to tie in.

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One weekend, when the university was having Homecoming, we told the boss, "We're taking this weekend off. *Period.* [laughs] No ifs or ands about it." This was because we were all graduates of the University of Nevada. We got in the car, and coming back to Reno, I was driving and we blew a tire. That was a real experience, driving along about 50, 60 miles an hour. We were so anxious to get back to go to some of the parties—that's what we really were heading for. I told the others, "Never hit a brake when you blow a tire. That's the one cardinal rule. Just let the car come down of its own accord, because that flat tire will stop you soon enough. If you hit the brakes, you're going to slip over the embankment." The car came to a stop, and soon the others got a ride in to town, but I had to stay with the car. The fellows were going on in, because they were more anxious to get to that party than I was. They were going to send the tire back out—which they did—and I drove the car back in and met them later on.

One of the guys who went to the homecoming party was a real woman's man, a real character. [laughs] So when it got time

to go back, I went rounding up the crew, but I couldn't find Al. Somebody said, "Well, I think he's over there with some of the girls." And I went over there, and sure enough there he was.

I said, "When are you going? Are you going back, Al?"

"Oh," he said, "Tell them I'm not coming back." [laughs] Anyway, we had to go back without him. We told John Ransom, "Now you only have three of us." We had to round up another worker from Eureka. He was one of the Morrison boys—Jim Morrison, I think was his name. He was a good man, and we got along very well with him.

When we went back to work after that weekend, we went over to Round Mountain and Manhattan. We had gone down to Tonopah through the back way by Warm Springs where the waterworks are and tied in with the courthouse there in Tonopah. On the way down, we worked out of Austin for a while, went through Darrough's Hot Springs, and then there was another ranch down in the Smokey Valley that we went to. From Darrough's we went on over to Round Mountain, then to Manhattan. Of course, everything was closed up except the White Caps mine, which was running at Manhattan. It wasn't a total ghost town, but there were just a few people left.

We ate at a gow house down the street. The cooks were usually Chinese. You'd go in and sit down at one table where the crews were, and they were all mixed together. The food was good, it was substantial. You'd have beef, mashed potatoes, gravy, vegetables—when they could get them—and fresh bread. The plates were big enough so everyone could take what they wanted. Very rarely would you see a plate clean. Then you'd have coffee or water with your meal. There was no bar or saloon in Manhattan.

Then when you left there, you would go to the town gathering center, which is where they had a big stove. It was cold at that time. A lot of the fellows would be around with their big coats on in back of the stove getting warmed up. But at the table you'd never say a word. You'd just get your food and you'd eat. This was the first day or two. In the meantime, all of the men that were working there would get the whole complete rundown on you. This went around for a couple of days, because we weren't going to be there too long anyway. We'd go down and we'd follow the regular routine. We'd go to the gow house and eat their dinner, and then we'd go over to the central point, the store, and get warmed up there and sit around and just listen. There was a general store, too. You'd never say anything unless they asked you, then you'd answer. But you never asked questions.

I did get to know one man, George Robb, who ran the operation of mining up at White Caps. He was out of Tonopah. We became great friends afterward. He said, "You know, I found out that you're a Mason, and your name is Clarence Jones."

I said, "That's right."

"And you've got Gus Dixon."

"Yes."

"He's a Mason."

"Yes," I said. Frank Horton wasn't a Mason, so Gus and I were in the inner circle from then on. Of course, Frank Horton was known. His family was known, and so he was OK, too.

It's just how these little things work. Until George died, we were always great friends, and it was because we were brothers in Masonry. He was a member of Tonopah 28, I think. There's a tie there that is intangible, and other Masons know they can trust you. We've traveled the same road, received the

same work. Anyway, the rest of the time our crew was there, we were very welcome.

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Where we were staying was where the girls used to live and do their work. So we always laughed about the time that we stayed in that house of prostitution in Manhattan. [laughs] But there was nobody there, because they had folded up and moved down to Tonopah, so there was no action there...not enough people around for any action. [laughs] The same was true in Round Mountain—practically nil. We stayed there because we didn't want to drive all the way to Tonopah.

When we went from there and moved to Tonopah, we stayed at the Mizpah Hotel, which was the best hotel in those days. We always tried to stay at the best quarters. This was in 1931, and the town was on the way downhill, of course. I think about the only mining activity was working the tailings dumps there out of the White Caps mine in Manhattan. They used to run the trucks back and forth from there to Tonopah.

When we were in Tonopah, we used to go to dances. That was a great place out there—Darrough's Hot Springs. It was a great place for dances. It was a kind of a resort there. There was a big dance hall. People from Tonopah went out in those days. That would be a *wild* night, that Saturday night in Darrough's. They always had the Elks charity ball, and that was *one big* event. Oh, man! Everybody from Tonopah would go out there, and that was a great time. There was dancing and drinking and fighting. Oh, golly. Lots of people would get drunk and then fight.

I only got into one fight one time, and that was with one of the Hogans. That was when we were there in Austin, and we went over to the Reese River country to a little

schoolhouse over there. There was a big bully there. George Hogan, I think, was the big bully; the rest of them were just as fine as could be. They thought that we were highway people, and, of course, we and the highway people were good friends, so we got along very well. But this fellow was a real bully in town, and he challenged everybody. I don't know how it came about, but I got in a scrap with him, and he didn't win and I didn't win, because he was just tougher than the devil. In town when they'd have baseball games, he was always trying to pick a fight with somebody. I got really cheered when he couldn't beat me. [laughs]

In a fight, I used to be smart. I got his face towards the fire, so that he couldn't see where I was but I could see where he was. He'd try to get my face to the fire, but no way I'd let him do that. I sure did damage to my wrist in that fight. I had a heck of a time for the next few weeks trying to write, to put a tiny scribbling on that pad. The boss never did know about it. [laughs]

From Tonopah we went to Lamoille and Elko and Halleck. From there, we went back to Eureka and were going to run a control line back over to Reno. At that time, the snow was getting a lot deeper. You just couldn't work in it at all, period.

I always remember one incident there. We'd come in from all day out in that cold, and the first place we headed for was the bootleggers. In those days it was illegal, but John Venterino made good rye whiskey...*oh man*, it was delicious. The fact is, I brought a gallon of it when we finally came home. [laughs] We'd go down there, and say, "Hey, John, I hear it's fixed up." So he'd bring out a jug of rye whiskey, and we'd drink what we wanted to and get warmed up. A whole gallon of rye whiskey was only about a couple of dollars. That tasted good after all that work.

[laughs] It was *delicious*. That was the way you used to keep going, or otherwise it got pretty stale with that routine that they'd set up for you, and no place to go.

Of course, you always had to be careful of little girls. I got mixed up with one—her dad was a sheepman. I took her to a dance, and, of course, because you take them to a dance, they think that they should marry you. Oh, boy! In short order I took care of that. This was in Eureka; she wanted to get out of Eureka, but I wasn't about to take her and get her out of there, either. She wrote a couple of letters afterward, and I just didn't answer them. I just chopped that off. But we had a great time in Eureka.

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After we finished the surveying job in November of 1931, I got a job at the Reno Meat Company in December. I was the driver of the delivery truck, and I also did a lot of preparation work for each day's business. It was a six day-a-week job, which I never objected to, as long as I got paid. It wasn't much pay either. I think it was about \$17.50 a week. Anyway, it was money, and I could pay bills and I could drive a car. Those were the main things that I was really interested in. I was lucky to have a job, because that was getting to be the height of the Depression.

Every day I'd drive the truck around. It was pretty much of a regular route. People needed the meat, but they'd only buy maybe 15 or 20 cents worth of meat—enough to get them through for a day or two, especially some of the widows. So, of course, they knew me from around town. I was pretty well known around the community in those days. When I'd come to somebody's house and they were having a problem, they would ask me if I could give them help if they had some furniture to

move, or something wrong with their radio or some other darned thing. They'd ask me if I could look at it, or what I'd recommend. There were a lot of widows here in those days. It got to be an interesting situation.

The things that I did for the Reno Meat Company were very interesting and very educational. I learned how to skin calves. I took the hides off the calves, and you'd better not cut the hide and ruin it. You had a knife that you would use that had a curve to it so that it wouldn't cut sharply. It was just kind of a rolling motion when you peeled the hide off the carcass. I learned this from watching and being told why you had to be so careful about hitting the hide. I think I did it a couple of times. I just didn't have it pulled back far enough on one hand, so you'd take off that membrane between the hide and the meat.

After the hide was off, you had to break it up into quarters, and you'd have to hang them—be able to pick up a 200-pound baby beef and carry it around if necessary. You had to be careful cutting meat, too, because some of the cuts could get ruined. We'd get those all out, and then there were always the other parts as well—the offal, the liver, and the stomach. These other parts were also very important. Lots of people liked them. We sold them commercially, too.

There were a few butcher shops in Reno then. In addition to Reno Meat, there was another shop up on North Virginia. Those two places were run by brothers named Hooley. There was another meat store across the street there called California Butchers. That was run by a man named Husemann, who was from Gardnerville.

People bought their meat in butcher shops then, and not in the supermarket, so they could get their own cut. The butchers got to know people, and they knew just exactly what they wanted. Or the women would call in

and tell the butchers what they wanted, and they'd fill the orders. I learned how to make sausage. You'd put in the pork, and you had to be careful how much of the fat went into it. Then you put a seasoning in it of sage, salt and pepper. So the company advertised that Mr. Jones was making their sausage meat. People would come in for Jones sausage. True, it was Jones sausage, but there may have been a different Jones. I would make sausage meat and then I'd make ground round.

The other interesting thing that I had to do was to prepare chickens for slaughter. The way they usually prepared chickens was to put their neck on a block and chop it off. Then you had to throw the carcass someplace because there would be so much life in it that it would hop all over. You'd be surprised how much life there was in them. Usually you tried to get ahold of it and keep it from flying all over and scattering the blood. Finally, they came out with another technique for slaughtering the chickens. You'd have a real sharp knife, usually a boning knife, and you'd go through the roof of the chicken's mouth and through its left eye. That would hit the brain and kill the chicken immediately. This was a much more humane way than just chopping the heads off. The body didn't move too much after that. It would kind of quiver, and then it pretty well loosened up all the feathers on it, which was much nicer. Otherwise the feathers had to be plucked, and that was really something else.

Most of the meat and the chickens came from ranches in the valley, and the chicken farms that they had. The pigs came from pig farms, though there weren't too many of them...there wasn't that much demand for pork. Sometimes they brought the pigs from Yerington or Fallon.

One day the boss came to me and he said, "We got the unions on our back. How about

you? Do you want to join? You're handling meat."

I said, "Yes, I deliver."

"Well, they want you to join the union."

And I said, "*What?*" I said, "I don't want to join the union."

Anyway, he would let it go for a while, and pretty soon he'd come back again and he said, "Well, they're going to either ask us to fire you or we'll be blackballed on the market. We'd appreciate it very much if you'd join the union."

"Well," I said, "if that's what your wish is, why, yes." So I joined the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America. It was the most rabid, wild union that there was at that time. It cost \$2 a month out of my paychecks.

I attended the meetings and learned about all the inside workings of the union. I would always stand up; I would have no qualms about getting up on my feet even though I was new at it. I'd stand up and give them a speech about their operation, their obligations as union men and workers for the people that paid their salaries, and that they both had to work together in order to do a job. An issue would come up, and I would get up and give a talk on it. They wouldn't like that, and then sometimes I would ask to table the discussion until the next day if I didn't think I had enough support. In the meantime, I'd contact these fellows that I knew would support me—namely, management. I was on management's side 100 percent, and they knew it. [laughs]

The union was wrong in what they were trying to do...they wouldn't give a day's work, and they always wanted more money. There were a lot of little things over which they just wanted to create problems for management. For instance, they complained about working conditions, when the working conditions

were good. Most of the butcher shops were good, clean operations, and the owners were good, clean people. They were honest. This was one of the most rabid unions in here at that time, but I commanded their respect because I knew what I was talking about. So they always admired me. To this day, those butchers are good friends of mine, because they knew what I was trying to do.

The butchers sometimes threatened to go on strike, but they could usually be talked out of it. I'd say, "What are you going to gain by going on strike?" I would stand up and tell them that they were wrong and would only hurt themselves if they went on strike. Most of the fellows really were pretty good, sensible individuals, and they had families to protect. In those days, jobs were not easy to get, and there weren't too many butcher shops here. I'd tell them "After all, you're only hurting yourself. They could close up that shop, and then you'd all be out of work." They listened to me. I was quite pleased, but I was surprised. Not being a full member, I was afraid to say much about it, but they accepted it.

AT THE *RENO EVENING GAZETTE*, 1934-1939

In January of 1934, there was a full-time opening in the *Reno Evening Gazette* circulation office. The newspaper asked me if I wouldn't come back, and I felt very honored. Of course, I wanted to know how much money they were going to pay, and I think it was \$20 a week. And that was a little more than I was making over at the meat company. The editor of the paper at that time was Graham Sanford, the same one that I had worked under before. Leigh Sanford was the business manager and finance operator, and was in charge of circulation and advertising, a main revenue source. We had the mechanical superintendent in the back, but he was pretty much under the business manager.

The newsroom never liked to get mixed up with the mechanical department. It just didn't fit into their pattern. A newsperson is one who uses his head and fingers at the typewriter, because he's typing. He really is not too much of a mechanical person. They didn't generally work with their hands or dirty work. It was sort of a dichotomy between the people who were the editors

and newspeople, and those who were the business people.

One of the interesting things that always kind of bothered me in that line was that whenever somebody would ask if you were the editor, and you'd say no, you'd immediately fall in their estimation. Besides, there was not *the* editor, but *an* editor. I always kind of chuckled. To this day, when someone speaks of a newsman or newspaperman, they always think of an editorial person or a journalist. They don't realize that there is much more to make a newspaper run. That is where I used to get in some pretty good discussions with the editorial and advertising departments. They would say, "We're the most important department in the newspaper."

I'd say, "I'll tell you something. If you're the most important department in the newspaper, next week we'll pay you your check in the number of copy inches that you can put into that column."

"Well, you can't do that," they'd say.

I'd say, "If you didn't get your paycheck, you'd be hollering pretty much, wouldn't

you? You get your paycheck whether you're sick, on a holiday or vacation, or anything else, but you may not produce copy." It took me quite a while, but I established my point, and I said, "Now, one thing that you want to remember, is that there is no one department in a newspaper that is the most important department. There are five and sometimes six departments; it depends on how you break them down. There's editorial, advertising, circulation, mechanical, administrative, and the others, depending on how you break them down."

When I went to work for the paper, I was working at circulation. In the afternoon, I would go down and take care of the distribution of papers. That was when I used to have all these young men under my supervision. Between the street sellers and the delivery boys, I had approximately 100 there towards the end of my term. This is where I got a lot of experience in managing and working with young people. I always found that if you're honest, sincere and conscientious with them, and if you say something and you do it and they can rely upon it, then you can get along beautifully with them. And don't ever lie to them—that's the one thing that they would really frown on. When I was a paperboy, I didn't actually work for the paper, but these boys did by that time. It was called the office collect system, which I worked on for quite a while.

If somebody asked me where a person lived, I could tell them. Or if somebody wanted to know who lived at a certain address, I could tell them. I knew the whole town so well that I could do that. People in town knew me well, too, and respected me. Through the DeMolay, the Masons, and the Eastern Star, I had quite a wide circle of acquaintances. These are the reputations that you establish as you go along over the years,

and this is what I keep trying to impress on young people today.

Later on, at the newspaper I was doing a lot of other type of work; it was kind of an evolution. Then I became a district manager. I took the bundles that were made up at the plant and delivered them to the paperboys. As a district manager, I was also responsible for finding carriers, hiring them, and seeing that they did the job. So it was a transition from office out to the field, because the operation got so big that it couldn't be handled out of the office any more.

We went out to people's homes every day and collected for the newspaper. We delivered throughout the valley, except in Sparks. We collected from the homes and ranches clear out Huffaker Lane down south, and then on the east end of the valley as far as the Mattley ranch, and then on out west. In town I would have a regular routine, and once a month I'd go out around the valley and pick up 75 cents from each customer—if they had money.

From 1934, we were still going along fairly good here in Reno, but then about the tail end of 1934 or 1935 and into 1936, our policy with the newspaper was that if customers couldn't pay, we'd still send the paper to them. We'd keep a record of how much they owed. Some of these people got up to as high as \$27 they owed. That's \$9 a year. They needed a newspaper, because in those days they did not have radio or TV, and the only communication they had with the outside world was really the newspaper. The customers were so attached to their newspaper—being able to read about the community and their friends. In those days, it was truly a community newspaper. Our feeling was that we were putting out a product that was a service for the people, not for the money that we were making. We could operate the paper well enough so that we could do this. Some organizations couldn't do

that, but we could. This was Leigh Sanford's policy. He was the business manager. He gave us the authority to make judgments as to when folks really needed or wanted the paper but couldn't afford it—especially the older folks.

We went along with that for quite a while, and then it came to a point where we said it was going too far. Things were coming out of the Depression, business was picking up, people were making money; they were all getting back to work again. This was about the time of the WPA [Works Progress Administration] and the PWA [Public Works Administration] and all the rest of those programs that were coming into existence. We felt that it was time that we should go to each one of our people and try to collect. We had a stack of cards in there, a tremendous number of them. There was over \$3,000 owed; all those customers...at \$9 a year, that's a lot of people. I'm sure some people took advantage of that, and those were the ones that we went to first. We said, "We've gone as far as we can with you." So we set up payment schedules—people paid 75 cents a month to catch up before we'd give them any more papers.

This was the way we set it up, and from then on we operated on a current basis. Now, instead of the office collect system, the paper has the "little merchant" plan. That means the paperboy is the businessman and is not an employee. This system of catching up customer payments was also OK with the Audit Bureau of Circulation (ABC) because we could maintain our total amount of subscribers. This was an important factor because advertising rates depended upon the number of subscribers. The ABC was a national organization that audited newspapers to assure that the circulation lists were not loaded with phony names. They also checked out the number of papers that were sold on

newsstands. The customers weren't the only ones who couldn't pay at times. Sometimes the advertising businesses couldn't either. We'd ask them to pay what they could. What happened in Reno during the Depression was there was a great deal of cooperation.

At that time I had my own car. One of the things that I always prized and was so important in my life was an automobile for transportation, because without transportation you cannot do the things that I was so used to doing. I could put in for mileage from the newspaper, but they didn't have company cars. (Later on we did get one company car for the advertising department for the proof runners. It was very important that they have transportation. Of course, they couldn't afford it, so the newspaper bought a car. I think the first one we bought was a little Volkswagen bug.)

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I did get another employment opportunity in 1935, when General Electric came into Reno here with the air conditioning. Jack Howell of Howell Electric called me. He said, "I'm going to take over the agency to represent General Electric air conditioning. I'd like to have you take it over."

I knew Jack, though; I knew that he wasn't going to spend any more money than he had to, and he was pretty tough on help. So I said, "Well, Jack, what kind of money are you going to pay?"

"A hundred and twenty-five a month," he said.

And I said, "Well, I won't give you an answer now because I want to talk to the wife and see what she has to say about it." When I went home that night, we talked about it, and I could see what was going to happen. I'd get \$125 a month for doing the job, but

that job was going to be servicing the air conditioning in clubs that operated seven days a week, 24 hours a day. I'd be subject to call down there to keep those air conditioners running at all times of day, night, Sundays, holidays and everything. General Electric would also probably have come in and taken the job away.... In other words, you'd be the builder, and the developer would pick up the benefits out of it.

The next day I went over to Jack, and I said, "Jack, I just can't see where I'd be improving myself. I'm not quite that bad off where I am right now, but I very much appreciate the thought." And I said, "What keeps a newspaper plant running? Electrical engineering." I told him, "I have been more valuable to that organization by being able to keep the plant and everything in running order." My philosophy was that proper, prior planning prevents poor performance and poor operations. As you plan ahead, you're going to keep away from a lot of those situations. Many, many times that happened at the newspaper.

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The newspaper had a four-story office building. At the back end where the mechanical department was, it was just a two-story area and then a basement. Among the machines in the department were Fairchild engraving machines that etched the pictures on plastic with a hot needle. The engravers were a potential cause of fire.

I used to go down to the office at night all the time, and one time I smelled smoke. I called the janitor, who was right close by where I was. The smoke smelled like it was right over my head. So I said, "What's going on?"

"The fire engines are out in front."

I said, "What?"

The first thing I did was to cover up my typewriter and adding machine and cover the desks, because I was sure that water was going to come down. I got out of my office and tried to get to the second floor, and the smoke was running down there. So I went out and talked to the fire department, and they said, "There's a pretty big fire up there. We can't get to it, and we don't know how long it's going to be before we can control it."

I went out and around to locate the fire, because I knew the building like a book. I finally saw where it was, and I got ahold of one of the firemen and said, "You're going to lose this building unless you get up and put that fire out. And I'll tell you how to do it."

He said, "I can't take any orders from you."

I said, "You better take them; somebody better take them."

He said, "The captain has to know."

So I told the captain, "You're going to lose this whole building if that fire gets into one of those air ducts, because they're *all* open in the ceilings." I said, "Get your men up there at that window, knock it in, and you can put the fire out." And it was put out, with not much damage done.

I could just see in about another five minutes that the *whole* four-story building would have been gone. Sometimes switches would be set wrong, or there would be a loose connection...these are the worst things that can happen at a newspaper, because fires are the result. This was *always* my number one concern. If you smell smoke, you go find out what's the cause of it.

Another fire hazard was associated with these flues in the plant where lead was melted down to make slugs, which they'd run on the press. Those would be dumped into the melting pot at the close of the day to be heated up. You'd have to have the gas to be able to

heat them up, and a lot of fumes would come off of that. Along with that, too, there'd be a lot of dust. That dust would lay in the vent pipes from the gas melting pot that went up onto the roof, where it would vent out. Periodically, the vent pipes would catch on fire. That was a *hot* fire, but it was all inside of the metal pipe. But you had to take care of it; otherwise the floors or the wood around them would catch fire. In some parts of the building, it didn't bother much, but in one case, where it went across the ceiling of the composing room—and you had all these machines in there and hot metal and everything—you get water on that, and you have real trouble. You have everything spitting around. Several times, they caught on fire up over towards the composing room.

I was up on the second floor most of the time, but I'd go up and check when I'd smell smoke, and here it was. I'd open the window, and there was a little flame coming out of the floor. I'd go get water, douse it, and then I'd try to keep it down, because once it broke through, you had a lot of trouble. You would try to keep it from breaking through, which we would, until the fire department came along.

In those days we used to have problems with people parking in the alley. I'd be standing up there and getting water on this roof, and there'd be a fire truck down here blocked and not able to get in. People could never understand about keeping alleys clear in the downtown area. This was another area that I was able to do because of my background in engineering. You know these things—you know fire; you know how to control it, and what to do about it.

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I worked as a collector until April of 1936 and then was transferred to the classified

advertising for six months and developed a full page of advertising, which had never been done before, and they didn't think it could be. This type of advertising was new when I started, and it involved researching and surveying. But it was more affordable than display advertising. The size of the type was a 24-point, or about a third of an inch tall. That was the largest type we could have in a classified ad. It could not be anything but light face—no bold face.

The largest space you could sell to any one person was two inches, so that took an awful lot of work to develop a full page of advertising to fill 168 column inches of advertising in those little, small ads. I just didn't like the selling bit, and I couldn't see any real future to it. You couldn't sell anything to the automobile dealers—they'd laugh at you for trying to sell them classified advertising space when they were already using display ads. But I convinced them to use classified to sell their used cars. They tried it, and pretty soon they began to get results. So the classified ad section began to expand as a result.

We used to have a column that was reserved strictly for people who were too late to make it in the classified section. The classified section would be full, and as a service we reserved this other space—we'd charge a premium rate to drop in an ad right up until presstime. But it became a real problem on deadlines after a while, so we eliminated this section. Instead, people had to adhere to the deadlines of the regular classified section, which I always felt bad about, because that "too-late-to-classify" was a real good deal.

After I had built up classified advertising to the first full page, I said, "That's it, I've done my job, and you can have it." Selling was just not my thing. The newspaper got mad at me

because I wanted out of selling ads, and they would try to talk me out of it because I had done such a good job. But I told them that my true love was circulation.

When I went back to the circulation department in about 1937 or 1938, that required an awful lot of work. Each day's deliveries had to be prepared—the starts, stops, and complaints. They all had to be worked up and had to be processed so that they went to the right carrier. Plus you had to wait on customers at the counter. Then you'd also do an amount of typing; that's where I learned to type the hard way. I wasn't going to be the four-fingered or two-fingered typist. I was going to be all fingers. So that's what I concentrated on, and I can still use all fingers to type—not proficiently, but I can type a pretty good letter.

THE *RENO EVENING GAZETTE* AND THE *NEVADA STATE JOURNAL*, 1939-1971

In the 1930s there had been a big bet between Graham Sanford and the publisher of the *Journal*. They bet \$1,000 or \$2,000 that the *Gazette* was larger than the *Journal*. The *Journal* had previously always been the number one newspaper as far as circulation was concerned. So we kept working on the *Gazette* to build it up, to give a better newspaper and have more subscribers, and finally we reached the equal point. We were also members of the Audit Bureau of Circulation, and we were audited every year, whereas the *Journal* wasn't. What happened then is that when the final audit was taken, the *Gazette* was the number one paper. This was in about 1932 or 1933. By the time of the Speidel purchase, the *Gazette* was the top paper.

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On September 30, 1939, the *Gazette* was purchased by Speidel Newspapers. And on November 1, the *Journal* was also bought by Speidel Newspapers. Then, over the next few years, there was a gradual merging of

the two. We went to one press instead of two complete operations. It was getting pretty close to Europe stirring up and World War II beginning, so I could see some little problems ahead there. I was always trained—as a Boy Scout, as a DeMolay, as a Mason—that if ever a war came, you should offer your life for your country. I knew that if it came, which it did in 1939, that's when they'd begin recruiting. Of course, 1941 was when all the devil broke loose. The military was taking practically everybody, and I tried to enlist right off the bat when they held the drawing over at the courthouse. I was the second one down in line to get registered. There was one man ahead of me, and he was so drunk...he had been out there all night, and he was drunk as hell. [laughs]

All males of a certain age had to register. I thought I'd go down there, because what I wanted to do was to enlist and get my choice. I was well acquainted with the navy and marine corps, because they used to come to the newspaper all the time. I used to go sit at the bar with them. This was well after I was married.

I didn't want any part of the army. I signed up for the navy and later talked to the recruiter, who said they checked up on my credentials, and I had everything they wanted: "You have experienced management and have done a good job with it; you have the engineering background—especially electrical—and we'd give anything to have you working for us. But when we look at your eyes, the answer is no. You'd get out there and you'd lose your glasses and be in trouble. And you might be shooting your own people because you couldn't tell the difference between them and the enemy." So they told me, "No, sorry, even though we'd love to have you."

But then they kept reducing and relaxing the requirements. Finally, I got a draft notice from the army. There were only two of us left in the newspaper; all of the rest of them had been enlisted, and the rest of the staff members were women. I thought, "Oh, boy, this will get me out of here." I was anxious to go. I never said a word to the boss, Graham Dean, who had come in as the new publisher. But finally, Graham came in to interview me. He said, "Hey, did you get a letter from the draft board?"

I said yes.

He said, "Somebody called me over there. I hadn't heard from you."

I said, "What did he say?"

"He said you're a 1-A. Don't you know what the laws are?"

I said, "Yes, I know what they are. I was supposed to let you know, but I didn't." [laughs] I told him I wanted to get out of there. I wanted to go into the service.

He said, "You're not going to. You're too valuable right here from a morale standpoint for the public." So I was classified as a 1-C or something like that, and they were the ones that were critically needed for the home front. Because of that, I never got one thing

credited as far as the military was concerned. Besides, there were only two of us at the paper, and Graham couldn't run that newspaper by himself. He relied upon me many times for the whole operation, because I knew it. That was why I never wanted to be a publisher. John Sanford never was enlisted, either. He was from the same category I was. He was city editor of the *Gazette*.

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I mainly worked at the *Gazette*. Of course, once in a while I'd work at the *Journal* to give them a lift over there at nighttime, as it didn't conflict with the *Gazette* work. I was reaching the point in about 1939 that I was beginning to wonder about my career. It seemed unlikely that I would get any place because the Sanford family owned the paper. I was giving very serious consideration to looking at the electrical engineering field. About that time, out of a clear blue sky, the morning of the first day of October in 1939, Mr. Harry S. Bunker came walking out of the door of the business manager's office. He said, "I'm Harry Bunker and I will be your new boss. We're taking over the *Gazette*." I couldn't believe it! I couldn't believe my ears!

The Speidel purchase changed the *Gazette*, which was a closed organization of the type where unless you married into the family, there was no place to go except for where you were. If you did a good job, you could stay there forever, but that wasn't my makeup. I wasn't about to stay there in the position that I was in with the *Reno Evening Gazette*—even though it was one of the finest papers in the West. It was operated very well, very solid. It was a good local paper and a good business operation.

I was pleased to hear that the *Gazette* wasn't going to be owned by the Sanford

family indefinitely, and that the time had come when they decided that they wanted to get out and turn it over to someone else. One of their big reasons for selling the paper was that they had no one in the family that could really carry on the work. Bill Sanford, one of Graham's sons, was a very successful lawyer, and while he liked the newspaper business, it wasn't for him. The other son, John, was not a finance man in any way, shape or form, and Leigh, who was going out, *was* the finance man. Graham would also be going out, and he was the newsman and co-publisher, along with Leigh. After the Speidel group took over, John continued to work under them. The rest of the Sanfords retired. I think that always kind of irritated John, because he really felt that this was going to be his newspaper, and he could run it the way he wanted to. But it didn't work out that way. I was pleased about the Speidel purchase. As it turned out, Harry Bunker and I became very great friends, and it was a pleasure to work with him.

On November the first, the Speidel group purchased the *Nevada State Journal*. This gave the Speidel newspaper group full control of the two newspapers in the northern part of the state. It made a good combination, because the *Nevada State Journal* was a Democratic newspaper, and it was left that way. We continued to operate the papers on a competitive basis for quite some time. I think it was about 1942 that we began to merge the two together and use the same equipment for both newspapers. Before, you had two complete sets of equipment, and it was a *very* expensive operation. Joe McDonald was editor of the *Journal* then, and Graham Dean was the publisher of the *Gazette*. Graham Dean was a newsman from Iowa, and he supervised the editorial department after the Speidel takeover. He was a

sharp businessman, and it was a pleasure to work with him.

After the takeover, there were no immediate changes, and we did that on purpose because there were dedicated subscribers and advertisers for each of the papers. We certainly did not want to disturb that situation, and we told the people in the community that we would continue to have the two newspapers—one would be Democrat, and one would be Republican. I knew Joe McDonald very well. [McDonald served as editor for Speidel Newspapers, Inc., the corporate owner of Reno Newspapers, Inc., from 1939 through 1957.—Ed.] He was a personal friend. He was city editor at the *Gazette*. Then he went over to the *Journal* for a while, because he was a Democrat. We always tried to keep the two newspapers politically oriented. The *Gazette* was Republican and the *Journal* was Democrat. They'd get in pretty good arguments about politics. The stories that John Sanford would write would be strongly Republican, and the ones Joe McDonald would write would be strongly Democrat. There I was right in the middle of it, of course. [laughs]

I was in a finance position, and it didn't make any difference whether I was Republican or Democrat, because you would not let politics enter in to your operation. In other words, I didn't have much to do with the policy of the paper; I was involved strictly in the business end. The policy for the news content was left entirely up to the newsrooms. We felt that this was healthy to do it this way. I didn't agree with the way the Democrats operated the *Journal*, because I didn't agree with the philosophy of the Democratic party.

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During World War II, there was quite a shortage of newsprint, and sometimes the

Speidel Corporation had to go up and do some logging on our own in Oregon in order to get logs to the plant mill so that they could make pulp. One of our men, Lyle Harper, went up and supervised it. He was in the advertising department. He supervised the logging and transportation to the mills, which were also in Oregon.

We bought a lot of newsprint out of Oregon City from the Crown paper mill. I'd always consult with the publisher and with the news people and press rooms, because you had to know what size papers they were going to run. There were three different sizes of newsprint. If you ran out of one, it caused a lot of problems—either you had to go up two pages or down two pages. We used to try to figure out ahead and keep a surplus of different sizes to accommodate varying press signatures. One was for a two-page; one was for four-page; one was for six-page, and one for an eight-page. Very few of the “dinkies” were used, which were just half rolls for the two-page signature.

The *Nevada State Journal* did not have a person comparable to my position, although the publisher did work as a business manager, as I did. You never knew exactly who was what over at the *Journal*. This was a sad thing, because they *did* have a good paper, and they were much larger than the *Gazette* for a long time.

The *Journal* went to the press at midnight, and they'd have the papers off the press by 1:00 or 1:30 a.m., and then they could go catch the stage lines and express so that people would get today's paper today. In those days the paper only cost \$3.65 a year; it was a penny a day.

The *Journal* had a good circulation, and we used to hear about that from their subscribers when we were selling the *Gazette* around the area: “We can get today's paper today with the *Journal*.”

I said, “Yes, but that news cuts off at midnight.” Our subscribers got later news, because between 4:00 p.m. and midnight, very little real news breaks. Of course, in this day and age it's a different world, because with electronic media, you can get much later news into your newspaper.

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After the Speidel purchase, the *Journal* and *Gazette* were still Democrat and Republican publications, and the business office and circulation and advertising departments were combined. We would have one set of people; but we'd have two sets of bills in the initial part. Then after we got the public educated to the fact that it was going to be one newspaper operation, we brought the statements together and had just one for both newspapers. I was there during that whole transition period. The first thing that we did to bring them together was to sell the press that the *Journal* had. They were located where the Reno Printing Company is now on North Center Street. They had the press down in the basement, and the mailing room was up on the second floor.

The *Gazette* was on the west side of the street; the *Journal* was on the east side of Center Street. Alongside of us was the Western Union and Reno Printing Company. We had to make a three-way switch. The first thing we had to do was to get the space opened across the street, where the *Journal* was, so that we could move the Reno Printing Company there. We also had to move Western Union to the Reno Printing Company building. Of course we had to ask their permission, but as long as we paid all the expenses for moving, they didn't mind.

We moved the *Journal* first over on Second Street in the Odd Fellows building. Then

we got rid of the equipment. We had to do a lot of work on the buildings, but using the same press and equipment for both newspapers meant quite a savings in the overall picture. We didn't have to let too many people go, because there were not too many working in the *Journal*. It was a much smaller newspaper by that time.

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When the composing rooms and presses merged, I was head of all the accounting, purchasing and collections, and credit. I was officer manager of both the *Gazette* and the *Journal* from 1942 to 1956, so I had control of all the credit and collections. For a long time we did have some combination rates between the *Gazette* and the *Journal*—we'd have what you'd call a pickup rate. The ad would run in the *Gazette* or the *Journal*, mainly the *Gazette*, and then you'd pick it up for maybe about half price or so for the other paper. Then the advertiser would get complete coverage of the two papers.

The rate structure is a continuing, changing process, where costs go up as the number of subscribers rises. The rate on any newspaper or any electronic media is based upon the amount of listeners or readers. That's why it's very important that they run these surveys periodically to see which one is number one. I don't know exactly how those work, but we had solid figures with ours as a print media. We had a complete list; it was audited and could be verified. Street sales and newsstands were another phase of it, and that is one that you always had to be very careful of. A certain number of copies are put in these newsstands, but then what you get paid for may not be what you put out there because people steal them and they disappear. So all you can get credit for is the

papers that you get paid for, *not* how many you put in the stands.

When I was office manager for both newspapers, I used to kind of irritate the advertising department, because I controlled the credit and who could advertise and who couldn't. If I thought an advertiser couldn't meet his commitment to pay us, he had to pay cash up front. It was quite a powerful position.

Several times I had to deal personally with Charles Mapes, owner of the Mapes hotel and casino, because he wouldn't pay his advertising bills at the newspaper. He believed in operating on a 90-day basis. In other words, you owed people for 90 days. He always figured he made money on that, because he could continue to earn interest on the sum he owed until it was paid. He called me periodically, because he knew that I would cut off his advertising any time he fell behind.

We had all kinds of standards and conditions, because political advertising was handled entirely differently than regular advertising. That was because many people ran into debt, and for a *long* many years, we *did* give them credit. But after the election was over and they lost, they just forgot about ever paying the money. They'd just say, "Well, I'm sorry—it's gone; it's past now. I won't run again." Therefore, we had to ask advertisers to pay in advance. It was brought around to the point where we said, "OK, if you want advertising in the paper, you're going to pay for it before it goes in." They had to dig the money up someplace or another, and they always had budgets for advertising and mailers.

I always remember one very distinct advertiser—Senator Pat McCarran, and his secretary, Eva Adams. They were over in the Odd Fellows building. She called me up one day and said, "I want to put an ad in the paper,

and the salesman won't take it. You gave him orders not to."

I said, "That's right."

She said, "Aren't you discriminating against us?"

I said, "No. Every person running for political office pays for their advertising *before* it goes into the paper, and we're making no exceptions, even for the senator."

She said, "Well, come over. I want to talk to you." So I went over, sat down and talked to Eva. We had a very good understanding, because his record in the past had not been good for paying his bills. You'd be surprised what you learn in the news field. We got the money for the ads, and every time they wanted to run an ad, I'd have to go over and get a check from them. Of course, Patrick won. When it was all over, I got a very nice letter from him. He said, "We certainly appreciate all that you have done for us, and any time I can do you any favors, you let me know." I thought that was quite a compliment! [laughs] When they would owe the newspaper money, this could be very detrimental to them in their careers or in business.

One time one of our good friends, Marvin Humphrey, was running for office. I knew he was as solid as a rock. Marv called and said, "I need an ad in the paper; I need it badly."

I said, "OK. We'll take care of it for you." So I went down and paid a personal check for his advertising, so it showed on our records that it was paid for.

Somebody jumped me about it and said, "How come Marv got his ad put in the paper without paying?"

I said, "Yes, it was paid. Do you want to go down and look at the records? I'll take you down there and show you. The money was in there before that advertising ran." I think they had some suspicions. [laughs] Anybody who paid their bills could advertise.

We would never discriminate on that basis. The only thing you could ever discriminate on was credit.

We had another policy, too, that there were certain types of ads that we would not accept. Some of these crazy people came in with the darnedest ideas that they wanted to run ads for, and we'd just say no. We could not run ads that would be detrimental to anybody, because that left the newspaper open for libel. This is what we have to be so careful about—the wording of everything. I was the one that normally had to end up with these issues, but I would take it to our legal counsel, William Sanford, or somebody else that might be familiar with that particular area. The newsroom also had to be so cautious about their wording and their news stories. Sometimes only one word can make a whole difference, so you have to be very, very careful. This also taught me a lot about legal business, too, having to read the copy and see that it was clean. That way, nothing could be inferred about anybody, and everything was facts.

It may have seemed that the newspaper wouldn't have been responsible for libel in advertising, but we were, since any newspaper is the media that carries the message to the public. We always tried to follow the rules—the *truth* is what we operated the newspaper on. This is why we had to be so careful and selective in advertising. We would not advertise certain types of business. For example, we'd *never* carry an ad on prostitution or adult bookstores. The policies of the newspapers have changed today, and are more liberal and less selective. For a while, they'd advertise anything because of competition and financial situations. Some people used to get mad, and they'd ask why we wouldn't run the ad. I'd say, "You take it to your attorney. If he'll clear it, why, you

come back with a statement from him that you're assuming full responsibility and liability." They never came back. We took ads for cigarette smoking, and that's become controversial, but in those days it wasn't. Cigarette advertising was always big advertising, and we never objected to liquor ads.

Some businesses we knew were no good, and we would just not run ads for them. We'd always dig back into the background of advertisers. Some were scams, like phony stock ads or something of this type where they came to clean the people out and then leave town. We always tried to avoid any questionable accounts, and we'd call the Better Business Bureau and ask them, "Is this acceptable? Are the people reliable?" We did run a good, clean operation, and that's why the *Gazette* was always so well respected, and it was one of the most respected newspapers in the country. Our readers knew that if they answered an ad, they could rely upon it. There was no bait and switch, where a store would advertise one thing, then sell a different thing in its place, claiming that they were out of stock. These were called dump ads, and were used by many newspapers. This type of thing was hard to police, but we used to do the best job we could.

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We had about 15 people in the office alone, not counting the press or maintenance people, and each department head was in charge of his own personnel. For instance, John Sanford was editor of the *Gazette*, Joe McDonald was editor of the *Journal*, and I was office manager for both the *Gazette* and *Journal*. The newspaper had many departments: editorial; advertising; circulation; mechanical; engraving; administrative; and the general department, which took care of

maintenance of the building. The only other department was the one that would oversee the newspaper. It was controlled by the board of directors.

Every morning about 9:00, instead of going out for coffee, we'd have a get-together of the department heads in the boss's office. We had a big table to sit around. We would discuss the problem of the previous day and what came up in each one of the departments. Then we'd try to work the problems out, because if one department tried to run off on its own, there would be nothing but problems. They would bring up little things about maintenance that weren't being done properly, or maybe somebody complained about us being too tough on the credit...something was always coming up, so we would discuss these issues. We had good communications, and it worked out very well.

After I worked with the Sanfords, I worked with Graham Dean, the first publisher after the Speidel takeover. I think it was after World War II that he left for Oregon and bought the *Ashland Tidings*. He wanted me to go with him at that time, and I talked to Martha about it. Of course, our children were in school, and I was already well established here, so we decided to stay.

After Graham left, they put Joe McDonald in as publisher, which was a good deal—it was more of a courtesy to him than anything else. He did a good job. Joe was a good man—very human. He was a devout Roman Catholic, very sincere in his beliefs. He was honest as the day is long, and he'd help anybody. He had a stack of slips in his desk on which he would write little notes to the Golden coffee shop or someplace else to give some fellow a meal at his expense, but not any money. This is the type of person Joe was—very, very human.

Following Joe was Charles Murray from Poughkeepsie, New York, because I told Joe

that I didn't want his job. I said I would rather be the second man...the assistant publisher. Charles Murray is still at the *Gazette*. Following him, the next publisher was Rollan Melton, who got moved up into Speidel's group. Following Rollan were Richard Schuster and Ronald Einstoss. After that, they began to bring in publishers from outside.

My duties as office manager at the newspaper were to see that the office was run in a good business manner, that all money was accounted for, and that money that was due was collected. We were also subject to call from any department in the newspaper that may need supplies, and we'd have to write the purchase orders out of our department. Apart from the financial duties, I was also involved with hiring and firing personnel. Another facet of my job was being in charge of maintaining the building. I'd always make recommendations on how to handle problems.

I made it my business to know the plant, to know what to do with it and how it should work, and also to make recommendations as to its electrical structure. One recommendation that I made in the early 1950s was that we put in a standby power plant, because it was getting to the stage where you couldn't rely upon firm power. The power company said, "Oh, you don't worry about that."

I said, "Every time you get a blowup out here someplace, we have a power outage, so we're going to put one in." Well, they didn't like that, but we did put in a little Jimmy diesel—General Motors diesel. The first thing out of the box, of course, was noise. [laughs] We put in a four-inch pipe up over the top of the ceiling to take the exhaust fumes out. But boy, that big tube became really like a trumpet...noisy. You'd hit something at one end and the noise would come out the other.

I went next door to this bank building, and our motor had started back there. I said, "What the heck's all that noise?"

The banker looked at me, and he said, "You guys are doing it."

And I said, "What?"

He said, "Yes, that's that doggone power unit you've got over there!" [laughs] So I had to take up that problem, and we did something about it.

About that time we decided that we didn't have enough room to expand the newspapers. I went and took a look around and finally located a piece of property on Stevenson Street, which was the old Lane woodyard. The owners were interested in selling, so after our board of directors approved, we bought the property for \$150,000. The only piece of property we didn't buy was the father's little machine shop. Very often we ended up using that machine shop for newspaper work. Later, after the owner of that shop died, we bought that piece of property, too. That's the building that the Old College is now in.

The next thing we did was to make an agreement with the Southern Pacific Company to lease some land from them for our operation. That's where we put our parking lot. I was also able to buy two other lots for the newspaper—one in front and one next to it. The newspaper owned everything up to the railroad property, because we had a spur line in from the railroad to haul in the newsprint. Later on, they started hauling the newsprint by truck.

My engineering degree served me when we were getting ready to design the building, because I knew exactly what we wanted. I could tell the architect exactly what we wanted, how we wanted it, and where to put the things. When the architects got the plans all ready, they would submit them to us and say, "Here are your plans. You go ahead and look at them." So

I always had to go over all of the plans, specifically the mechanical and the electrical, and I'd pick out all the bugs. Eventually through that, I became the second man in the organization. I never did want to be the publisher, because I knew that if I was the publisher, there'd be nobody to do what I was doing. I felt that money was not what I was looking for in life. I was working for other things.

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When the electronic media came into the picture, Speidel established a radio station in Reno—KWRN. We built it on top of Peavine Mountain. I had quite a bit to do with that. That was in 1941 or 1942. We built a house up on top of Peavine Mountain. KWRN was the first area FM station.

The Speidel newspapers were a very progressive group. This was before the days of TV. We also built the first AM station, because we knew that that was a selling product, whereas with FM, we had no idea in the world what it was going to cost. We built the AM station by the Indian colony on East Second Street. We had to remodel the building's fourth floor for acoustics and everything...we wanted the best we could have. My electrical engineering background was important—they used to consult me regularly because I had very strong feelings about AM, FM and TV. AM was a good method of communication, but back then there wasn't the quality equipment that there is today. In that day we did not have to have a station up on top of the mountain when we went into the AM, because there was a tower on East Second Street, and it covered the area very well. Of course, we were trying to sell advertising in both electronic media and the print media.

Merle Lynch was the general manager of KWRN, and that really kind of compli-

cated matters on what my position was with the newspaper and the station. The public thought he was general manager of the newspaper *and* the radio station. Eventually, they took away the title of general manager, because everyone thought he was manager at both the newspaper *and* the radio, and he was *not* a newspaper man; he was a radio man.

When TV became widely available, I knew that it was going to be the ultimate in broadcasting. I told the Speidel people: "This is something brand-new. It's high-quality broadcast and has very clear reception, and it's the ideal method to go." But I said, "One thing that you have to remember is that you're going to plow a lot of money into this development before you ever start getting anything out of it." But once the Speidel group found out how much money was already going into the radio, they decided that we would do away with all our electronic media.

We had put a lot of money in the Peavine Mountain FM radio building. The piece of property upon which we built the radio station was purchased from the railroad company. The winds up there were a hundred miles an hour, and we had a few antennas and roofs blow off. They also got snowed in up there, and it was nothing but a real headache, frankly.

Our programming at the FM station was just music—it was about the only thing you could have. With AM, of course, you had the news broadcast and everything else. Later on, of course, we sold the whole outfit, both stations, so we could devote our time to putting out newspapers. That's what our prime job was.

There was another radio station, KNEV, that was run by Jerry Cobb. He was a great believer in FM. We always used to work with him in broadcasting special events, especially

during election time. He had a set-up over at our building, and he'd get the election results right there. The other radio stations got a little bit miffed about it because Jerry came in to work with us over the other radio stations. Jerry had his own form of political thought, too, that he used to air on that radio station. He was very conservative. He was a very personal friend of mine; we got along very well. I remember when he started right over here on Second Street with his little studio.

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Reno suffered severe flooding in 1950 and 1955. I think the 1955 flood was when the water got clear up to Second Street. The water was in front of the *Gazette* building. We had to have sand bags out there to keep the water out from the main floor. However, the biggest problem was the hydrostatic pressure and the water coming up from underneath the ground. The Virginia and Lake Street bridges were completely under water. That was quite a sight when you looked out there and saw water clear across. It was very frightening, but nothing in the newspaper building was damaged. The only thing that we were fighting, really, was to keep the water out of the motors in the press. This was our big problem...and the newsprint. We always had newsprint on pads, anyway, which gave us an inch or maybe two inches of leeway before we'd get into trouble. But the 1955 flood had so much hydrostatic pressure that the water was coming up through cracks in a six-inch slab of concrete. You'd walk on it, and it was absolutely floating. The whole basement floor was just floating. It's a hard thing to conceive, but it was.

During the first flood in 1950, we had two four-inch pumps pumping water out of the basement over to First Street. You couldn't

just dump it outside; you had to get it clear over where it was going to be taken away. We had everything sandbagged, of course, back in the alley and down across First Street. We had to watch everything all the time. For some reason or other, a fellow pulled down the four-inch pump, because he thought that it could take a little rest period. It seemed like we had it pretty well under control, and we needed to get the pump working better. Anyway, the fellow cut it down, and then we did get some flooding at that time. What we had to do then was get some other pumps in and pump all that water out and then dry out the motors. We had to get heat lamps and such down there in order to get them dried out so you could run them. We didn't dare run them with all that wetness or they'd short right out on you. We did a pretty good job of that.

After the first flood, we decided that if there were going to be many more floods, what we should do was put in a big, deep sump pump about 16 feet deep from the floor down. We did dig a big sump hole in there, and we lined it with concrete. Then we put in an eight-inch Jacuzzi sump pump. An eight-inch pump will pump one *heck* of a lot of water. So during the next flood in December, 1955, we had it running, and we had four-inch pipes clear on down to First Street like irrigation pumps. The pipes were made of aluminum, and we had them all stored in the basement until we needed them. We had a setup with four outlets from the eight-inch pipe, because the pressure needed to be relieved from the pump. We drained the whole area around there, so the bank basement wasn't hurt, Magnin's wasn't hurt, the Woolworth's wasn't hurt. That eight-inch pump would pump, and we just kept this whole neighborhood dry. We had the pump on automatic so that anytime some

water started to come in, the pump came on, and we immediately went to work to find out where it was coming from.

One time water was leaking into the newspaper building. We kept calling the power company and finding out if they had a problem someplace, and we called everybody and checked everything. We found out that the place that had a leakage problem was on Second Street. One of their pipes was leaking, but it wasn't going down the storm drain—it was leaking in our building. How we found the leak was interesting: different areas put different colorings in the water so we could tell where the water was coming from.

There were some other floods, too, that were more like high waters. One was in February, 1963, and again in December 1964. But they weren't as bad as the floods in the 1950s, because some of the Sierra dams were in there by that time. What they also did is they let water out of the reservoirs so that there was storage available in case of flooding. That was the job of Claude Dukes, who was the federal water master for many years.

They have now put on removable steel railings on the Lake Street bridge. They've had them off three or four times since then. The Lake Street bridge is the lowest bridge going through here. It's the one that causes a lot of the problems. What they did was to dam it up on the sides. Of course, the south side is high enough, anyway. If the water got high, they would go ahead and take those railings off. They're just screwed on with bolts, and it doesn't take over a couple of hours to take the darned things off and remove them. That way, they just close Lake Street and let the water run right over the top of the bridge.

During the times of the flood, the two sides of the river were separated. The only bridge that you could really get across, which was high enough, was the old Second Street

bridge. It was a steel bridge, and it was quite high. That was before they put in all these nice concrete bridges. Second Street runs parallel to the river, and it turns where the police station is now and goes over to the south side of the river. The river turns and goes north. Then, of course, there was the steel bridge that spanned the river there at what was called Rock Street. That was taken out by logs in one of the floods. Then they had to move it completely.

People pull together when there are problems or trouble. In order to get around, you had to get a four-wheel drive to drive across the Second Street bridge. Then you could go up west of town to get across and then come down, but that was a long way to do it. It seems to me as though the Booth Street bridge was usually the first one that got flooded here in Reno. There was another walk-bridge that went over where the pipeline cut across the river then. You couldn't walk across there even if it were an emergency. We at the newspaper would stay on the north side of the bridge and we had it all figured out... if we had to sleep here, we would. When those floods came, they receded very rapidly... within hours. So the crisis would only last a day or two. We never had any major problems with flooding after the 1950s.

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One thing that used to bother me was that the newspaper would negotiate every year or two with the unions. One of the unions was the American Newspaper Guild, and our local union was the Reno Newspaper Guild. Its members were of the newsroom, mainly, and also of the advertising department. They always felt that they knew more than management did, and that the newspaper couldn't get along without them. I used to be one of the

negotiators, and Charles “Chick” Stout was the other one.

Once when we were negotiating with the union, they walked out on us, although we had been getting along very well. Some of the union members were rabid, and some were conservative. Normally we could settle our negotiations in pretty good time. This time, though, they felt that this was going to be it—that they could see changes coming along the road, and they were going to make that year their time for getting what they wanted, namely higher wages and a whole lot of other benefits. Some of the things they wanted, such as directing the paper, were not the employee’s prerogative. Of course, when you get into negotiations and you start talking about money, they say, “That’s your job.”

I said, “Oh, that’s interesting. You want the money. Where does it come from? Now you tell me that that’s our responsibility.” They finally got the message that we were not going to negotiate for everything they wanted without considering the cost. I’d always had a very, very good relationship with our people. We were always honest, and everybody knew they could come into my office any time. My door was always open no matter who it was—janitor on up. They also knew they could count on my confidence. This is the way I built up good, stable relationships.

In 1959, the union brought in the international representative, Joe Campo. He had his training on the docks in New York with the stevedores in that area, who were rough, tough individuals. They brought him in, and he was negotiating, and we’d go back and forth.

We had a feeling that Joe was going to show us what they could do to us and how they could put us out of business. With that in mind, and with the knowledge that we

gained over the years in negotiating with these people, we felt that this was just exactly what he had come out here to do, so we better be prepared. We laid down a very good plan so that if they did walk out, we wouldn’t be left out there with our tongues hanging out. We’d line up people for this job and that job, and we had a fairly well-defined plan that if anyone walked out at any time, we would be notified immediately.

In the latter part of June, 1959, I had gone to California because my uncle died. While I was there, I got the call that 40 or 50 people were walking out. However, we put our plan into action, and by 7:00, we had all of our people notified, and they were all down at the paper. The Guild people couldn’t understand how we knew about the strike, and how we had people down there so fast. It shook the devil out of them, because they didn’t expect this. They didn’t know what we were going to do about it.

That first morning, we figured out who we had available that could type. We couldn’t run the linotype machines, because the Reno Typographical Union didn’t show up to work. They wouldn’t cross the picket line. However, Chick Stout could run a linotype; we had people that could type; some could photograph; and some made plates for the press, so we put out the *Gazette* that afternoon. We did have the help of the pressmen, because they stayed.

I could do a lot of things around the newspaper, and so could the rest of management because we had all come up through the ranks. So the newspaper got out, in spite of the people not doing their jobs. The strikers couldn’t believe it. The pressmen had stayed on that afternoon, but then they had to get the word from their international representative on whether they had to honor the contract

with us. The people who went on strike were reporters and advertising men. They were the only ones represented by the Guild. Those people wanted everyone at the *Gazette* to be represented by the Guild!

Since the paper was not stopped the first day of the strike, the strikers became more determined to stop us. That night, the pressmen didn't show up. They were in a different union, but were sympathetic to the cause, as was the Typographical Union. Good union people would not cross a picket line. In the meantime, we had flown in some of our non-union people from some of the other Speidel newspapers. A couple of them were pressmen. We had already alerted them that if they got a call, they should get on the next plane to Reno. This was how we got the *Journal* out.

Gee whiz, they were whooping and hollering in the ranks of the unions, because they just figured they had us whipped. They thought they had us right where they wanted us. Come starting time at about 12:00, we started the press. We had a few little problems on location of the plates, but we got that straightened out, and got the newspaper out. You should have heard the quietness outside! They couldn't believe it! They couldn't believe it! I know afterwards, they never could figure out how we got those papers out. I said, "Well, we're just capable of doing that type of work, period!" I used to work down with the pressmen all the time, and I knew where plates went; I knew what they did and what buttons to push, and helped put the press together and rebuild it. That was why we weren't at a complete loss. Of course, the strikers didn't realize this, because they just let Joe lead them.

Needless to say, after that first day and the first two editions that we got out, we had

no problem. They tried to stop us bringing newsprint into the plant, but we told them they couldn't do that. I had loaded up all the newsprint we could in the basement...it was completely filled up, so we had enough to last us about a week, anyway. We had a feeling there would be a strike. Even when we didn't feel that there might have been a strike, we always took that precaution, and we had everything that we needed to operate the plant. Before our paper got clear down to empty, I called our supplier that hauls the newsprint from our storage over to the plant and asked them to bring a truckload of paper—six-page, I think it was. I wanted to see whether they were going to try to stop us from getting those rolls into the plant. We had a little hassle, so I got my movie camera, got up on top of the building, and photographed it. Boy, you think that didn't shake them up! [laughs]

What tore me apart more than anything was that I would sit there and cry with some of the fellows and tell them what they were throwing away. I said, "You're crazy; you're absolutely crazy! A union tells you they're going to do something for you; they don't do anything for you. All they do is get you out and put you out in the cold here. You're losing every bit of your benefits that you've accrued here over these years: you'll lose all your hospitalization insurance; you'll lose all your retirement plans. You're crazy!"

After a few weeks, we gave every one of them notice and told them they were being terminated unless they reported to work. We had to follow very definite procedures in doing this, though, because we didn't want to go against any labor union laws. We weren't trying to break the union in any way, shape or form, because that was not our job. In fact, many of us carried union cards at one time or another.

In the meantime, of course, they were still trying to threaten us and make us give in by *force*. Campo said, “We’re going to bust your head; your family....” This actually happened to us, and you thought, “Well, now, what are they going to do? Will they or won’t they?” It made you do a lot of thinking as a parent. They also kept trying to divide Mr. Stout and myself. When we were in one of the last negotiation sessions, Campo was building me up to be the great guy and painting Chick Stout as the dirty, nasty individual. I took about all I could, and I said, “Mr. Campo, I want you to understand one thing right here and now in front of all of these people—that there’s no way in the world that you are going to divide Mr. Stout and me. I’m behind him 100 percent.” Boy, you should have heard the quietness in that room. [laughs] I had all I was going to take from him.

The fact that we had brought people in from other Speidel newspapers meant that the paper came out during the whole strike. We built up a very good group, and we started changing our formats and method of putting out the newspaper, which we had wanted to do before, but the union wouldn’t let us. That was when we started using what they called the TTS tapes, where the girls punched little holes in the tape, put them in the machine, and it would put out the metal. That shook up the printers, because they found out that we could get along without them. This was a *really* rude awakening for them, because after that, we never did go back to the old process.

The strike stretched out to several months, but we just kept bringing in people from other outfits. We also still tried to get some of our old people back, too. What happened eventually is that the Newspaper Guild figured that they had been licked, so they didn’t put up too much of a fuss.

We never settled our agreement with the Reno Newspaper Guild, and those reporters and ad people disappeared. They went all over the country. A few of them did come back, and some of our typographical people came back later, too. But they had to start learning new processes because we had changed so many things.

The International Typographical Union tried to claim that they didn’t have a contract with the newspaper. Management had signed the contract, but for some reason the union hadn’t. However, we had always been operating under that assumption, and they received all the benefits that went with the contract. There wasn’t a court in the land that would support them. We ended up getting rid of a lot of people that we were happy to get rid of! [laughs]

There was another newspaper strike at a Speidel newspaper in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. We were at our annual meeting, and I got a call from someone at that newspaper. He said, “Jones, we need to get men over here at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, by tomorrow morning.”

I said, “*What?! [laughs]* OK. I’ll see what I can do.” I had someone round up about 15 people, and I went to work finding transportation to Sioux Falls. I called up a friend of mine, George Taylor, who was with United Airlines. I told him we needed an airplane in order to fly the workers out to Sioux Falls. He couldn’t believe it, but he told me he’d see what he could do. He called back in about 15 minutes, and he said, “Boy, are you in luck. There’s a crew down there in San Francisco; the plane is all ready to go, and they’ll be up there in Reno in about an hour.”

I called the fellows and said, “Go and get your clothes, get your bags and get down here!” [laughs] They couldn’t believe it. What I had done was put it on my United

Airlines credit card...\$7,000! Boy, did they have a ball going up there! The whole plane to themselves...and the stewardesses!

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John Sanford had a policy that he liked to employ Republican, Protestant Masons on the *Reno Gazette*. Not everyone knew about it, but I never did agree with that policy. It wasn't my policy when I was hiring people. I never asked them what their religion was. I could care less. All I was after was the job they would do. It didn't make any difference to me whether they were black, Indian, or whatever they were, as long as they could do a job.

During World War II, since most of the men of the newspaper had enlisted or been drafted, that left mostly women. I had never worried about working with women. I hired a number of young girls who were in high school. To this day many of them say, "You gave me my first job." [laughs]

I always hesitated to hire a good-looking woman. I thought, "No, I'm not going to do it, I'll just hire a good old country girl who is a good worker—honest, sincere, conscientious, and not looking for men." One gal walked in one day when I really needed help badly. Oh, God, she was really dressed to kill—she had a fur piece on, and she was coming in asking for work. I said, "OK, come to work tomorrow." So she came to work the next morning, and she was a good capable worker. She could type and she could answer telephones, and she could do clerical work. We got along fine with this. The next morning she didn't show up, and I thought, "Well, I was right in my first assumption: don't hire a pretty-looking woman." I never did afterwards, either. [laughs]

I always remember another one that came in. This one I felt ashamed of myself about. We had put an ad in the paper for a capable,

competent office worker. This woman came in, and I gave her an application to fill out. She filled it out, and then she sat down by my desk, but she was on the opposite side. I always kept them on the other side, because then they couldn't get their legs crossed and all that other stuff that some of them will try to pull. She sat over there and she told me just how to run that office. Finally I put in as much time as I wanted to with her, and I said, "Well, I'll tell you, you are just too competent to take a job like ours here. You can get a job much better than this one. By the way, when you go out will you throw this application in the waste basket?" She looked at me, and she put it in the wastebasket as she went out. That gal needed to be taught a lesson, but she had a lot of ability. I always felt bad about that. [laughs] I don't know whether she really got the message. I think she did—she was smart enough for that. But you just don't sit down and tell a person how to run a business.

I have always supported the idea that women should be trained for professional careers. I supported women as much as I could at the newspaper, and some of the people in the organization didn't always agree with me. I felt that some of the women—two of them especially—should have been executives at the newspaper. One of those women was Jean Brown, a Spanish girl. She was from Sunnyvale, California, where she had been a city clerk. Of course, Sunnyvale had only a few hundred people, but she was the city clerk for it. She and her husband moved to Reno, and I interviewed her. I hired her as my secretary, where I could really work very closely with her. Of course, I was familiar with the whole operation of the newspaper, and I taught her all of it. I taught her from beginning to end, and I always let her know where I was going to be when I left town. She had the phone number so she could get in touch with me.

Every once in a while I'd get a call and I'd tell her just exactly what to do, and she'd go ahead and do it. This way no one at the paper would ever miss me, which I always felt was the way it should be...no one is indispensable.

When I gave them notice of my retirement, I asked them if they were going to bring in somebody to break in. They told me they already had somebody hired who knew it all. At about this time, Mr. Stout became publisher and wanted Jean as his secretary. Naturally, I had thought she would assume my position, because she knew it so well. But Mr. Stout knew what a jewel he was getting.

I once interviewed another young woman named Nancy Wells for a position on the evening job, as the night clerk. We asked her if she wanted to take the job, and she said yes. It fit in very well with her life and her plans. Immediately we saw that she had a terrific amount of ability, because she had worked for Caterpillar Tractor back out of Chicago and had a very responsible position there. We developed Nancy to the point where she could have been assistant manager or office manager very easily. I worked with and developed both of them. Nancy ended up staying at the paper for years, until her retirement five or six years ago. To this day, Nancy comes to my present office to help me from time to time when I get behind.

Nancy should have been promoted to a higher position at the newspaper. While I was there, she held the position of secretary. Not being promoted—even long after I left—really got to her, because she felt that she should have had the job that another woman had. The other woman was not capable of doing the job.

Along with rights for women, I've also always been a strong supporter of rights for blacks and other minorities. I was always a

great believer in a relationship between human beings, because without an education, without opportunities, they will be nothing. Then they lose incentive and interest, and they just pretty well give up, and so many of them end up as alcoholics or something else. This is sad, because so many of those individuals have sharp brains, just as sharp as can be, but they get off on the wrong track, or something disillusioned them...it's hard to tell what. We always tried to avoid any of those situations, and I used to give the blacks opportunities to work.

We were registered with the Nevada Employment Services, which Genevieve Menante Young ran for a long time. Though affirmative action had not yet come into existence, we knew it was going to be coming, so we tried to keep ahead of it all the time. I would tell Gen, "OK, Gen, now I don't have any objection to race, creed, color or religion. All we're interested in are *qualified people*...the equals."

She laughed and said, "I know what you mean."

One time she called me up and she said, "I have a man here that I'd like to have you interview, and you'll have to make your own judgment on him." Well, that tipped me off. [laughs]

The fellow she sent over was a troublemaker, is what he was, and he was a black. I interviewed him and went through the whole routine as I would with anybody else, and I kept developing these weak spots, the ones that would not qualify him for the job. I think he was applying for a job with the maintenance crew. That's usually where we would start these people, because we needed high qualifications for the editorial department, news, or advertising. Circulation is an area that we could use some people like that, if they were qualified to do it, but they'd have to be

able to drive a car safely and have to handle people in a proper manner. We laid down some pretty strict qualifications.

When this man came in to be interviewed, I sat down and talked to him for an hour or better. That way, he couldn't say, "Well, I was just shoved off." I listened to him and tried to find out just what his goal was in life. This was always one of the things I've tried to find out. From there, I'd be able to work either way from it, either up or down—what he was qualified to do, and what he had already done. Anyway, it worked out very well. Of course, with this individual, there was no way in the world that he would be able to do the job. Gen later called me and asked me how the interview turned out. I said, "He just wasn't qualified."

In the end, we thought he was a plant. We'd had several of those. Some of the do-gooder organizations would say, "OK, send them over there to the newspaper and see what they can find out." I'd always alert our people.

We set up our organization so that one person gave out applications, another took them back and screened them, and then I'd always interview all of the applicants to screen them again. By having only one person performing each job, we saved a lot of trouble, because sometimes one person will tell someone one thing, and another will tell them something else. We set this up with the full approval of all the department heads and the publishers.

I never turned down one applicant. I'd sit down and talk to them and tell them what the job was about, and that I did not do the hiring. In fact, everything except the business end and administrative work would all be done by the department head. But we'd go through these different processes so that you

weren't taking up a lot of their time. When we'd get a candidate that looked good, we'd tell them that they would be contacted by the department head. Then I'd go and get ahold of the department head to tell them what the situation was—whether the individual looked like he had possibilities. Then the department head would decide. There was discrimination before affirmative action, but we gave equal opportunities to blacks, women, Indians, Mexicans, and Spanish...just like when I hired the Spanish girl as a secretary.

A lot of people don't understand that there's no two people alike. There are those that can put on a big front, and you better be able to determine that before you hire them. There are those that will give you trouble. Then there are those that can be developed that you would never think would. For instance, there was a girl that I hired at the newspaper who was a PBX operator when she left. She was an excellent gal, but, to look at her and see her, you'd never think she had anything to her. But she had a lot to her. You have to talk to people and get to their mind. After all, the mind is the key to anybody...to humanity, abilities, negativisms, and attitude.

A couple of other people came in that we also suspected were plants. There was this beautiful black girl. Oh, gee, she was a doll, as beautiful as could be, and dressed immaculate. She came in with a black fellow about a job we were advertising for a TTS operator. We told her we would be glad to have her fill out the application. In the meantime, I got ahold of the foreman of our composing room, who was the one that would screen her after me. I said, "Vic, I'm going to have you interview her." I wanted him to interview her because he's smart. I knew these people were trying to set us up—I could smell it. Nobody would come in dressed like that for that kind

of a job. This is number one where they make their mistakes.

I visited with her for quite a while, and asked her why she wanted the job—all these normal questions that you ask. I never asked a thing out of line—never anything about color, creed, or race. After I finished talking with her, I told her she would be interviewed by the foreman. After he talked with her, he told her he'd have to give her a typing test. She looked at him and said, "Well, nobody ever told me I had to take any tests."

I kind of chuckled as I was listening to all of this...he was handling it beautifully. "Well," he said, "why don't you try it? I'll get our TTS supervisor down and talk to you, and she'll take you up and put you on a testing typewriter. Everyone takes the test the same way. Then if you pass that test, the job is yours." The TTS supervisor was a sharp gal. She came down, and interviewed the woman, and asked her a lot of the same questions Vic and I had asked. But when it came time to go take the test, the woman wouldn't go. She said, "Well, I didn't really want that job anyway." She wouldn't have passed the test anyway, because she couldn't type. [laughs] These are the things you find out, but only when it comes down to the point where the person is going to be making the decision.

We never knew who was responsible for sending those two in, but we were sure they were plants. Some people question why more blacks don't get jobs. I know why they don't, and basically it goes back to family. I feel so sorry for these black teens. If you look at it in the overall broad sense of it, one woman will brag that she has 10 or 15 kids. How in the world can any of these get an education and learn what life's all about in a proper manner? There's no way in the world. Consequently, there are a whole bunch of these young people

that are thrown into the market who have no qualifications whatsoever.

I used to try to work with some of those that were in that category. One of the best black men that I ever had work for me was a clean church man, who was a good worker—when he worked. I thought a lot of him. His job was in maintenance—they never say janitorial. The maintenance people were important at the newspaper—it's an integral part of any operation.

As with any other employee, I tried to delve into the mind of this man to see if I could find out what the real core of the trouble is, because he didn't show up for work for a couple of days. Of course, we had to cover the job by having someone do double duty. When he did show up, I said, "What happened?"

He said, "Well, I got caught over in California and I couldn't get back."

I said, "Couldn't you find a telephone to call and let us know? You know, we have responsibilities to cover that work that you were doing."

He said, "I couldn't get to the telephone."

I said, "OK. I just want to warn you this time. Normally we would let you go, because you know that you're supposed to let us know so we can cover for your job. Now you understand *why* it's so important that you let us know. If you're not here, that's OK, because sickness and many things happen, and we understand and make allowances for those. But when a person just doesn't show up, *period*, and we don't know why and have no notice of it, that's a different story."

He said he understood, and that he would let us know if it was going to happen again. Sure enough, it happened again, and so I brought him in again and sat down and talked to him. I got to the point where I thought, "Now I'm really going to start giving

him some good questions." I talked to him for more than an hour, and told him that his absence only created extra work for everyone else. I said, "You know, I should fire you, because I told you the last time that we would not tolerate this from other people."

He said, "Well, I need the job."

I said, "I know you need the job. If you need the job, you also should fulfill the duties and responsibilities of the job." I told him I would give him a third chance. "But," I said, "if it happens again, just don't show up. In other words, you are going to terminate your job. I am not terminating it for you, because *you* are going to terminate it. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, I understand that," he said. But it happened again, and he didn't show up at all.

This was the key to it: people like him have never been taught responsibility and their obligation to other people. This was the core of the whole thing. This proves my theory why the blacks do not have the opportunity to be able to develop: their minds have to be trained and developed. There's no question in the world about it. The training has to begin in elementary school, then high school, and in college, if possible. There are some blacks who are very educated. You see more and more of them all the time. This thinking has caused me to watch people, and wonder whether someone is going to last in their task, or if they're just passing through. You can see this with anybody.

That employee was a church man from the northeast part of town, and one time I went over and visited the church. It was because we used to have a black lady that worked for us at the house all the time, and she was always after us to go over and visit her church. We've done that several times with the black churches. The most recent time we visited a

black church was when we were in the Bahamas. I said, "Why don't we go to church on Sunday?"

Martha said, "Well, we may be the only whites there."

I said, "Well, so what? Just think of how the few blacks in our church feel." So we started out walking to the church, then we grabbed a cab. By the time we got there they were just ready to start. We walked in, and we were the only whites. That's exactly what I expected, and boy, they were not very friendly. They just ignored us. They never introduced us or anything. They were suspicious of us. I thought, "Well, now this is why they force on themselves this condition of *anti*, which is sad."

I am very sensitive to feelings and relationships. When we have people come to our church over there, they always go over and make themselves known. Of course, then they'd be welcome. We have several black families in our church. Dr. Rupert Seal at the university is one. He and his whole family attend our church. We have several other blacks that come too; we have Indians; we have all kinds of them.

Conditions today are better for blacks and women, and have changed completely, particularly for women. Most women are interested in developing and educating themselves. Marlene Schultz is a good example. She worked as a secretary in the dean's office in the engineering department. Marlene had a good mind, and wanted to be something. She came from a German family, but her folks did not believe in education. She used to come down to visit and I'd advise her what to do. I told her she needed to get a degree so she'd have something after her name. Without a degree, she had no place to go. Of course, she had a high school degree—that was one thing she did have. But being that she worked

at the university, she could take courses for free. I said, "You're very foolish if you don't." I finally convinced her that she should take some. She took courses when she could by fitting them in with her job. Then she started night school. I never did find out if she finished school, but she left her job to go to work for Washoe County. She is a good example of what can happen to a motivated woman.

I try to see that every day we help somebody, even if it's just little things. Just an indication is I still try to take my hat off when I'm in an elevator or around women. I cannot talk with a hat on. I still have a great respect for women and their position, but I feel that they should be treated equally as far as their abilities are concerned.

I've had some pretty good discussions about women, and why women would not be paid as much as men. I tell them flat out right, "When they are capable of doing the same work and have the same capacity as men, they should be paid the same." The same thing is true with men. Every man is not paid equal with other men. But I've never had an objection to women. Fact is, I've had some women that made more money than some of the fellows. This kind of irritates a lot of people, but I feel that they're entitled to it.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON RENO DEVELOPMENT

During the Depression, many organizations in Reno assisted the poor and needy. The Salvation Army was very cooperative as was the Red Cross. The churches were very cooperative, and so were the YMCA and YWCA. We had all of these agencies, and we also had the Community Chest before the United Way or the United Fund came into being. These agencies used to be able to help a lot of them.

We did not have too many transients coming through Reno, because it was kind of isolated. Sacramento was a point where they had more transients—they would be in the bread lines. Another city with transients was Salt Lake City. Here in this area we were pretty well isolated. We were able to help each other because so many people knew each other. We knew whether others needed help or not. You'd always extend credit, or maybe you'd buy something for others, and this is the one way that we kept going. The banks were also very good. Of course, George Wingfield got into trouble because of loaning so much money to the cattlemen and the sheepmen.

We actually didn't feel the Depression too long. We didn't feel it really until about 1934, after the banks closed. People lost their money, and then businesses began to run out of cash and credit. That was when we felt it. We only had a period here of a few years that the Depression really had an effect. There was a reorganization, but actually, there were two banks here that were solid as could be. One of them was the Farmers and Merchants Bank at the corner of First and Virginia Street. That bank was run by some real solid bankers: Walter J. Harris, Albert Caton, and Richard Kirman. The other bank was Riverside Bank—it never did close down. There were never runs on it, and everybody was OK.

I can remember quite well that I was over at Marvin Humphrey's ranch when the banks closed, because that was a holiday...October 31 was Nevada Day. I decided that I wasn't going to get mixed up with all the problems and things that went on Nevada Day, so I stayed with Marvin Humphrey out at his ranch. When I came back in to town, I couldn't believe that the banks had closed; it was just a real jolt.

If you get the picture of what actually did take place here in Reno, it's very interesting. It shows the human relationships that existed here. It was a closely-knit community. We have long lost that now. Then the New Deal came in. Of course, I had always been a Republican. Hoover went into office under some pretty adverse circumstances, and he went to work getting things straightened up. He had the food for Europe. That was one of his programs. Then he also set up programs to take care of the local people in the United States, as well as other programs that were part of the New Deal.

Hoover lost in 1932, and Roosevelt took over. He picked up all of these beautiful programs, welfare and others, that were solid operations in their day and presented them to Congress. Congress immediately said, "Fine, let's go with all of these," and Roosevelt got full credit. This always irritated me, because it was not his doing, but he got the credit. Nevertheless, this was a great thing, no matter who got credit for it, because they had the WPA, the PWA, and the National Recovery Act (NRA).

We got a lot of benefit out of the WPA. The Washoe County Golf Course was one of the projects of the WPA. Over in Carson City, the WPA built the community center. The WPA was the type of operation where the least work got rewarded with the most money. I suppose you couldn't blame them very much, but those were the type of people that were on those lists—they were non-workers, non-producers. I never was out of work, because I was never afraid to do anything they wanted done. So many of them would say, "Oh, no, I'm qualified for this and this is what I get paid for it, and that's it." Those people get into trouble sooner or later.

The Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) was another effort. It took a lot of the young men out into the forests and the mountain

country. They did a lot: they built some camps up there. I think there was a CCC camp up there above Carson City and Clear Creek. I think there was another one out around south of Gardnerville. Taking the young men out to the country was good for them in more ways than one...to get out and do physical labor.

Building roads was also part of the New Deal. However, we were always very road conscious here, naturally, because of our location. We tried to build the best roads with the amount of money that we had during that period. As businesses began to develop in Reno, we developed truck lines, and there was the railroad. The use of trucks really increased during the war.

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Reno expanded tremendously during World War II due to the businesses and military bases. Other places in the country were probably much more aware that the war was going on. But that wasn't the feeling at all in Reno.... There wasn't a feeling that the war was real. We had all these organizations. I was a captain in the air raid wardens. [laughs] If there was an air warning, you'd have to get to your station and see that everybody was properly equipped in what they were going to do. We all took first aid, and we had shelters. We were fully equipped here, the reason for that being the presence of Stead Air Force Base. This is the one thing that Reno was kept on the alert for all the time, because we were a prime target. People never thought this, but it was true. As time progressed, they stocked the air raid shelters with water and food. Of course, now it's all disappeared, and most of it has been thrown out.

We had rationing during this time. In the newspaper business I didn't get anything

more than anybody else, but the wife did, which helped. Because she was a Campfire Girl executive during the war, she was able to get rations for tires and gasoline—those types of things—in order to perform the duties of the Campfire.

I never ate butter or a lot of red meat, so we had extra red points all the time. The only thing that I ever really wanted at all was the tires for the car, and, of course, gas. In the newspaper business, we could have gotten gas if we really wanted it or needed it, but at that time I was living at 1405 Haskell Street, and I could walk to work if it was necessary. Every once in a while I would. When Martha and I were first married in 1935, we were living up on 102 Vine Street, so I could always walk from there down to work.

The big thing that really began moving into the Reno area was the storage of munitions... arsenals. We had the Reno Army Air Base up north, which is Stead today. That wasn't really a storage point, because Herlong was the big one in California. That was the Army Ammunitions Depot. Then we had one out at Hawthorne, which was the Naval Ammunitions Depot. This was an ideal location, because it could be protected very easily with the mountains around. We also had the Naval Air Station out at Fallon for training pilots. These places brought lots and lots of people to Reno, which really began to set the wheels in motion economically. It also changed the character of the town, because we had a lot of outside people coming in here. Reno went from being an old country town, as we called it, to one where you knew very, very few people.

With the legalization of casino gambling in 1931, and the clubs, like Harold's Club and Harrah's Club, Reno had begun to change. Tourists were coming in to gamble. Then tourist business, of course, became a large business. A lot of people from California

wanted to come over. Another thing was they began putting on some excellent shows here. Raymond "Pappy" Smith was one of the first ones to bring in the big-name stars to go along with the gambling, and the Riverside Hotel was where we had some real top-notch entertainers. I'll always remember Jimmy Durante, Kate Smith, and the Andrews sisters. There was another club out west of town, which was Lawton's, and they used to have some pretty good entertainment—even better than the entertainment now. Of course, now it's Lake Tahoe that has it and Las Vegas. Lawton's moved from here to Las Vegas.

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Prostitution was another factor that changed Reno during the war. To this day, it's in all the hotels and every place else, and under no control or supervision whatsoever. This was one of the big things that took place here, because of Reno being a center for all the single military boys and the miners. There were an awful lot of problems with prostitution in the hotels. Prostitution was more or less controlled by the police department, but after that, there was nothing they could do about it. The powers that were back in Washington said that the houses of prostitution had to be closed or they would move their facilities to other locations. It was an ultimatum, so they were closed. Prostitution was overlooked for many, many years, but in some counties it was never really formally legalized. Consequently, it couldn't be outlawed, though it was later outlawed in Washoe and Clark counties. I think that was after a big blowup with some women's group. The women were do-gooders. The trouble was they didn't know what they were talking about—without access to prostitutes, these military men were going to pursue local girls. And yet, if their daughter

got accosted, it was, "Look at what they're doing! What is the police department going to do?" The women didn't realize it was their own darn doing. The churches and women's organizations were against prostitution. I think the Twentieth Century Club was one of those organizations. Boy, they were old biddies. Nowadays, you'd call them NOW (National Organization of Women) people or something else, fighting for rights.

When the federal government closed down the houses, prostitution went on anyway in the hotels. They just scattered it in the motels, hotels and wherever they had a room. It wasn't organized; women just would go out on their own. Part of the prostitution system involved hotel bellhops, who would make contact with potential customers. I've had them make contact with me time and again, especially down in Las Vegas. That's one of the worst places in the world. One time we went down to Las Vegas for a Masonic meeting, and we were talking and laughing about it, and one of the fellows said, "I'm going to go check the bars."

I said, "Why don't you find out how much they want for a trick?" After a while, he came in and he was laughing like the dickens. We said, "What happened? What did you find out?"

He said, "Oh, I ran into this gal at the bar and she was very friendly, and I bought her a drink." He got to talking to her and she made a proposition to him. He asked her how much, and she told him.

He told us, "Well, she said the price of a good pair of britches—the cowboy or western britches." But, actually, he turned her down when he found out what he wanted to find out. So, he was really tickled. I saw a statement in the paper the other day. Who would ever pay \$125 for a trick? I have asked fellows who know about the prices, and they said all the way from \$25 on up.

Some of these cocktail waitresses are, for all practical purposes, nothing more than prostitutes. That's where they make their money. They don't make their money being a cocktail waitress. It's the contacts that they're able to make. Another way that they make contacts is through their pimps, the boyfriends who go out and solicit for them. This is going on today in Reno. A man comes into town and he wants to have a prostitute, what does he do? How does he know? There are little handbooks written, but normally what they do is they go into a bar and size it up. Some of them know the reputation that there you can make contact with a girl. Taxi drivers are another definite source of information on the women, and so are hotel bellhops.

What really bothers me more than anything else about it is that these girls have spotters, who see a man that is gambling and winning—a high roller they call him. The spotter will tell one of the girls, "Here's one for you—a fine prospect." In the meantime, they're feeding him liquor all the time. These girls get the man up to his room and they're usually pretty well loaded both ways—with alcohol and money. Once they're in the room, she offers him a drink. Then she puts a Mickey Finn or a knockout drop in the drink. The first thing the fellow knows, he wakes up a couple of hours later maybe, cleaned out cleaner than a whistle. This is what happened to a couple of fellows. I read this in the paper. Then he went down and filed charges. But this was an out-of-towner. Most people in Reno would never be suckers like that.

The Mapes Hotel used to be quite a spot. They used to have strip dancers up there in the Sky Room. Now they have topless bars; I suppose that's where it goes on now, and a lot of them practically wear nothing. Then there are all these nude shows.

The whole country morally has taken a real nose dive, and it goes back to the 1960s when they had their rights, and the girls would never think of asking a fellow for a date or a party. Now, it's very common. To me, it's a sad, sad world that we're living in. But this is the way it started back in World War II, and this is the way it went on.

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Reno has had some good mayors, and it has had some pretty bad ones. In about the last eight years or nine years, the city of Reno is not what it should be...very poor leadership because of the mayors. There's no question about it. It's their attitude. One of my pet peeves is that they talk about no growth. They don't know what they're talking about, because it is a very strong fact of life, and that is that if you're not going ahead you're going behind. That's exactly what Reno is doing.

The whole state of Nevada is subservient to Las Vegas and that area because of its progress. You go down there, and they're building roads; they're building buildings; they're building everything. I don't agree with Las Vegas in any way, shape or form, but let's face the facts of life! We're not going to have much to say in running the state of Nevada after this next legislature, because they're going to have a reapportionment in 1990, which is only two years away. That is really going to throw all the power down there. How much we'll have up here, only the good Lord knows. It depends on how they apportion. So everything is going to be what Las Vegas wants. This is absolutely wrong. Now there is no balance or control. Even though there are more people down there, they shouldn't be represented proportionately. You have to have the people represented, but there are ways to do it. If you have to base it on population, that means

that southern Nevada will, from now on, have more power because it has more population.

The city of Reno and this area has gone behind. Las Vegas took the high road; we took the low road. This is what I object to. I felt that Reno should have been a much stronger area politically. We've had some very, very fine people come out from up here. I don't know what's going to happen in the future. I just kind of shudder. If you get a bunch of these radicals in that legislature, or on the Board of Regents at the university, it's going to be a pretty sad situation. This is what bothers me, believe me.

You *have* to give people what they want. We have everything up in this area of the state that people want. The businesses would prefer to be up here in this area. But our present mayor, Sferrazza, and Barbara Bennett, who put him in—they don't want businesses. I don't know what they want, really. They want to help the old people, and I don't quarrel with that a minute. We do and always have. *But* there's a balance in there. If you don't bring people in, you don't bring new businesses in.

I ask business people around the country, "How come you don't come to Reno?"

"We'd love to come to Reno, but they don't want us." This is the feeling. That's a heck of a jolt when you hear somebody say that. Where's a beautiful spot to come? To Reno. Las Vegas certainly is not, but Las Vegas gives them everything they want. They want them, and they let them know they want them. I was glad to see Sue Wagner get involved with development, and Dick Bryan, too. He believes in going out and letting these people *know* that we want their business.

A LIFE IN MASONRY

I was born into a Masonic family. My father was a Mason, and then later become master of his lodge. My grandfather, Frederick Klotz, was a Mason, and he was always one that I looked up to because he was successful in his career as county recorder and auditor of Douglas County. This was when I was just a little boy. I knew that the Masons always looked out for each other and looked out for the widows, and if some person needed help, they helped them. These are the little things that I saw over the years.

Masonry is really reflected through the individual; it is not into itself like anything else. You can name a lot of things, like religion, as an integral part of a person's life; so is Masonry an integral part. You can't compare religion and Masonry, because they are very cooperative and work together. Masonry, actually, is a great supporter of religion, regardless of which one it is. Anyone who believes in a god can belong. This is what Masonry is founded on: the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

Masonry helps good men to become better men. This was a direct influence on me right at the very start of my life. I had three uncles who became Masons and were great people. They were always doing good for the community and doing good for mankind. This was the point where I began thinking about becoming a Mason. I remember that when my grandfather died, they had a funeral service in the Masonic Lodge Hall in Genoa, Douglas No. 12. That was the first time I was ever in a lodge hall—to attend his funeral service, and they conducted a very beautiful service.

I always knew that the best individuals were Masons. Fred Dressler, for instance, was a Mason, and Fred Cook was another one. The people that everyone respected in Genoa and in Carson Valley were the leaders and members of the Masonic fraternity.

I look back on how I got started into the Masonic area, and I can see that I was affected by the individuals I respected. Most of the individuals who were in top positions at the

newspaper were members of the Masonic fraternity. I had the highest respect for them, especially for Leigh Sanford. He was one of my real idols. He was an honest man; he was sincere; he was conscientious; he was dedicated...he was all of these things that you look for in a person. When he said something, he meant it, and he would follow his word.

When I got into other activities in the community, the Masons were constantly in it. In those days, all the leaders were Masons. I think we've had 15 presidents of the United States that were Masons. The latest one was Gerald Ford. Of course, our idol, really, was George Washington. Here in the city and state, many of the mayors and many of our governors are Masons. Ex-governor Charles Russell was in DeMolay and was also a Mason. Our present governor, Richard Bryan, is a member of the DeMolay and the Masonic fraternity, too. I came to know these people quite well.

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When I came to Reno, I joined the Boy Scouts. So many opportunities opened up then...Scouting always taught you that. It trains you in different fields where you work for merit badges, and you can go as far as you want in that. I got up to about a Life Scout, and then I ran out of time, because I had to sell newspapers and do a lot of these things that I couldn't do. It was hard to work and then try to do that job, too. When I got through the Scouting period, I went into the DeMolay. That was when you had to be 16 years of age to join.

When I got to Reno, our scoutmaster, Silas Ross, was a member of the Masonic Lodge. He was a very good friend of mine, and was very active in Masonry. Being in DeMolay meant I was involved with Masonry, because

Masons serve on the DeMolay advisory boards—they are senior DeMolays. DeMolay ritual is founded in Masonic ritual. However, being a DeMolay member does not assure anyone of being a Mason. Reno had one DeMolay organization, which was sponsored by the Scottish Rite Reno Lodge. The founder of one of the DeMolay organizations in Reno was a YMCA executive working with the young men. He got an idea that they should have some kind of a little club, so that's where DeMolay started. Out of that little core of about nine or ten boys came DeMolay. To be a member of DeMolay, you have to be invited and receive the recommendation of a Mason. At that time I joined, you had to be between 16 and 21 years of age.

It was in May of 1926 when I went into the DeMolay, so it goes back quite a while. I had friends in DeMolay that invited me to join. My circle of friends were all members of the organization at that time. There was a DeMolay group in Reno; there was one in Sparks; one in Carson City; one in Fallon; one in Ely; one in Elko; and one in Winnemucca. Then there was one at Lassen, one in Susanville, and one in Westwood.

DeMolay ritual involved explaining what the organization was about. In other words, truth, honesty, courtesy. These characteristics are the ones that we teach young men that they should use as guidelines for life. As far as the ritual itself is concerned, it's all based upon Jacques DeMolay, who was the last Grand Master of the Templars. That organization back in the Crusades was composed of noblemen and all the different levels of people in government—dukes and all the rest of them, and they were very wealthy people. They were the ones that protected the pilgrims on their way from Europe to the Holy Land.

In DeMolay we were service-oriented, but to me, it was never practiced like it should

have been. But unless you have an advisory board to set goals like that, usually no one has a lot of extra time when they're in school to do these types of things. I used to do two jobs and then try to get the schoolwork in on top of that, and then try to do good for the organization, too. That's hard. So, mostly DeMolay was probably a social organization. It wasn't a club as such, because it had more ties to it and more to offer than a club. A club really does not have a good solid basis other than an association of individuals, whereas with the DeMolays, Rainbows, the Job's Daughters, and your Masonic organizations, they have a lot more things to do.

At the time I was in DeMolay, we weren't as mature at 16 as some of the 12 and 13 year-olds are today. The environment was different then—now there is radio, television, and other ways of communication, but we did have radio at the time.

The 1960s was a time that really hurt the DeMolay organization. This was the period when everything was anti-fraternal, including sororities and fraternities—anything that was trying to tell the young people what to do. Ritual was just taboo, unless they wanted voodoo or this type of ritual. But as far as ritual that was good for an individual was concerned, they didn't want any part of that. A lot of them are still feeling it in this day and age. Nowadays, you have these TVs and VCRs and all this equipment that young people spend time on rather than going to meetings. It still seems like you hear teenagers complain that there is nothing to do.

Both of my daughters were in Rainbow Girls, and so was one of my granddaughters. Ann and Charlotte are Past Worthy Advisors in Rainbow Girls, but that's as far as they went. They didn't get into the Eastern Star. They just did not choose to go on. I said, "That's up to you. I'm not going to beat you over the

head to belong..."—even though I'd been a Past Grand Patron of the Order. That means I served as the top person in the organization. The Worthy Grand Matron is the woman that is the head of it.

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I did not join Masonry simply because I had been in DeMolay. In fact, being in DeMolay does not necessarily mean that you will become a Mason. However, I was always one who felt very strongly about becoming one. I had passed my twenty-first birthday, and I joined the Reno Lodge No. 13 on June 20, 1931. Douglas No. 12 in Genoa was the first lodge I was in, and their officers came down and conferred the third degree on me. It was a courtesy degree because I had been so closely associated with the lodge. Three of my uncles were still living at that time, and they asked if they couldn't come down and put the work on for me.

There are three degrees in Masonry: the Entered Apprentice, which is your initiatory, first degree; there is the Fellow Craft, which is the second degree; then there is the Master Mason, which is the third degree. This is what makes you a Mason. Receiving your third degree consummates your membership in the Masonic fraternity.

The main thing that you do when joining the Masons is you start a learning process. I was always and still am, great on education. The more you can learn and the more you know, the more valuable you become not only to yourself but to other people. So in the process of becoming a Mason, there's a certain amount of ritual work that you have to learn by memory. This is the way that it becomes part of you. Memorizing the ritual work goes back to the days of the craft masons, because there was nothing written. A craftsman was

a craftsman or an artist or something else, and this is where this all originally came from. In the degrees of Masonry, you have the opportunity of working on a one-to-one basis with a member of the Masonic fraternity who will instruct you in the work. All of our symbols and emblems have meanings.

When I joined the Masons, I was quick to learn, and learning ritual was easy for me to do. I started right in on the Entered Apprentice lecture, which to me was one of the most beautiful and explanatory works of the whole Masonic fraternity. It's really the foundation, because this is where a man comes into Masonry, and these first impressions are important. The more you learn, it not only develops your mind as far as knowledge is concerned, but it also develops the mind as far as capacity is concerned. In order to get the full benefit of what ritual was trying to tell me, I'd always have a dictionary alongside of me. When I got to a word, I would look it up and see what it meant, because every word in that dictionary has more than one meaning. Some of them have four or five meanings. I would try to tie them together with the way the words are put together in order to find out just exactly what was meant.

When I went into the lodge, the first thing I did was to learn the work that was necessary and then pass a suitable examination in the open lodge before the members. This is a good training for a person, because it gets you to speak out in front. I always remember one of the first times I got up there, I was shaking all over, because I was not used to it, of course. [laughs] Even to this day, I get kind of a queasy feeling in my stomach if I'm going to get up and make even a small speech. It's just one of those things that when you're conscientious about it, you hope that you will have everything in the proper words, because it is so important to get the terminology right.

Anyway, I got in and I learned that, and they went ahead and conferred the work on me for the second degree.

After I completed this phase, I went into the second phase, where I learned the Fellow Craft. When I learned that one, then I went on to the third degree. After learning the rituals of the third degree, I had to give a speech to the brother Masons to show what I had learned. It was just purely sort of an oral examination.

It didn't take long to move from degree to degree. I was very fortunate. I think from the time I was elected, which was around the fifth of May, I was receiving my first degree within a week of that date. About two weeks later I received my second degree, and on June 20 I received my third degree. Each degree has its own separate oral examination. After the third degree, you are to become a Master Mason.

You are pretty much on your own, as far as learning is concerned. I have all kinds of books and everything around here that I work on all the time and use for references. I could visualize the work, and so I had no problem. That's how I learned the third degree all on my own: I have a very good retentive memory. Once you've received your three degrees, you're officially a Mason. You can then travel anyplace around the world.

I did start in from the Entered Apprentice, and I learned all of the lectures that they give and the charges of all three degrees. Then I learned the installation service, and I learned the funeral service from memory. This was all set doctrine that I had learned, and that was what they tested me on.

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When I became a Master Mason, Reno Lodge No. 13 was the old staid and revered

lodge in the state of Nevada. It was the largest one, and most of the businessmen and leaders in the community were members of Reno 13. Therefore, they were all friends and people that I respected. My father was in there, and my friend Marvin Humphrey was in there; Francis Smith, who was mayor of Reno, was also a member. He and I have been friends for years. We see each other every morning. This is the kind of a friendship that has been built up through Masonry, and this is why we all belong to Reno Lodge Number 13.

I thought that as long as I'd worked in the DeMolay, and had been used to doing lodge work, that I would like to work in it at Reno Lodge 13. So I went up to a few meetings, but they ignored me because I was just a new man...the new kid on the block or whatever you want to call it. I was 21 years of age at that time, and here were a lot of these older members there at Reno Lodge 13. Washoe Lodge No. 35, on the other hand, was the young lodge, the new lodge at that time—there were only two lodges in Reno then. They would have liked to have had me as a member very much, but I was already a member of Lodge 13. But they asked me if I wouldn't come over and help them, and I told them I'd be glad to. It was there that I coached young Jim Scrugham—instructed him in Masonic ritual. Of course, it gave me an opportunity to actually participate in the work, and this was an important facet, too. They'd also put on plays at the lodge, and I would take part in them, as well as the degree work.

One time, a fellow from Reno Lodge 13 came over to me and said, "Don't you know what lodge you belong to?"

I said, "Yes, I know what lodge I belong to. I belong to Reno 13."

"Why aren't you working there?"

"For the simple reason that nobody asked me to," I said.

It wasn't long after that that one of the Masters of the lodge came to me and said, "Won't you come over and help us?"

I said, "Well, that's interesting that I should be asked now, because when I used to come up here, I was never asked to help. I just figured that there was no incentive or opportunity, so I accepted work at Lodge 35." In fact, many people thought I was a member of 35. My friends were all in 13, though, and my roots were there, so I never joined 35.

Profession was another factor that entered in, because they started 35 as a purely professional lodge. The members were all doctors, lawyers, businessmen, and those type. They were going to hold it to that, but they couldn't do it. Finally they had to break down and take other people, too.

Of course, there are always people that can't get into a lodge, and so they apply to another lodge. There are many reasons why. Some of it is personalities—clashes of individuals...somebody that doesn't think the person is "good enough" for their lodge. Someplace along the line, they may have crossed them in unions or in some other thing.... A lot of fine men just don't make it, because if they have one enemy in the lodge, they're out. But they can reapply after a year. Many times someone will become a Mason because they have the real desire to *do* that. A lot of my own friends were rejected a first time, but then later on they were accepted, or they may have joined another lodge. In my opinion, you *should* go where your friends are, because it is really a fraternity of friends. That's why we speak of friendship constantly.

After I had done some work at Reno Lodge 35, I went to work for No. 13. I filled in for one of the officer's positions. If an officer doesn't show up, they'll ask somebody to fill in. Having been pretty well qualified by working and learning all the ritual work,

I could fill in any of the stations. This helped them considerably when they found out what I *could* do. That was about 1933 or 1934. That's when I got to working in Reno 13, and I think that fall I got an appointment as a steward. Stewards are the ones that conduct the candidates around, and they also handle the meals, like a regular steward. They also help the tiler set up the lodge and take it down, and do all these little menial duties. That was my first step. Anyway, I have been an officer since that date to today. I have had more than 50 years of continuous service to Reno Lodge 13, from 1934 to now.

I never jumped a station even though they always wanted me to. I had the opportunity to jump twice, and I told them I didn't want to, and that I wanted to serve in the lodge itself. I had more fun *serving* as an officer than I did as presiding as the head of the organization. I filled all the progressive steps of the hierarchy, so it was credit to myself and to the organization. I served in all the offices, except for being a secretary; I refused to do that. I served as treasurer for 40 years.

I'm the Senior Past Master of Reno Lodge 13 right today—pretty soon it'll be 50 years. There are many responsibilities in being Master of a lodge, which I was from 1940 to 1941. Whenever a person was sick, I'd go visit the family. When there was a death in the family, I'd go visit them and let them know just exactly what I could do for them, and to offer my help and assistance. It was important to know what you could do and what you couldn't do. So whenever one of the members did die, I'd always get a call from the mortuary. As Master, it was also my responsibility to conduct funeral services. The Master also had to conduct all the meetings and carry out the responsibilities that are part of presiding over an organization. It was purely administrative. I would also

visit the shut-ins once a month and I would go visit the hospitals all the time. I developed a reputation that if you want something done or you need some knowledge, call Clarence Jones. This was a nice honor to have, but it was a lot of responsibility. Even now I get these calls all the time.

I always look back with a lot of fond memories of being Master, because I tried to do what I felt was true Masonry. People who needed help knew they could talk to you, and it'd be confidential—and that's the other part of what Masonry *really* represents.

I progressed along, learned all the work, learned all the lectures and the charges. To me, this was a real opportunity to learn to stand on my feet, because I had never had that opportunity in my life, other than DeMolay. It was a real pleasure because I was improving myself; I was enlightening my mind. This is, of course, the goal that I have always had. In those days, this is what I was training my mind for: to never let it sit idle.

If I hadn't been a Mason, I think I still would have been inquisitive. And I also would have always helped people, because that's my nature...that's just the way I am. The one thing that the Masons added to my life that I didn't have was *opportunity*. It takes a lot of extra work and money, but now I can go to pick up the telephone and call somebody in the Philippines if I want to get some information, or call somebody in Tokyo or Taiwan...all because of my connections in Masonry. This gives a clearer picture of how the tentacles go out and out....

My goal is to help any people. I don't care whether they're Masons or Catholics, whether they're brown or black or white—creed or color means nothing to me when it comes to helping people. I guess that's why I get into new organizations all the time, and I get selected. I have had the honor of serving

international groups, and am the only one in the state that ever has—and more than likely ever will. So it's a real honor for the state.

I have been given many honors, and have been made an honorary member of numerous organizations. All the honors I've gotten have been given to me for only one reason. W-O-R-K. A lot of members would like to have those honors without having to work for them.

One of the greater honors is being a Past Master, because that title has a connotation that goes back to being an intelligent, hard-working and honest individual. When they spoke of a Past Master in those days, they really meant it. That's the way you earned it. This title and other honors I've been given have been earned. I've also been given a tremendous number of honors of recognition. But if I don't earn them, I don't want them. I'm not one that would like to go around and just receive honors to have titles.

At one Eastern Star meeting that I attended with Ed Pine, Marjorie McKnight got up to introduce us and started reading all the titles. She started out with him, and then she got to me. Of course, I have considerably more titles than he does. Anyway, it went on and on and on. You'd be surprised at the number of people that came up to me and said, "I never realized that you had done that much work." One of the areas I had been into and Ed was not was in international organizations. I went up to Edmonton last year and helped them institute another group there, too, and they made me an honorary member of that one! Then down in Australia, I was made an honorary member of one of their groups. Having been head of all these different organizations in these other countries, it puts you on a very high pedestal. We kind of take this country pretty much for granted. But over there, they don't.

Each organization that I've served as head of has one of those books that lists my accomplishments during that particular year. This is where your history is made. I was also in the *Who's Who* many places in time. But I don't pay too much attention to those because some of those people are just paying money for something or another. For some people it's not what you do or your honors or recognition, but how much money they can get out of it.

After serving as Master of the Lodge, my next elective office was in about 1960, when we were having a problem with our educational program. I felt very strongly about education and educating members of the lodges in just what Masonry is. If you asked 95 percent of the Masons what Masonry is all about, they would be unable to answer it. They join for the prestige, but as far as *knowing* what Masonry is about, very few of them do.

A desire to educate Masons is what led me to run for Grand Instructor. I also had the support of two others who were running for office. They told me they wanted me to run for Grand Instructor, so I told them I would run for office, because I felt so strongly about education. I don't care what field it's in—whether it's with the youth, or whether it's with sports—people *have* to have education. In our travels around the world, we see that lack of education and what it does to not only individuals, but to whole nations. It's just like with South Africa—now, if they were properly educated, they would not have all the problems they have down there. There's a lot of sentiment about the whites and the blacks down there, and rightfully so. If the country was turned over to the blacks, there'd be nothing but chaos, as has happened in many of the other countries down there. Be that as it may, that is an example of the need for education. These

people do not know what they're getting into, because they've never been educated in the fields that they're required to carry on and develop. The same thing is true in our own lives—especially in Masonry. I always felt that we could make a lot of good, fine educated Masons. If you educate the Masons, then they're going to be able to go do the things that we stand for.

I held this position four years, and I did a good job and got a lot of the material out, but I wasn't in there long enough to really develop a real program. This was because at the same time that I took on the job of Grand Instructor, I was going to be given the opportunity to be a line officer in the Grand Lodge. A very good friend of mine was going in as Grand Master, and when he found out that I was elected to this other position, he gave me the devil. He said, "I wanted you in one of my offices! You're too competent to be doing this work. You should be in the Grand Lodge some day." There are 21 positions in the Grand Lodge, and six are at the top. The top positions are the Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, Senior Grand Warden, Junior Grand Warden, that are elected positions, and the secretary-treasurer. Then you have your deacons on down.

After being Master of your symbolic lodge, which is a prestigious position, you become a member of the Grand Lodge, which is on the state level. Each one of these steps makes you eligible and qualifies you for certain other things. In the 1950s, they wanted me to get in and become an officer of the lodge, but I wasn't ready for it. I never wanted to jump and get ahead fast in things. I liked to work my way up, so no one could say, "Oh, it was politics," or "He had friends give it to him." I wanted to come up through the ranks. It's like the man on TV who says, "We *earn* it."

Being Grand Master of Masons in the state of Nevada was *not* my goal. Sure, it'd be nice to have, but I had a family to raise; I had a good job at the newspaper to do; and I just felt that I would not be able to do the kind of a job that I would want to do if I was ever fortunate to become head. But I always served the Grand Lodge in many capacities and was always helping them to do something or another. Eventually I did become Grand Master in 1980. After that, there were no higher positions to go to in the state.

When I joined the Grand Lodge, the first place I was appointed to was the printing committee. Of course, I could speak the language of the printers and I could work with them. We mainly printed the proceedings of the meetings—that was a big job every year and cost a lot of money. About that time, I was working in the other bodies such as the York Rite and Scottish Rite. I made a promise to myself that if I ever had the opportunity to go through the lodge very basically, I would do nothing else. I wanted to be able to devote full time to the duties and responsibilities, especially those of Master of the lodge. And this is what I did do.

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If you're a Mason, you don't go around advertising it. One time when I was working at night at the newspaper, this fellow come in—a great big bruiser. He had a Masonic ring on that you couldn't believe. The thing must have been about half to three-quarters of an inch wide, and about over an inch long. It was a great big square with a compass on it. I thought, "Uh-oh, here comes trouble." I had the DeMolay ring on my little finger.

Finally he said, "Is that a Masonic ring?"

I said, "No." I wasn't about to get in any discussions. Then finally when I finished

taking care of him, I said, "I notice you're wearing a Masonic ring."

He said, "Oh, yes, that was my father's."

I thought, "Oh, boy!" When he left, I went over and took up the telephone and called the FBI. I said, "I think I got one of your boys just came in here. You may be looking for him." I described him, and they said, "Yes, we are." I said, "Well, he was here, and he just left. I don't know where he went." I followed it up several months later and found out that the man had been using the Masonic ring in order to get checks cashed for him. It's surprising how many different ways people use Masonic connections. However, this person wasn't even a Mason. In my heart, I could tell.

This is one of the biggest rackets people like him do. They'll come in for assistance, and then I always interrogate them. I ask them where they belong and who their secretary is, and they won't know. They've also always lost their dues card. Usually they want \$20, and I tell them. "We *have* to get in touch with your lodge to authorize it. I can't give you the money." Then usually the person becomes more willing to accept \$10 instead of \$20... then it would become \$5. Then I'd tell them they should go to the Salvation Army to get some help. They didn't want that; they wanted money to buy some booze.... But these are the little things that you learn, and then you have to be able to handle them very delicately, because you don't want to put Masonry into a position of saying, "No, you're not a Mason, and we can't help you."

Sometimes they *are* legitimate. If we can prove that they're a member of a certain lodge, then we'll help them. What we do is have a charity fund. In most cases, the Master is the one that will disperse the charity funds, and he never accounts for them. If someone needs the money, you give it to them. We do that in practically all Masonic organizations.

Eastern Star is doing a lot of that now, and they do a lot of help for these older folks and such. Certainly you don't want their names to be read out in the proceedings or out in public. Consequently, they go by number, and it's only a very small committee or one person that is in charge of assisting people. In Scottish Rite we have an almoner, and he can disperse quite a bit of money. A lot of our own people that get into trouble get financial help. I've helped a lot of them personally, because they get strapped, and they can't handle it, and so they just forget about it.

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Faith, hope and charity are three of the foundation stones of the Masonic fraternity. You have faith in God, you have hope in immortality, and you have charity for all mankind. The greatest of these is charity. Our faith may be lost in sight, hope ends in fruition, but charity extends beyond the grave through the boundless realms of eternity. If you analyze that statement, charity is not the unmeaning doling out of alms, but it is translated in the fraternity as brotherly love. Of course, this is part of what my life has always been based upon. You live an upright life in your community, your family, and your area of work, especially.

When I became a Master Mason, then I began to really study. That is a never-ending process, because you can get into it.... I have books here that time and again get into more philosophies. This is where you can *really* go way back and get the different aspects of the mind and your whole system...how it works, basically.

What is special about Masonry is the association of the men that you are around. I did not go into Masonry to take advantage in any method of sales or furthering myself

financially or politically. But this does happen in Masonry. People join for prestige or for business or political connections. Some of our members that are going to run for office make themselves known while they're running for office, and then you never see them again. They just join for their self-interest. The same thing is true in the church. The only time you see them is when they're running for office! It's a sad situation, really. My reason for joining was to better myself as an individual, and to help people. However, no one was expected to work as individuals in this service capacity. There are group service activities.

One example that the public is more aware of than anything else is the Shrine. Every Shriner has to be either a York Rite or Scottish Rite Mason. On the other hand, not every Mason is a Shriner. Fact is, there's many, many of them that are not. Many of the men that go into Masonry go in to become Shriners, because that is the one area where they have more opportunity to do the things that they would like to do. They have all these little groups, like the bands and the motorcycles where they can go out and have fun. Actually, the Shrine is the playground of Masonry, the way we look at it.

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One of the Shrine-related things that I was involved with during World War II was the Clown Alley that we established here in Reno. Eddie Beisel had been a clown in circuses, and was one of the people who founded Clown Alley. He was one of the three brothers that had Bools & Butler, a top-grade leather store in Reno. They hand made saddles, stirrups, belts, and all leather goods. The other three members were Charles Gasho of Gasho Optical, Don Block, and myself.

The war was going on and a lot of the fellows were gone, and there was just a few of us around. We four were members of the Kerak Shrine that were in that group. We formed a group of clowns for the Shrine, too, and participated in the initiations there.

Each one of us would have to plan our own make-up. Each time we went out to do a performance, we would have to take about almost half an hour to get made up. We used white paste for our faces, and black ink for markings. Then we had clown suits with the big hoop in it, and it was very professional. Of course, Ed Beisel knew what he was doing, and he advised each one of us as to what way he wanted to go—what we wanted to look like. We were formed for the entertainment of the people. I remember one time that they asked us if we wouldn't come up to Virginia City for a Christmas party. The kids enjoyed that very much. Then we used to go to the hospitals occasionally and visit the sick and put on performances for them there. We had all these gimmicks like you see in circuses and such. We'd throw buckets of water at each other, and then we'd tease the audience and pretend like we were going to throw a bucket of water on them. We wouldn't have water in the bucket, naturally. We'd have cut-up paper in it.

We used to build all kinds of props. One of the props that we built was a cannon that was about three feet in diameter. We used to shoot one of our fellows out of it. That was quite an exciting thing to do. I was usually the one who got all the props ready and cleaned up afterwards. This is what we did for recreation during World War II when all the rest of our friends were away in the service. After the war was over with, we pretty well disbanded—there were so many other things to do.

The Shriners have a new clown group that was organized quite a few years after we had

given it up. I just couldn't keep up the pace and do everything, so I just said to heck with it.

The one reason that I joined the Shrine was for its philanthropy. They have two charities. One that you hear about all the time is the Crippled Children's Hospital. Since then, we have gone into the Burn Center. We sponsored two children who had terrific burns. I understand that they're all healed and they're back in normal life again, and that was all done by the Shrine.

Each Masonic group has its own philanthropic activities. The Scottish Rite is helping people afflicted with aphasia, which is the loss of the power to use words. Of course, practically all the groups have scholarship programs. There are a lot of these things that we never publicize. Even the Grand Lodge does charity work to help people.

One that I'm deeply involved in is the Knights of the Cross of Honour Medical Research Foundation. You have to serve as head of your lodge, chapter, council, or be a Royal Select Master or head of the Commandery. Then you are eligible to be invited *into* this group. The only entrance to that organization is through the door of service. An individual must have been of great service in Masonry to be invited to join. The money that the York Cross of Honour Medical Research Foundation raises goes to leukemia research at Harvard University. Masonic groups world-wide donate \$40,000 a year to the Cancer Center. We have done a terrific job.

The Masons also assist in educating people by giving scholarships. If you took the broad section of all of Masonry, you'd be surprised how many hundreds and probably thousands of scholarships are given out every year. There is a Masonic scholarship at UNR through the scholarship department, though sometimes we will handle our own by using

a screening process. We let the youth know that we're going to have scholarships available, and those that are interested will apply. Our criteria are based on their grades and families, whether they're Nevada residents, and some other things like this. Need is a very important part as well. I've had two daughters and a granddaughter turned down because they didn't need the money.

Yet another part of our work along these lines is the support of the widows of Masons. We'd always see if there was anything we could do for the widow and the family for the funeral or beyond that. This is where we are able to do a great service to the families, and they always appreciate it. The Widows and Orphans Fund has been operating for a good many years. I think right now it's around \$1,200. That's a pretty good chunk of money. There's no strings to it—you don't have to tell the IRS about it or anybody else.

We had an Eastern Star home in Reno for a while at 440 Hill Street. We took in anyone that was eligible that we felt would be right for it. But then it got to the state where we were having more outsiders than we were Eastern Stars or Masons, and they kind of rebelled against it. As a result, they sold the home, and they are using the income from that to help people more on an individual basis—the Eastern Star members and any Masons that might need it.

Every lodge has a charity committee, and the Grand Lodge has a charity committee. There is more than \$1.5 million a day that is given out by Masonic organizations in charity. This does not count what an individual Mason might do...that's an entirely separate entity.

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Many changes have occurred in Masonry through the years—for instance, the way

people dressed. Before, if an officer showed up that wasn't properly dressed, usually he was told about it. Sometimes they'd even use a substitute in his place, because they wanted to make the best impression possible. When you see a group of men that are performing Masonic work and they're all dressed similarly—nice and clean—it gives you a nice impression. This is what we always tried to maintain in the lodge. Gradually, though, it began to get more lax and more lax, and about in 1960 was one of the big turning points.

I always remember the first day that a Master came in with a sports shirt—dressed very nicely, all right, but wearing a sports shirt. The Master is always supposed to wear a hat—usually a top hat. Now, in some of the small lodges and out in ranch country, they can't afford them, so they wear cowboy hats. But the hat is the symbol of authority. This goes back into King Solomon's time; King Solomon was the one that wore the crown, and that's why the Master wears the hat. Hat and the gavel—those were the two things.

Anyway, I went over to the Master and said, "Hey, since when are you coming up here like this?"

"Well, what's wrong with it?" he said.

I said, "Well, it's certainly not proper dress, and it doesn't look good."

"Well, I'm wearing it."

I said, "Well, you're the Master." Pretty soon, it began to get to the subordinate officers. And I'll tell you sometimes there in the 1960s, I just shuddered. Oh, man! Masons would come up with jeans on, and it made you sick to look at it, when you're so used to having Masonry up on a pedestal, and this is the way you're respected. Your dress reflects respect. However, today custom dictates a lot, but I still dress. This is one of the changes we're fighting in Masonry. After

all, how much of a change are we going to have to make to bring Masonry up to the 1990s?

Masonry in Reno and in the state is losing membership. I always pinpoint it by decades. It's interesting when you watch what happens in those 10-year spans—just the different customs at the different periods. In the old days, they used to wear those high celluloid collars and black ties. Some of them wore the cravats. Many wore long tails...some of the lodges still do wear tails. I wouldn't want to go back to that time, but there's a happy medium between tails and the jeans, I suppose. I think just a nice, dark suit and a white shirt is what usually looks very nice. The atmosphere at the lodge meetings is more relaxed now, too. That's probably what people prefer. But look at the 1960s again, and this is where the *real* change came in. I used to wonder if we would weather these periods, because I know that eventually the pendulum swings. I just cringed every time that I went someplace, because people looked like a bunch of tramps.

The girls were the same way in their organization. But they always said, "You know, we have rights." That was that damned rights time! There was an amendment to the constitution that did the whole thing. And I told our senators at that time, I said, "If you vote for that, you're crazy. If you've never read the fine print of that bill, it gets into every one of our lives and our homes." It wasn't the Bill of Rights, but the Civil Rights Act. It concerns the rights of the individual, and how we can do what we want to do. This act ruined many youth organizations, because they'd come there looking like tramps. It was pitiful...they never knew what the word *courtesy* was. I used to give them the devil for it. I said, "How in the world do you expect to have any prestige?"

In spite of some of these bad changes, men have continued to join Masonry for two basic reasons: to become educated about Masonry, and to form lasting friendships. Masonry gives men opportunity—that is the key word. We make better men out of good men. Masonry is not a redemption society, in no way, shape, or form. If we get a person that is of that type, we usually try to work with them and get them straightened out and back on track.

One *good* change that has happened in Masonry is that the Masonic constitution was changed to permit us to belong to two lodges. Before then, you could only belong to one lodge in a jurisdiction. Eventually, they found out that in order to preserve some of the smaller lodges, they needed dues-paying members other than those living in the community. So they opened the lodges up. For instance, now I belong to the Douglas 12, of which I am a life member. Prior to this change in the constitution, a person who wanted to join another lodge had to ask for a waiver of jurisdiction.

The dues that are paid vary from lodge to lodge. I think ours are around \$24 a year, some are \$30, and some are as little as \$10. Of course, this does not support the organization, but there is a paid secretary, in most cases. These dues are set according to the bylaws of each lodge. Beyond the bylaws are the constitution, statutes, and rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge that govern the laws of each organization. Each organization can set its own guidelines, so long as they don't conflict with Masonic law.

We also now offer life memberships, and that's what I take out all the time. You pay 21 times the annual dues. It came out to be something like \$600. That money is then put into an endowment fund that belongs to the lodge for the rest of eternity, and it gains

interest all the time. I have always felt this is one thing that we as individuals can do for the lodge.

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The basic form of Freemasonry is the Symbolic Lodge, the Blue Lodge. It is the basis of all Masonry, and that's the foundation stone. From there, after you become a Master Mason, then you are eligible to join any organization. You can join the Eastern Star, the White Shrine, the York Rite, the Scottish Rite, and many others. I belong to a tremendous number of them. Each one of these groups has a special purpose. However, what we always strive for is to *support our base*, the Symbolic Lodge. In my case, that is Reno Lodge Number 13. That's the number one, and that's the one that we all encourage everybody to support. However, that's not always true, because if someone gets into Scottish Rite, they get to work in the Scottish Rite. Or if they're in the York Rite, they get to work in the York Rite. Then they join the Shrine, and many times you never see them again in the Symbolic Lodge. Because of all the meetings held by these groups, cooperation among them is important.

I had all kinds of pressure put on me from members of both the York Rite and the Scottish Rite to join them. I even had them offer to pay my way in. But I said, "No. I have a goal set, and I'm going to adhere to it." The only thing I did break down on was Eastern Star. Three years after I went into the Reno Lodge, I joined the Eastern Star, as I had the pressure put on me in there by some very, very good friends. Martha and I are 50-year members—we joined in 1934.

The next group I went into was the Scottish Rite. I had a lot of good friends that were members of the Scottish Rite, and they

also wanted me to join. It was only about \$150 at that time, so I took a life membership out on it, which was another \$150. But when you die, your estate will receive that \$150 back again. It is one that sits there until you complete your life, and then it is returned to your estate. For some of the other organizations, such as the Symbolic Lodge, the life membership is not there. It stays in the lodge, and that was what I wanted. I don't want it in my estate, because my estate is big enough as it is now. So I went into the Scottish Rite, and, of course, having been active in Symbolic Lodge, they knew what I could do, and they watched me.

It's surprising how many people have their eyes on you that you never realize. I run into this quite frequently. It's, "Oh, yes, we know about you." This was true in Masonry...I had gone in and I worked in the Symbolic Lodge. I had learned all the work and I could give it from memory. I have the ability to be able to do it. There are very few of them that really can. It's sad to say, because I wish there were more.

In working in the Scottish Rite, everyone starts at the bottom, where you start learning the work. Scottish Rite at that time was a state organization. Later, it started breaking up, because Las Vegas membership began to grow and became a real entity in itself.

Usually 50 to 75 members will participate in conferring Scottish Rite degrees once a year. We used to confirm once here and once in Las Vegas. Now, Las Vegas confers their own, and so do we. That was after the group split up. It's quite a pageant. It's a lot of beautiful work, and they all have the beautiful robes. The portrayals are very, very good. There are some of the most beautiful degrees that you'll ever witness. They've put on a degree here just recently, which they called the Traitor. That

refers back to Washington's day to the Judas of our country, Benedict Arnold. And they sometimes call it the Benedict Arnold Degree or the Traitor, and they invite the families and everybody there to witness it. It's like a play. I used to take part in some of the plays when we put them on. Clara Claudy wrote some beautiful Masonic plays: *The Rose Upon the Altar* is one that really brings tears to your eyes. They're very emotional.

When I had worked in Scottish Rite a few years, they wanted me to become assistant director, because of my ability at the newspaper where I had administrative experience and working with a wide cross-section of people. After I became an assistant director, the York Rite began to get after me: "Why don't you come over and help us? You're doing all the work at Scottish Rite." But I continued to work there, because I had all that background already developed and could do that very well.

There are not too many meetings held by the Scottish Rite. Normally, at this point, we only have one a month, and it's a business meeting and social. We have a speaker of some type on some subject, which is always very interesting, and usually they're from the university. The speakers are free to discuss any subject except for religion and politics, because they're too controversial. We feel that both of those subjects are the own individual's property, and we are not going to try to tell them somebody else's ideas, because it's not right. But this is only true of a tiled lodge. If it's not a tiled lodge, anybody could be in there and discuss anything—it's an open lodge that has open meetings. Even non-Masons come to these meetings, so it's not just Masonry that we talk about, but it may be some timely subject of the day when the legislature's on, or something else.

I've been recognized for having served all four groups in the Scottish Rite. I started serving in them right after I went in. They'll give you as much work as you will agree to do. If you're able to do the work and you do it in a proper manner, this is what really is a credit to Masonry. That's why I have developed the reputation that I have, because when I take on a job, I try to do a good job and not divide myself to do four or five jobs at one time. I completed that work and became Past Master of the Scottish Rite. Some of those people who do the work are selected, but there is no guarantee. Someone will be selected as a Knight Commander of the Court of Honor. It's an honorary degree—an investiture—so the individual will wear a red hat instead of a black hat. This is true of the southern jurisdiction, but not of the northern. Those receiving the 32nd Degree are given the title, Master of the Royal Secret. That is the last degree conferred in the Scottish Rite. Then from there they will select individuals for the 33rd Degree. They wear white hats. This is a very selective degree, and you can't apply for it. It's the top degree a Mason can achieve, unless he has been selected to work in the Supreme Council as a deputy, like Ed Pine. Each of the 33 deputies in the country wears a purple hat. After serving as a deputy, then he becomes an active member, and then the Sovereign Grand Commander. He is the top man in the Scottish Rite in a particular jurisdiction.

There are two jurisdictions of Scottish Rite in this country: there's the northern jurisdiction and the southern jurisdiction. We in the West are in the southern jurisdiction. They both have their full set of officers. I've attended both their sessions when I was Grand Sovereign of the Red Cross of Constantine.

I received my 33rd Degree in 1959. We go back quite a ways. The good Lord gives you

the health and the ability to maintain and be in attendance. There are so many things to be thankful for with the good Lord.

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I was inducted into the York Rite in 1950. The York Rite of Freemasonry consists of three groups or separate organizations: the chapter, council, and the commander. The York Rite continues the work of the symbolic degrees, whereas the Scottish Rite did not continue. The first few degrees following the 3rd, up to the 14th Degree were all carrying on as Symbolic Masonry in King Solomon's Temple. Then there are the three council degrees. Two of them are conferred locally, and the 3rd is one that takes a pretty good sized cast. It is usually conferred in California, and we're invited to witness it—they call it the Super Excellent Master Degree. That degree was conferred in Reno a couple times when several of us were very active and interested in conferring it, because it takes a lot of preparation and planning to do it. We'd bring people up from California to assist us, too, because we didn't have enough of the good rituals here to perform it. From there you'd go into your Commandery or Knights Templar, and this is where you get in to the Christian aspect of Masonry. It's the only place that you really get it, and it is a part of York Rite. That is what we call your final duty, where you are given three final orders. It goes back to the Templars and the Crusades, where they used to protect the Christians who were going from the European continent over to the Holy Land. They were protected against the Saracens and the infidels and all the rest who would prey on these Christians. Though there is a Christian aspect to this, anybody can still join. In fact, I discussed this fact with a

very strong Israelite. He said, "Why don't you change the laws so that we can belong?"

I said, "You can belong. We have many Jewish people that belong to the Knights Templar."

"What do you mean?"

I said, "Because they are Christians."

"Well, I'm not going to change my religion to do it."

"Well," I said, "that's up to you. That's your prerogative. I can't do anything about it." [laughs] Being in Scottish Rite is not based upon a belief in Christ, but being in the *Commandery* of York Rite is.... As far as the chapter and Council of the York Rite are concerned, though, no.

There are other organizations in Masonry that select only Christian men. One of those groups is the Red Cross of Constantine. That's a very interesting and powerful group. They issue invitations to 33rd degree Masons, and of course if you're issued an invitation, you join. It's a great honor. This, then, makes the membership more selective...I don't like to use that word—the membership has more common interests. In another word, it strengthens the bond of friendship in another way, besides just being friends openly. Also, then you're tied in with the churches, which we support 100 percent.

An important part of the *Commandery* is its educational programs, where it offers loans and scholarships. They give out a tremendous amount of money in the state of Nevada. Harold Gorman and Ed Pine are the ones that administer the loans and scholarships. I was on the committee for a while. I just felt that we should scatter it around to other parts of the state, rather than having it all concentrated right here, because there are certainly worthy students from other areas around the state we do not know about.

Although they would prefer to have recipients go to UNR, the student can go to any school. There are many doctors, lawyers, dentists, and different professions that have had use of it. After the students graduate and get settled, then they start paying back the loan with interest, which is only about four or five percent. The main reason for that is that it's a rotating fund, and otherwise we'd be completely out of funds. This also covers the losses that we take. This is especially true of some of the foreign students, who really have no real sense of responsibility as we know it. Every once in a while, you find one of them that gets away and then you don't hear from them for a long time. But we usually do get the money out of most of them.

The students who receive assistance do not have to have any ties to Masonry. Grades are important, and that's why they don't give loans to freshmen or sophomores...they haven't established a real position in the university or in their educational institution in two years. After that, you know whether they're going to be gone, because otherwise they go for two years, they owe you the money, and so what? Forget it. It means more to them in those last two years.

I started working with the York Rite in the Chapter because it had so much to offer. The members in there were just not willing to get in and learn the work from memory, and do a good job that would make an impression on the candidates. So I felt that the work was too valuable to not do it right. We got a group of us working, and the membership began to come back in. At the same time we were working in the council, which was a very small amount of work—it's not like the chapter, which was quite a bit of work. From there I began working in the *Commandery*, and I served as High Priest of the chapter in

about 1965. The reason for the title is because it is based upon King Solomon's Temple, where they had their high priests, kings, scribes, and they had King Solomon.

When you hear High Priest, you associate it with the Royal Arch Chapter. If you hear of Illustrious Master, you associate that with the Council of Cryptic Masons, or Royal Select Masters. Then when you hear of a Past Commander or a Commander, that means the Commandery. So these are your designations of your heads of those three organizations within the York Rite, and you work your way up into them just like the others. So I learned all the work in those groups.

When you become a Past Grand Commander, you become an active voting member in the general body. That's where we got the Grand Encampment, of which I am an officer. It's quite an organization. I serve as representative of the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in the southwest regional area. I then served as Grand Master, so I have served all the Grand Masonic bodies of the state of Nevada. From there, you are eligible to serve in some of these other bodies, such as the General Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch Masons International, of which I am Grand Treasurer.

Of all these positions, the most rewarding to me personally was to serve our Grand Lodge and my own Symbolic Lodge. These were always to me the ones that meant more than anything else.

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In 1958 I served as Commander of DeWitt Clinton Commandery No. 1, which was instituted in Virginia City. It goes back into the 1800s, and was finally moved down here to Reno about 1913. It was a mounted

commandery, and was part of the Knights Templar. There were only three mounted Commanderies in the country. There was one in Philadelphia, San Francisco, and Virginia City. Those were the only three. The reason there were only three might have been because of the uniform. The person wears a chapeau and a baldric, which goes around the neck. Then there is a sword baldric, which is another type of baldric. There is an apron, the coat and trousers, and then the cape. It is a beautiful thing—black velvet. There are two types of uniforms: there's silver for the regular Sir Knight, and there is the gold for the Eminent Commander and above, which is true of every state. The gold and silver that was woven into the uniforms was mined in Virginia City, and then shipped to France, where it was made into threads. The threads were then woven into various parts of the uniform.

In about 1958, we were running short on capes, so we wrote to a uniform supply house in San Francisco and asked what the cost would be to have some made. They wanted a minimum of \$1,000. The uniforms themselves were about \$250 then—a lot of money at that time. They don't wear the uniforms very often now, except for special occasions, such as when the Worthy Advisor is crowned in Rainbow Girls, or church, funerals, or someplace like that. So occasionally the public has an opportunity to see the uniforms.

When there was a funeral, they always had a black horse with a black saddle and trimmings. Everyone would march to the cemetery in their uniforms. This is kind of sad because it's something that has been lost over the years, and it's gone forever. Now no one can afford the horses, and in the second place, you couldn't put the horses on the streets.

This is one of the changes I'm sorry to see—the passing of the pageantry. This history is important, and even members of the Knights Templar don't know their own history.

When you become a Grand Commandery officer, you lose your position as a member of DeWitt Clinton Commandery, and you can no longer wear your uniform in an official capacity. The group in San Francisco did away with their uniforms completely, because they couldn't get any more. They used to come over and get ours at one time. We used to get pretty mad when people would sell the uniforms rather than keep them where they belonged.

One important event for which we wore our uniforms was the 100th anniversary of St. Mary's in the Mountains Church in Virginia City. That was about 1958. I was Commander at that time, as I remember rightly. We were invited, believe it or not, by the Catholic bishop of the state of Nevada to form part of the escort. They wanted only 12 people from the Commandery. Naturally, we accepted. We got our 12 members together with all these beautiful uniforms on; I was in charge of them. I remember we were lined up in a company front on the main street up there at Virginia City. It was a beautiful sight to see.

People came down and took pictures, and some of these women who remembered the Commandery and those uniforms came over and wept. They said, "That certainly brings back some wonderful memories. It's so great to see you folks up here again." When everyone lined up, there were five Catholic bishops in that service, so we felt quite honored to be part of this escort, marching into the Catholic church. We were the last ones in line, according to protocol. Right ahead of us were the Knights of Columbus as the escort. Of course, since I was the shortest one in the group, I was right at the

end of the line. I can always remember, we were standing there for all the dignitaries to pass through the lines.... This was really an historical event.

There was a man named Father Ryan at the church then. He came up to me and whispered—with a real Irish brogue—"Tell me, who are the Masons here?"

I said, "Father, we are."

He said, "If my mother could see this now, she'd turn over in her grave." [laughs] He was quite impressed.

We went into the church and participated in the full ceremonies. We were even invited to take communion, which I thought was a nice honor. I almost didn't go up, though, because I thought some of the people might take a dim view of an outsider taking communion in their church. However, I think the ecumenical feeling is spreading that people are more tolerant of each others' religions than they used to be. After it was over with, we were all invited to go down and have a social time with everybody that participated in the service. I'll always remember, we were sitting down there with these nuns, and boy, they were pretty good drinkers! [laughs] We were having a ball. One of the nuns said, "I just can't believe that you folks are Masons. I've always heard so much about the Masons. You are just good people."

It was interesting hearing that, given the history of the Masons and Catholics. Pope Clement had issued a Papal Bull that said that no Catholic could belong to the Masonic fraternity. This was way back in the 1400s, somewhere right in that neighborhood. He felt Masonry was a secret society—that it was a religious organization, and it was anti-church. This was not reversed until 10 or 15 years ago with Pope John, who said, "We know the Masonic organization. We've read about it. We know about it, and we have no objection

to our members becoming members of the Masonic fraternity.” Some of the priests did petition and joined, and they were accepted in the fraternity. Then when this other Pope, John Paul, came in, he had a different view. He was much more of a basic Roman Catholic, and adhered to the precepts of the original church. He said, “We are no longer going to acknowledge Pope John’s edict.” This kind of put a cramp in the Catholics, because they make good Masons.

I’ve had many, many devout Catholics work with me, and I’ve admired them, too. Joe McDonald was one. He was one of the finest newspaper men that I’ve ever known. He and Paul Leonard were two of the greatest. I always respected their religion, and they could do what they felt was the right thing to do. But the things that bothered me with the philosophy of the Catholic church is that they never educated their people into what the full meaning was, except what they wanted them to know. I would ask them questions like, “Well, now why do you do this? Why do you go to confession? Why do you do this?”

They’d say, “Well, we’re told to; that’s what we are expected to do. And if I don’t do it, I’ll go to hell.” Therefore, I came to the conclusion that there are two words that really hold people to the church: fear and ignorance. This is sad, because the Catholic church has a lot to offer.

I always remember one time when I got mixed up with the pro-life group when I was president of the United Way. I sat down at a table with all of the Catholics around, and they asked me about Planned Parenthood, because the Catholics were against it. We ended up having some Planned Parenthood representatives in to answer questions. I wouldn’t say that the Catholics were satisfied with the answer to their questions about Planned Parenthood, but they understood

what it was all about. This was what I was really interested in getting across to them. I was not trying to change their minds in any way, shape or form, because there are certainly two sides to that subject, and I wasn’t about to get in the middle of what’s right and what’s wrong. I just wanted each side to understand.

I believe in one word: freedom. Freedom of choice. If a woman wants to have an abortion, that’s her choice. I’m not going to tell her she can’t have it. I think they finally came to this conclusion there, although, of course, they’re so pro-life. There’s a good reason for that, naturally, because the more babies, the more members. That’s just a fact of life, is what it is.

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[For a comprehensive chronology of Clarence Jones’s Masonic career, please see Appendix A.—Ed.]

COMMUNITY SERVICE

I was a member of the 20/30 Club, which goes back quite a way. We cleaned up the sagebrush and rocks out at Idlewild Park. The park was just beginning to get put together, and we went out and cleaned it all up and got a ball park set up for them out there. That was one of the things that the 20/30 Club did.

The Optimist Club was a group that was a friend of boys. In order to have funds to take care of the youth, we had an Optimist boys group, and we supported them. I always think of the type of individuals that we were able to work with and prepare for their future education and life. They used to have the rodeo at the fairgrounds. This was before it was taken over by a professional group.

We raised funds for the boys at the Optimist Club. We would start in about a month ahead of time and bag popcorn and peanuts and get all these bags and everything ready to sell when the rodeo came. Before that, professionals ran the concessions, and one of the big complaints of the community was that they would rob the people and shortchange them. They'd also steal stuff. It

was a mess, and the people got to complaining like the dickens, because they'd say they were getting your change, then they'd never show up and come back again. So it was one of those things that when we offered to go ahead and do it, they welcomed it with open arms, because here was one way to get rid of this group.

I would also have liked to belong to the Rotary Club, but they had very strict classifications to join. The Rotary Club is a service organization composed of top businessmen. In a lot of ways, it's very similar to Masonic Work. It's an association of friends. Because these men are businessmen, they are strict in who they let join...they wanted just a particular level of men in the Rotary Club. And, of course, there were complaints about women not being members. But now women are being accepted.

What happened with me is that they tried like the dickens to get me in there. Jordan Crouch was one that really would like to have me in it, because he and I worked together in so many community activities that he

felt that I would be able to do a lot of good for Rotary, which I'm sure I would have. However, according to the Rotary Club, there could only be one top businessman in any business. I was working as the second man at the newspaper—the publisher was the top man. Therefore, he was the only one from the newspaper who was eligible to join. I would have liked to join them, and now I probably could if I desired. But I have so many other things that I'm tied up with.

I have always appreciated the Optimist's Creed, which is something many of these groups—especially Masons—live by. Basically it says that you should: promise yourself to be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind; talk health and prosperity to every person; make all your friends feel that there's something in them; look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true; think only of the best; work only for the best; expect only the best; be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own; forget the mistakes of the past and press on to greater achievements of the future; wear a cheerful countenance at all times; give every living creature you meet a smile; give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others; be too large for worry, too noble for anger, and too strong for fear; and be too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

I think that if you look back over the history of most of these organizations, most of them picked up their philosophies and their guidance from Masonic philosophies and tenets. And if you look down the line, Masons have had that influence on these different organizations. The Rotary Club is the same thing, basically.

I remember when people always talked about four different groups in life that brought together people with the same

background and interests. Those groups were the Rotary Club, the Masonic fraternity, the Episcopal church, and the other one was the Republican party. If you analyze the precepts of these groups, you find that they are very, very close to being the same. They all stand for good and for the development of mankind and humanity. These groups all work for the good of the community with their various projects.

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The Chamber of Commerce handles Reno's tourism. Las Vegas developed a great tourism and convention authority down there, whereas it took Reno quite a while to get it going up here. We had to get some money coming in from the public and businesses in order to do that.

I was a member of the Chamber of Commerce in Sparks. The Chamber of Commerce in both Reno and Sparks would take on projects and develop and represent the community. That, of course, is what they're for. If there were problems, we'd stay away from politics as much as possible.

The Chamber of Commerce has a number of committees, but I don't know exactly how many. I have been a member of the Chamber for at least 50 years, and maybe a little longer. When I was with the newspaper, the newspapers, the power company and telephone company took out multiple memberships. I think we had as high as 10 people from the paper on the Chamber of Commerce. You didn't have to complete the whole 10, but normally we would. We'd just put down names of individuals so that we would say, "Yes, we have these people that are members of the Chamber."

One of the forerunners in raising money through private citizens and businesses for

Reno development was Western Industrial Nevada, which came into being through the Sparks Chamber of Commerce. I was one of the members of the board. There were only about eight or ten of us, and we would bring these people in to wine them and dine them, and take them around and show them what we had to offer. We'd tell them about our facilities for transportation, the main highways, and the environment of living—the churches, schools, and recreation. The only thing Reno has ever been criticized for is that we never had much of the arts here, and this was true—there wasn't. Of course, now we do have, because the big arts complex was just opened up at the university. There is also the opera, and the Pioneer Auditorium.

I did not carry a membership by myself. This is why over the years they have never really given me credit for being a member of the Chamber, because they always said that my membership was really the newspaper's. But I was a very active member of it, and I served on a number of different committees. Slide Mountain was one of the things that we took up with our committee and the Chamber. This was actually the development of an area where you could bring people to.

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I was very active with area businesses because I served on the board of directors of the Reno Chamber of Commerce. One committee I served on was interested in an organization that would haul bundles in competition with the post office parcel post system. The parcel post system was beginning to get worse and worse, and also more costly. A speaker came in representing a group of individual investors that wanted to have a chain of trucks and mobile equipment that would take packages and deliver them

overnight. We listened to their idea, and it sounded plausible. When this idea got off the ground, there was nothing the post office could do about it. There are half a dozen of these companies, and they do an excellent job.

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Local businessmen finally set up the Better Business Bureau, and I had a lot to do with that. A similar organization was the Reno Merchants Bureau, which was run by Tate Williams. Initially he was worried that the Better Business Bureau was going to take his business away from him—he was worried about the competition. Finally he got over the idea that we were going to run him out of business. The Better Business Bureau served as a sort of clearinghouse for information. If a business was a member of the Bureau, we would share information with them. This is how we kept it controlled. We couldn't give out information about local businesses and their practices to just anybody. We also took complaints from the community about businesses. We had credit information about businesses, and we also knew how they related to other area businesses.

There was another organization called EDAWN (Economic Development Authority of Western Nevada), which is now located at the Reno airport. It works with bringing businesses into town. It was to the newspaper's advantage to work with this group, because new businesses meant more advertising. The group was formed from two organizations that we had set up previously, and is now about five or six years old.

The Chamber of Commerce worked closely with groups like these, and now tourism is a big part of that. We also reorganized the Board of Trade after World

War II, around the early 1950s. It was a period in there that we were trying to clean up the town and to make it a good, solid operation for the businesses coming in here and people that lived here. It was an informal group that got together. Then we formalized it and set it up as an operation, and the businesses would then pay dues or own shares in it. [The Board of Trade first appears in Reno city directories in 1933 as the Nevada Board of Trade. T. L. Withers was the secretary, and Glen E. Myers was the manager and assistant secretary until 1955. The Nevada Board of Trade was renamed the Northern Nevada Board of Trade in 1956 under a new manager, Gerald Barnett.—Ed.]

I always remember when the Board of Trade went sour. That was in about in the early 1950s, when Glen Myers was running it. Ted Withers and his wife and daughter ran it as a closed corporation, and I used to try to find out what the setup was..."Are we a partial stockholder or a shareholder in this thing or what?" I could never get an answer.

The purpose of the Board of Trade was to take businesses that were getting into trouble and go over their books. Many businesses now file for a Chapter 11 bankruptcy. In those days we tried to keep them away from that because nobody got anything out of a Chapter 11. What we tried to do was *save* the business for the individual and his family. If it was one that needed to be assigned to the Board of Trade, then they would process it and work it out with them, rather than doing so legally through the courts. It was on an informal basis, really, but what you tried to do was save them, and get all bills paid.

Then one day I got a call, and they said, "Did you know that the Board of Trade folded up? It was in trouble with the government."

I said, "*What?*" I immediately went down and got ahold of Glen Myers, and I said, "Glen,

where do we stand with this? Are we partly responsible for payment of these bills as a shareholder in this thing?"

He said, "No, you're not, you don't have any liability." Naturally, I went back to the office and told them that we were not liable. Later, I found out the whole story, and the reason they folded up. It was one of those deals where the attorney had received an assignment to work with a client, but usually the attorney doesn't get any money out of it. When this happens, the attorneys will usually send out letters of collection, and when a person gets one of these, he'll do something about it because he doesn't want to get mixed up with the attorney.

As it turned out, Glen Myers, head of the Board of Trade, ended up doing time in prison because of his illegal activities. He had been using the money that had been coming in to bail some of these businesses out. They would pay the Board to try to get them out of trouble, and he'd take it and spend it. This is why the Board of Trade folded—Glen had gotten into some financial difficulties and needed the money.

As a result, a group of community leaders decided they needed to get the Board of Trade on a solid operating foundation and reputable basis. Harold Gorman and I spearheaded the idea, and we got a group of businesses together like the power company and telephone company. We set the new Board of Trade up so it wasn't a private corporation. Since I was in charge of credit at the newspaper, I knew practically every business in town. This is why I became so involved. I was the new Board's first or second president.

Our idea was to encourage businesses that were getting into trouble to bring their accounts to us before they got so deeply into it that it couldn't be worked out. I was involved with one individual who was getting

in deeper and deeper with us, and I thought he must be having problems with others as well. I've always had good contact with the people that were running the books, so I called up this fellow's bookkeeper. This fellow was a top-notch salesman, but he was sure a good spender, too. I was working with his bookkeeper, and I asked her to pull together the salesman's outstanding bills. It turned out he had more monthly bills than he ever had salary coming in. I recommended to the bookkeeper that the salesman sit down with her and see what his commitments were, and that he should stop spending money he didn't have. Then he could work out a program of payments to bring his financial status to a current basis. He did this, and he finally got himself out of trouble. This is what we used to try to do.

Sometimes people were not receptive to us. They'd tell us to mind our own business. Then we'd say, "If that's the way you want it, just remember that it won't be long before you'll have nothing." They'd wonder what we meant, so we'd sit down and explain, "You're going to end up in a Chapter 11 bankruptcy, or somebody'll file suit against you and take everything you got." They then would want to work with us. We didn't wait for businesses like this to come to us—we'd know who was in trouble through our contacts. Of course, we knew practically everyone in town in those days, anyway. We knew who was spending money, who was gambling, who was going out to nightclubs, who was taking the gals out...there're so many things that they'd get into trouble with unknowingly. They'd just think they had the money to spend.

The Board of Trade is still a very vital organization. Businesses that belong are not chosen; they simply join. They have to pay dues to keep the Board operating. The

membership sets up its own board of directors and officers, and it's run as a corporation.

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The Board of Trade would have nothing to do with Charles Mapes because he had too big an operation and the banks were too deeply involved. As far as the Board of Trade was concerned, it was best to back off of those types of situations, because there are legal entanglements. However, if he didn't pay his advertising bills at the newspaper, I would deal with him. I could shut his advertising off anytime I wanted to.

Mark Curtis was Charles Mapes's agent there for a while, and I talked to him—he just shook his head and said, "I can't do anything with Charles."

I said, "Well, you better get something from him, because he's not going to get any ads this week unless I get a check." I had a good connection with the accountant, and he knew I was right. Charles was going to have to pay it, because he knew when I said something it was going to be done.

He would pay up for a period of time, and we'd go ahead and turn him loose for maybe two weeks or so, depending on how much advertising he was running. That's what finally got Charlie more and more deeply in trouble with the bank here. The bank had kept him going, but he wanted more and more money all the time. He got madder than the devil then because they wouldn't carry him indefinitely. I tried to explain that his scheme of making money by withholding payment on all bills for 90 days could not work. I told him he needed to get current with his bills. He said he understood, but I knew he wasn't going to do anything. He'd go for three or four months or something like that, and then he'd call me again. Finally, I said, "Charles,

you're wasting my time and yours. You don't listen to me anyway, so just don't call me any more. You're going to get yourself so deeply in trouble you're going to lose everything you've got." And he did.

Mapes had certain corporations like the Money Tree that was tied in with the Mapes Hotel Corporation, and he had a building across the street by Woolworth's. I think it was in his own name. I understand it was recently sold. His mother was a sharp businesswoman, and his father was a banker. Charles always felt that he was the top dog in town and that he could do no wrong. He found out in pretty short order that all the friends that he thought he had weren't there when the chips were really down, and rightfully so. He wouldn't listen when people tried to help him, so why should they try to pull him out when he got into trouble?

Charles is still in Reno. He still has the house on Mount Rose Street. They couldn't touch that or the house that belongs to his wife. I never did try to check into how much income he had, because I thought it was none of my business. I'm no longer involved with it.

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I was one of the founders of the Citizens for Private Enterprise (CPE) group, which was formed to get good individuals elected into office. We didn't care whether they were Democrats or Republicans. Anyone who was really interested in better government could take part. They wanted me to be the first chairman up from this northern part, but I was in over my head, and I told them there was no way I could do it.

The CPE group is still in existence. Every year we have a big banquet for legislators in Carson City. Each one of us sponsors one or two legislators at a table so we can talk to

them. This is one way you'd get to sit down and talk to the legislators. They like it and so do the members of the CPE. Last year I had Marvin Sedway at my table from Las Vegas. He was so anti-educational towards the beginning of the session. He didn't want to give money to the university, because he didn't feel that it was being handled right. I talked to him about it and told him what was going on.... Before the night was over with, I got him to say that he *would* give certain consideration to it, after hearing what I had to say about it. I don't know how many others were able to really get the message to him. I got along very well with him.

I noticed in a national magazine some statistics on education. Nevada was right on the bottom of the list for per capita spending on education. The legislators turned off on the educational programs, and the hardest thing in the world is to get any more money for the programs, because the legislators feel that the educators are *not* doing the job. CPE has given so much assistance, and when politicians realize that they haven't been doing their share, it kind of changes the picture a little bit. Everything in the operation of business or otherwise goes right back to politics. That's why the CPE is so important. What we were interested in was the good, solid operation of bringing in businesses like many of them that have come in.

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One area I was very active in was the Washoe County Public Works Commission, and I know that it's never been recorded anywhere. [The Washoe County Public Works Commission was an official committee set up by the Washoe County Commissioners. Selected citizens were asked to serve on this committee to advise the Washoe County

Commissioners on how they should proceed with various building projects.—Ed.] I was on the commission from 1960 to 1978, and I was chairman from 1967 to 1969. The county commissioners were short of funds, and yet they need a lot of good advice relative to programming and recommendations of what to do. Space in the courthouse was number one—that was the biggest problem that they were having. And so they picked some people and asked if they would volunteer for the commission. There was an engineer; there was an architect; there was a contractor; one was a banker, and so on. I was the newspaperman. Can you imagine that... asking a group of top-paid individuals if they would volunteer?

One of our first assignments was to do a space study of the Washoe County courthouse. We got together with each one of the department heads in the courthouse, and asked them to give us a list of the number of people working there, their space requirements, and what their space needs would be years down the road. That project was quite a big one. We had to do this with not only the courthouse, but then we had to expand it into all the other county buildings in Washoe County. We made quite a study of that, and, of course, we being volunteers, we could get the cooperation of the department heads. If we'd have been paid, we'd have had a heck of a time getting cooperation from them. We had to do all this in the times when we weren't working in our jobs, and we held regular meetings. Some of us were always assigned to do certain part of these projects, and we were all together—we had a good group of men.

We went ahead with that project and came up with recommendations, and one of them concerned the law library, where there was a lot of unused space. This was another one

of these touchy subjects. The law library was under the custody and direction of the courts and the judges, and when you're dealing with judges, that's a different world. So we had our sessions with them, and they didn't like it a bit. Oh, they were very unhappy about it. We asked them how many years it would be before they were going to use the space, but they couldn't say. Even though they weren't using the space, they still wanted to keep it. I tried to tell them that space was needed, because I wasn't afraid of the judges. Some of the other people were a little bit hesitant about talking to judges! But of course, they were personal friends of mine. Judge Craven was one of them, and he was one of the ticklish ones, too, I'll tell you. He had a very firm mind, and of course, how he was handled was something else. But that space was needed by the clerk of court.

Well, after quite a bit of time passing and discussions, we did get them to consent to allow others to take so much of that space. That relieved quite a bit of the pressure there for a while. The next thing was the county commissioners asked us if we could give them a master plan for the county. We told them we would. One of the men in the advisory group, Cecil B. Isbell, was a brilliant man with some good ideas. He thought that buildings should be built *up*, not out. He wanted to build eight, ten, twelve-story buildings, not just two stories.

The first place we started in on was the courthouse. We'd already been studying it, so we had all the space studies and all of what was going to be needed on down the road. The building was constructed near the sheriff's office on Sierra Street. It was an addition to the courthouse on the west end. We all thought that it would be a good spot to put this court building, because it'd be right adjacent to the sheriff's office, and

they work together very closely. It'd also be right close to the other departments that dealt with the courts. The commissioners approved the project, and so we started in. This was sometime in the 1950s or 1960s; I can't remember when. Anyway, we had a big hassle about how high the building should be. We thought it should have been a minimum of eight stories high. Actually, it should have been 12 stories. But in that day and age, that was unheard of around here—you didn't build things like that. We did end up with eight stories—we did get that much of a concession.

When the building was finished, the courts were very happy. We had everything laid out for them so that they could have *their* say about how they wanted it set up. They had a separate room for their secretaries, a jury room, and all of these different things. I think we put in four courts in there that we planned for, and then there were two in the old building. So this doubled what was in the old building. By the time it was built, they were needing all of those, and then some.

When the dedication was made, I was there, and there wasn't *one* mention of the Public Works Commission. There were a lot of these others that were mentioned—the architects and whatnot—and of course, they got all the credit. I thought, "Well, now, there wasn't one word mentioned about the Public Works Commission, all the work that we did." We weren't really looking for credit—we were a behind-the-scenes outfit in this case, so you don't get a lot of publicity. But that meant we also didn't get involved in a lot of politics and people coming to put pressure on.

We recommended at that time to complete the overall expansion of the courthouse by putting on a wing that goes from the back from Sierra Street down to Virginia Street. The next thing we recommended was to

build another four-story wing parallel to the Riverside Hotel. The reason four stories was chosen was not because of any city ordinance. It was just a matter of cost. This was just about the time, too, that the little Golden Turtle came into existence over there. [This is a reference to the Pioneer Theater on Mill and Virginia Streets.—Ed.] That was quite an active period of development around here. We recommended that when they began construction, they excavate everything so that an underground parking garage could be built between the courthouse and the Pioneer Theater. It's a good idea today, I think. We also recommended that they buy the Riverside Hotel, the Home Furniture store when it became available, and also the new building that went up about that time that was the Savings and Loan Association. Now I think they have most of that, except for the Riverside Hotel. This was our recommendation for the downtown area—get as many of these departments as they could in there.

The next thing that they asked us to do was the fairgrounds, so we had to make a study on the fairgrounds and what could be done with it. Of course, our first recommendation was that they get rid of those old horse barns out there. Those barns smelled, they were a fire trap, and bums were sleeping in them. Oh, man, we had all the horse people around the valley down at a meeting, taking us apart. They were concerned about the Junior Rodeo Program that the high schools put on because they used those facilities. Eventually the horse barns *were* torn down. The next thing we recommended was they get rid of the bleachers down there because they were outdated. Well, somebody took care of that very nicely and set fire to them. [laughs]

Then on top of that project, the next thing they wanted us to do was to study the

expansion for the Washoe Medical Center, because they needed more space. Actually, it was the Washoe County Hospital at that time; it wasn't a medical center then. We got together with the administrator of the hospital, and we worked very closely with him. We always did with everybody. I mean we didn't go out on our own and do a lot—we'd get the people involved, which we felt was the right way to do it. So we went ahead and made a study of what the administrator and his board would like to have. The result was the addition of a new wing. We got a plan that they wanted, because they draw up the plans, not us. We looked it over and made suggestions.

They said they could only build four stories, which made no sense. And I said, "What? Do you mean to tell me you're going to put all this money in here, and with this community expanding, you're going to need a lot more. You're only going to get 200 or 300 beds here? Why, it doesn't make sense!" Therefore, our group was firmly set on six stories of construction. So they got a bid for the six stories: \$14 million. At that time that was quite a bit of money. None of our people were involved with any of the bidding on any of the work that we recommended. If they *did* bid it, then that was a different story, because it would all be on a competitive bid. There wouldn't be any favoritism.

I remember when the decision was made, we had a meeting down there at the hospital in one of their conference rooms. They agreed to six stories, and they came up with the \$14 million figure. We then recommended that they put in a bond issue for \$14 million or more. Anyway, by the time they got around to building it, which they did finally build it—and I'm not sure if it's still all completed—but it ended up at \$21 million! [laughs] Of

course, that was kind of a fiasco. We got out of it right shortly after that.

We were also involved with Wittenberg Hall, a correctional hall for juveniles, and we made a recommendation on that after a study. We recommended that they do not create any more space to use as detention areas. We recommended that they build a number of small offices over there for probation officers. This would be where the probation officers could meet with their clients or whatever you want to call them. This way, they could keep good track of them, work with the families, and keep them *out* of that environment of being confined. We felt very strongly in that direction. We felt the kids shouldn't be confined, because when too many of like kids are put together, they start to learn from each other. Then it becomes a real problem, and they tear things to pieces. We went through there down on observation trips, and it just tears your heart out to see what they tear off the walls, what they.... They did have a basketball court down there, and an exercise room that they could use.

Some of those kids had been abandoned by their parents, but we never really got into this. That was Dwight Nelson's area—he was the county probation officer. The first day we walked in there, I think there were just two of us. We were assigned to go talk, because I knew Dwight very well—we both came from Carson Valley. We asked to meet with him and his board. And I forget who I was with, but when we walked in...oh, man, it was just like daggers. "What are you doing here?...Trying to run the place?" Oh, boy, we listened to all that.

Finally we said, "No, Dwight, we're down here to help you."

"What do you mean, help us?" he said.

I said, "We want to see how much more space and facilities you might need. We're not

here to tell you how to operate this place. No way! That's your business. You're not going to hear anything from us about it. We want to work together with you."

Well, we got things kind of settled down to the point that they understood what we were there for. We weren't trying to come in and tell them how to turn their place upside down, and what they should be doing instead of what they were doing. No way! So, finally they got the message of what we were after. In due course of time, he told us they needed a lot more space for probation. They only had one or two places where probation officers could meet with the youngsters. They said that this would be the right thing to do and a great way to go, especially for the youngsters who went in their first time. We would try to keep their name off of that blotter.

Dwight explained what they do with the kids who are in for their first time. They call the parents and tell them their youngster is at Wittenberg. Of course, that was always a nasty name. They would tell the parents that if they came down and took custody of them, they would *not* put the youngster's name down as having been arrested. I guess to this day they're pretty much trying to follow that same procedure. That's the reason Wittenberg Hall was established—to keep youngsters out of prison so they wouldn't associate with prisoners. It was a juvenile detention home. It marks the separation between detention and probation, because in jail you cannot come and go as you can at Wittenberg.

I feel very strongly about this program, and that's why I'm so deeply involved with the juvenile and family court judge program. It's a continuation of the same thing down there, only on a much larger and wider scale. The program recommends foster homes for youngsters who are having problems.

This program could do it, because they are involved with the courts, whereas Wittenberg Hall could not do it because they have no judicial jurisdiction.

We received no money for anything we had done. It was all volunteer. We'd be paying for things out of our pocket and we'd never get reimbursed for it, because we wouldn't put bills in for it. In the end, they weren't satisfied with our recommendation on the fairgrounds. We'd made a beautiful recommendation about what landscaping should be done, the placement of buildings, and about where the race track would be. What happened was the county commissioners decided they wanted some real professional advice on the fairgrounds. Oh, boy, did *that* hit it, because here we had these people that were absolutely capable and competent, and to be told that their advice wasn't good enough....

They hired an architect to draw up a plan and present it to the commissioners. What did he do? He came in, got all of our records, put it up into a nice big brochure, took it to the county commissioners, and said, "Now, this is *my* recommendation." And they bought it. They paid him \$10,000. We said, "That's it. If that's the way they want to play the game, from now on we are completely out of it." That's why we later disbanded ourselves.

The Public Works Commission did a lot of good work, and it is too bad we disbanded. I never did get a letter of thanks or anything else from the commissioners. I mentioned that to them several times. I said, "Did you ever really finally close off that Public Works Commission that was on the books for some 20 years or better?"

They said, "I don't know; I have to look it up." Then they forgot about it! [laughs] But I could care less about having a nice little statement on the wall up there, saying that

I served Washoe County in that capacity for many years.

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I also served Washoe County in the streets and highways program. The legislature passed a bill, because they felt that the highway department wasn't getting the proper advice from the different counties. The bill established an advisory board for the state highway board, which I served on from 1957 to 1961. I was Washoe County's representative, and I felt quite honored to be selected as the one person from Washoe County. At that time, we were still about the largest county in the state...that was just before Las Vegas developed.

We'd normally meet over in Carson City. Of course, we set up our organization, and I moved for Snowy Monroe, from Elko, to head the group. But Helen Herr, from Las Vegas, wanted it. She represented Clark County. Needless to say, she was a little disturbed about the political maneuvering, but we certainly didn't want her as our chairman, with Clark County coming into the picture. We just felt that Clark County would have too doggone much power. I got together with Snowy and a couple of others and I said, "Now, if it's OK with you, we're going to elect Snowy as our chairman." They said that was fine, because he was in the legislature. Most of these people who were on the board were legislators. Helen Herr eventually ended up as secretary. She was satisfied with that because she could control pretty well, anyway. I can't remember whether she was the only woman in the group or not.

Later I left the streets and highways program, and one of the county commissioners went on. I don't know who

he is now. I've lost track of it. That board went on and did a lot of things. Of course, they worked with the county commissioners. I'd work with them all the time and say, "Well, now, just what do you want me to push over there?" or "What do you want to present and get to this highway board?" This is always the way I've worked: that is, if you're assigned by somebody, you better know what their wishes are and follow through on them. This is what we did, and I think we did a very good job for the state of Nevada.

We were recommending roads that should be built, and advising the highway board on other matters as well. They'd ask us questions about the different things that they were involved with, and we would go ahead and tell them exactly what the feeling of the different counties was. You see, little counties were practically left out, and that was one of the biggest complaints. Washoe and Clark counties were getting the bulk of the highway funds, and, of course, Elko was coming in pretty well too.

Even though the smaller counties don't need as much as the bigger counties, they're still entitled because of all the roads that tie in from one county to another. Those roads are very important to us here in Washoe County to go to Tonopah or to Ely, for example. So it was very important that you *did* integrate all the counties and that they would get good roads for us to travel.

At one time, we had the best system of roads in the country, because we were an in-between state for getting from Utah to California. We're a corridor state. Even though some of those roads were federal roads, we played an important role, because all the federal money went through the highway department. That was where our money came from. The highway director here

for the state of Nevada was the person that put the final stamp of approval on everything. They wouldn't have a say on the roads that the county built, though, except that they better bring them up to the federal standards or they'd be cutting out federal funds. But we discussed county roads...the farm-to-market roads. The mining companies were also always involved with roads that needed to be built for them, and so were the hunters and others who used off-road vehicles. We got involved with a lot of those things.

I don't know whether I gave up the streets and highways committee with the Chamber of Commerce while I was serving on this Washoe County board. The Chamber of Commerce committee was the one that was really important to me. The Chamber of Commerce eliminated that committee because it was too controversial for them. The A-line was the thing that really brought it to a head, and it just split the board of directors and the community. [In the late 1960s, Washoe County was considering several possible locations for a proposed four-lane route from Reno to Carson City via Washoe Valley. The A-line was the most westerly of the five options, and the one requested by the state highway department. It was rejected in favor of widening South Virginia Street.—Ed.] The businessmen said, "If you're supporting that A-line, we're not going to be members." Therefore, the committee was eliminated, though we have continued to advise on street and highway concerns.

The Regional Transportation Commission (RTC) was set up, and it represents public interest. There are two members from Reno, two from Washoe County, and one from Sparks. They're selected by their own groups, and they are members of the Washoe County Commission, the City Council, and the City Council of Sparks.

The Regional Transportation Commission *replaced* the Washoe County Streets and Highways Committee. Now we serve as an advisory body to the Regional Transportation Commission. Being on this committee has now become quite a selective process. At one time, we got whoever would come down and give their time. Back then, everyone gave whatever time was needed to accomplish a task. They have a regular formal procedure of selection now, whereas when we started it, we were just picked. Any *new* members that were coming on then had to go through a selective process. What they were afraid of and what we got accused of one time was stacking the committee with people from the southwest part of town or from Sun Valley or Sparks. We pointed out that this was not true, and showed who was from where.

They said, "That isn't the way we understood it."

I said, "You never want to believe everything you're told, either. It isn't always true. Now, we are from the southwest, but we're not from way out southwest. We're from in the city of Reno."

Then we had two or three from Sparks; we had two or three from Sun Valley; we didn't get too many from the southeast—I don't know why. They weren't really too much interested in highways, streets, and roads. We also have a couple of handicapped people on the committee. We have a total of 15 people on the advisory committee now. That's the limit that's set.

When we make recommendations, air pollution is a slight factor, but as far as full consideration, no. We are concerned with the time automobiles are sitting at a stop sign running. This is where your pollution really comes on. We've been discussing synchronizing signals—that is very essential and necessary. There're so many factors

that enter into the picture as to what can be done. Some lights are poorly timed around town, but they're better than they were. The RTC and the highway department are doing studies on this. Then they come to us and see what we feel like. But our main goal is to move traffic in the most safe and expeditious manner possible.

One of the other things is that we have considered all transportation. One of the things they're talking about is a monorail. Citifare was under our recommendation and consideration. Air traffic is another subject of study... anything that's transportation is studied. The airport noise controversy is one area we've stayed away from, though, because there's nothing we can do about it. One of my relatives, Beverly Hancock, was involved with the controversy. Her name was in the paper a lot. I said, "Bev, tell me something. You knew when you built your house up on the hill that you were in the pattern of flight. Now you're here complaining about noise. How can you complain about it?" Well, she got over talking to me about that noise situation! [laughs]

But I do feel sorry for the people who built their homes before the flight pattern was established. Now I understand that they have changed flight patterns on a lot of flights, and instead of turning to the right, they turn to the left and go out over Virginia City and that area, which does help them considerably out there. I've talked to some of the people about it, and they agree. The Home Gardens used to be another one that used to *really* complain. Of course, they were there before the airport was. The airport authority has gone out and bought all that ground that's in that flight pattern. I can understand that, because when I've been down there on some of the building meetings in that area, and when one of those planes go over, you can just as well stop talking. You can't hear a thing. I can really

feel for them. But the only other thing they could do would be to move the airport down 25 or 30 miles away someplace. Carson Valley doesn't want it, that's for sure, and the only other place is around Fernley, in that area. But that's far away. Stead might've been another area to consider, but it has drawbacks. The airport that they have up there is ample for its purpose, but it would not accommodate these big planes and everything coming in. The mountains are also too close. That is one of the problems with our valley here—we're so close to the mountains. Rattlesnake is right out there at the end of that line and has been a treacherous spot for years. Fortunately, no planes have piled into it, because they're so aware of it. If they don't have proper visibility, they don't fly that route.

Reno is changing! And if I were asked whether I felt good or bad about that, I have mixed emotions. Mrs. Mapes's brother once told me, "Jones, one of the things that you're going to have to do here in the city of Reno is when this hotel is built, start another one. And when that one is built, you start another one. And when that one is built, you start another one." If you analyze that, it makes sense in this way, because unless you have more rooms available, you're not going to be expanding. And if you don't expand, the law of nature and the law of operations is that you retreat. If you're not going ahead, you're going behind. You never stand still.

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Golf is an interest of mine. I belong to the United States Golf Association (USGA) and have for a long time. That was one of the groups that has sponsored young people's development as golfers. Arnold Palmer is the person who developed this group. I was a golfer, but I haven't been able to play golf for

about the last three or four years, because I've gotten so deeply involved with community activities.

I belonged to the Reno Golf Club and the Lakeridge Golf Club. I was a charter member there. For quite a long time, to help develop golf in the community, I supported the Hidden Valley Country Club. I represented the newspaper there. One constant concern, though, was the possibility of a conflict of interest. People often discussed things at the country club that they didn't want known in the community. By virtue of the fact that I was on the newspaper, some people were worried that their news would appear in the paper. However, that didn't happen because I wasn't committed to telling the newspaper everything that went on. Mine was a different role. That was one of the reasons I never wanted to get in the newsroom, because I felt I could do a lot more good in the community in the organizations that I did belong to and support.

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[For a more complete listing of Clarence and Martha Jones's community contributions, see Appendix B.—Ed.]

BENEFACTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, RENO

I started supporting the Electrical Engineering department at the University of Nevada in 1928 or 1929. I was still in school then. Irving Jesse Sandorf needed money to send students on field trips, and he wanted me to get together a bunch of graduate electrical engineers so he could solicit their support. We collected quite a bit from people like Neil Plath and Joe McDonald. Bob Geyer, Francis Headly, the power company, the telephone company, and Lino Del Grande at the bank all donated money, too. We came in with a few hundred dollars from these alumni. Then the students had money to go on field trips to San Francisco, Las Vegas, Boulder Dam... wherever.

During and after President Walter E. Clark's time (1918-1938), it was a regular practice for the university to submit budget requests to the legislature that were four or five times as much as they needed. They'd also have a bunch of carryover accounts, and when it came to the end of the fiscal year, they'd take the money that was left over and put it into a separate account.

I was working at the newspaper at the time, and Frank Helmick, a reporter at the *Gazette*, was selected by the legislature to screen the Legislative Counsel Bureau, because he was very good at doing research. He also researched the accounts at the University of Nevada. The Bureau was analyzing all departments that were getting state funds.

Frank Helmick used to come down to me because he didn't know a thing about figures. He had to rely upon me very heavily to work out the figures that he got from the university. He used to bring them down, because he couldn't understand something. So I looked at them, and I said, "Yes. Slush fund."

He said, "That's what I thought, but I didn't want to come to a conclusion on my own that that is what it was."

They would do one of two things with the extra money: they'd either buy a whole lot of supplies that they didn't need, or they'd transfer the money into some other account that they could get to. There were all kinds of accounts like that sitting up there at the university during the 1930s. This, of course,

was great news. Oh, boy, did this shake up the university and the town! Here they were with these full budgets worth millions of dollars at the university, and the legislature wanted some accounting of all that money. The university would say, "Well, that's what this department needs, that department needs, and this department needs, and we administer it. You're not going to tell us what we're going to do with it."

This went on until the legislature set up the Legislative Counsel Bureau. Until that time, the university had more doggone money than it needed, and they weren't using it the way they should have used it. In other words, they should never have asked for it in the first place, because they really could not substantiate the need for it.

The university would buy a lot of supplies that they didn't need, and the salesmen around town and in California and other places supplying the university knew this. Along about May each year, near the end of the fiscal year, all of these salesmen would come in and take inventory of supplies. They'd say, "Yes, you're low on this, you're low on that..." And they'd ask how much remained in the budget, and it would get used up so there would be no carryover. The university would have all kinds of supplies stuffed away, and eventually they found a lot of stuff tucked away that nobody had ever remembered buying.

However, the Engineering department at the university never operated this way. They operated on a clean-cut basis. They were way short of money, but the legislature wouldn't give them the money that they would ask for, when all the other departments had income pretty much coming out of their ears. This is still the way it is. If you look at Mining, for example, they've got about 30 or 40 students, and they've got millions of dollars. This is

because the mining companies are willing to support the department.

I have always thought that the Engineering departments weren't getting their share of the university monies. There was no question about it. I used to go up and talk to the deans all the time. Of course, I knew every dean from way back. In addition to that, Jim Carlson, my son-in-law, was in Engineering and I used to get an earful from him all the time. [James J. Carlson joined the faculty in 1959.—Ed.] So I got the professors' side of it! [laughs] Then I'd get the administration's side of it! Jim said the professors were always underpaid, and I agreed.

After I graduated and reached a certain point, I began to support Engineering financially. I had always supported it, and could do a lot by being present at a lot of the functions, but my financial support had been very limited.

I could see exactly where Electrical Engineering was going. That's when I would go up and talk to the dean or talk to the administration about it. Of course, their answer always was that there were not enough students to warrant giving them more money than they were getting on a relative basis with Arts and Sciences. They didn't want to hear about how electrical engineering was going to affect the future.

Eventually, since the administration was not going to help Engineering, I did. I asked the Engineering department to give us a "wish list" with approximate costs. Usually I worked with Bruce Johnson. [Dr. Bruce Johnson joined the Electrical Engineering faculty in 1974.—Ed.] He was a peach to work with, and he was honest about everything. He wouldn't tell you something that he didn't need. We'd go ahead and we'd buy something that we could afford. Whenever he wanted

some money—maybe he wanted \$5,000 or \$10,000—we'd ask him if that was enough to handle it.

I remember the Hewlett Packard computer—a 30 or 50—that had just come out. Bruce Johnson said, "Boy, this is just what we need up here." I think they're still using it, too, plus they bought another one later. I also worked with Dean Charles R. Breese to tell him what Bruce and I had been doing. Eventually we took care of a lot of those items on the wish list.

Of course, the other departments of Engineering got very jealous, and I heard about that, too. "Why don't you help us in Civil or Mechanical?" Mining never bothered because they always had pretty good support from the mining companies. I don't know how many hundreds of thousands of dollars we gave to Engineering, but at one point we were giving more to the Electrical Engineering department than the legislature was. But the legislature put the bee on President Joe Crowley and asked him, "What about that million dollars that we gave you for equipment and salaries?" To this day, I don't think he has ever given an answer that was absolutely satisfactory to them. One of the legislators asked me about that not long ago.

This money was to have gone to Electrical Engineering, but this is a question I didn't want to get involved in, even though the legislators were calling me to see what I thought the department needed from year to year. I'd say, "I'll tell you what they need. Every year they have to get updated equipment." It's a fact of life. They can't keep going with that first equipment that we bought. It's all outmoded because it's about six or seven generations old by now. You have to keep buying new. And that's what we were doing.

The gift I'm very proud of is the Jones Computer Laboratory. Then I was listed in the Electrical Engineering department's hall of fame, which I thought was very, very nice. The lab started with several pieces of equipment, and got it developed. They had to get more space and more space for the equipment that I was buying them. They said, "Good Lord, you bought all this equipment, we're going to name it the Clarence K. Jones Computer Laboratory." They even gave me a gold key to the lab room! [laughs]

We were involved in the Electrical Engineering department's robotics program, too. Frank Cherne, the department's research engineer, came to me. I said, "Now what are you doing about robotics?"

He said, "Nothing. We have nothing to work with."

I said, "Well, isn't there something that you can start with?"

He said, "Yes, there is a kit being manufactured from which a little robot can be built. That would be great to start with, because it comes in pieces, and then you get to assemble them." When they got the kits, I don't know how many students he had. He had one girl who was working on it a long time. Boy, I never realized what I got him into when I started that robotics program! [laughs]

The department named the robot Martha, after my wife. They spent one heck of a lot of time on the robot, first walking, then they got her to talking, and then they took her over to the legislature, and the legislature was really surprised to see such a thing as this! Then the department decided they could use another robot. I said, "For crying out loud, you're not going to call it Clarence!" [laughs] So they called it C.K.! That was where they got their robotics program started up there. Then,

of course, the next thing that fell right into place was artificial intelligence, high tech, and computer science.

Something that still hangs in my craw is that we didn't have all this at the university when we had the jump on Las Vegas by years. Fortunately, because of this equipment and everything we did buy, Electrical Engineering retained its accreditation. This is one of the things that we were very happy about. [Due to a large increase in student enrollment between 1982 and 1983, and no budget for equipment or additional instructors, the Electrical Engineering department's accreditation came into jeopardy. Between 1983 and 1985 generous donations from Clarence Jones and \$1 million from the state enabled the department to purchase needed equipment, set up a proper budget and retain its accreditation.—Ed.]

What I would like to see for the Engineering School is a full program of robotics and artificial intelligence. I think they're working towards that to a degree. Another thing would be a computer science program that is *developed fully*. They'll tell you that they have it now, but they don't. They also need good equipment, and then, of course, top-notch educators. These are the things that are very definitely needed.

I'm on the advisory board for the Engineering School for all the departments, not just Electrical. We try to advise them as to what they should be doing. In one of our meetings, Dean Peter A. Krenkel was kind of out of line for criticizing the administration. I don't remember exactly what he was saying, but I remember I thought, "Mm-mm, that's going to be trouble." There was no question in the world that he was right about it, but he shouldn't have carried on the way he did. That's pretty strong when you say you're not getting the support you should, and I've talked

to Joe Crowley about that several times. He knows where I stand.

I'm going to be very interested to see how Jon Epps does as dean, but I would not want to make a judgment. He's a fine man, and I think he's very intelligent, but what kind of an administrator he is, I don't know. We need a good, progressive dean in Engineering, and good faculty that will be respected by Burroughs, Hewlett-Packard and other companies that wanted to come in here at one time. Unfortunately, the university did not have a program set up to educate their people in advanced electronics, so the companies wouldn't come in. A number of them chose Colorado Springs and back East. Joe Crowley said that if UNR got a good, progressive dean in Engineering, the companies would be glad to work wholeheartedly with him. This was in 1986 when Dean Krenkel was getting moved out.

The friction between Dean Krenkel and President Crowley was an excuse for not getting the companies at UNR in the first place, but it was only an excuse, because Joe's complaint before was that the Engineering School had no leadership. He said, "They're not doing the job: they're not doing research; they're not putting in the time; they're not teaching the courses...." And a lot of it was true. This was because they didn't have a dean there to say, "OK, this is what we're going to be doing," and lay it out for them. If they could get that place in order, like it should be, the legislature would respond, and the community would respond, like they did for the University of Nevada-Las Vegas department.

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The bulk of the population in the state of Nevada is in the southern part of the state.

In order to have proper educational facilities available for the people there, I felt that we needed to have a good engineering school down there. The University of Nevada-Las Vegas (UNLV) got much more support from the community than we got up here. We don't have much community support here because the professors and administration always felt that they were above the level of the community. Las Vegas, on the other hand, has been educated and trained that they are *part* of the community. Consequently, I felt very strongly that they should have an engineering school down there. But I don't think UNR should forget about its engineering school—absolutely not, though it *had* been talked about.

I think the state can support two engineering schools. It has always supported UNLV when they wanted something, even the Engineering building for research two legislatures ago. This wasn't even on the priority list of capital developments. So what did they do? They brought it up in the legislature and they gave them \$15 million total for the development of the facility. Then the community came out with another \$6 or \$7 million in order to equip it.

The whole power structure from now on is going to be down in the southern part of the state, and facing the facts, I supported it because I thought we'd better have a good relationship with them. I thought we had better show our support for having a school down there, because they were going to get it anyway. I don't think that I have ever been criticized for making that statement, because I have given UNR Engineering more money than the legislature has ever given them. So I thought that if this was the situation, whatever we could get out of the legislature was going to be better than nothing. And if they give to the south, they're going to have to give something to the north... this they know.

I made that statement to Governor Richard Bryan one day, and he found out that it was true. That same session, he came out with a million dollars for the UNR Engineering School. Most of it was supposed to be for equipment purchases for the Electrical department, but there's never yet been a complete, satisfactory answer given to the legislature on the allocation of that money to my knowledge.

UNLV should have a good school, and a main reason for that is that they are great down there for bringing in industry. They have all of this NASA situation down there, and they have the nuclear testing grounds out there, which is all part of engineering. Then they also have the plants over in Henderson. They have all kinds of high-tech coming in down there, and they're pushing that way now. Up here, we're losing them. This is a fact of life. It is because of the non-availability of advanced science from the Engineering School in order to train their people. They can confer a bachelor's degree, but they have to offer master's and doctor's degrees in their businesses if they're going to keep up with modern times, because there is so much fast movement in the electronics industry today. Keeping up requires a lot of money, because the equipment is so expensive...there's just one generation of equipment after another. I don't know how far back we are here or how close we are to keeping up with modern technology.

There are still problems lingering from the time that the legislature gave \$1 million to Engineering, because they didn't receive adequate accounting for it. Apparently, the money wasn't all used for what it was intended. There was a shuffle around with personnel and with two or three other things. This is what the legislature is unhappy about, because they gave the money to have all of these additional tutorial positions in Engineering, they never

got them, and they still don't have them. The money did pay for hiring people in Arts and Sciences. President Crowley's explanation of it was that they had borrowed positions before from Arts and Science to set up in Engineering, so now they were just paying them back. Well, the legislature didn't buy this...it's not good business, especially when you're dealing with public funds and such.

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On top of supporting Engineering, Martha and I contributed money for the Jones Visitor Center. This building was the second or third building that was built on the campus; and it was originally built in 1913 as the university library. The library outgrew the building shortly. Then they built a new library across the way, and the English department was set up in the old building. That was when we had Professor Al Higginbotham teaching English. [Professor Higginbotham was on the faculty from 1923 to 1966.—Ed.] He was also a journalist, and he developed a good journalism class in there. This is where journalism in the state of Nevada got started.

After the building housed the English department, it then became a business building. After that, it was used for various and sundry purposes for a while. Then they felt that they no longer had use for it, and they were actually going to tear it down to open the space up for a new building south of Ross Hall. I went to them and said, "You can't tear that building down. That's a historic building as far as journalism and newspapering is concerned in the state of Nevada." We produced some very fine newspaper people out of there.

The building was designed by Frederick DeLongchamps, one of our most prominent

architects. There is so much history connected with the building. (Martha also attended English classes there.) Of course, after we donated the money, all the journalists around the state got ahold of me and they said, "Thank you very much for saving that building, because it is so important to have the beginning point still alive on the campus." That was one of the reasons for saving the building.

The other reason was that in our travels around the country, we usually try to go to a campus. The first thing we go look for is the building where you can get information relative to what there is on the campus and how you get there. That little outhouse that was sitting down there at the "Y" just as you enter the main campus was the only thing that was around there. It used to just disgust me and made me feel very bad. Here was a good-sized university campus, and there appeared to be no place that visitors could go to get any direction at all except that little building.

When I really started researching, I found out there were about five different places that people could go to get information. I said, "Why can't we use this building as the focal point where the visitors can come and get information? It is very important." Consequently, we felt dedicated to complete the whole building, which still is not done. They gutted the whole inside and they found out that they had this beautiful skylight in there that they'd never known existed. Gee, there were a lot of things that showed up in there. There are exhibits in there from time to time, and people can go and find out about the campus now—that's the most important thing.

One thing that kind of upset them was that they had to put a staircase inside of the

building and lose some of that very valuable space, but according to the fire code they had to have an inside and an outside entrance to it. They still don't have the basement completed, although I've been on their back for quite some time. It's pretty well along, though, part of it.

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They've got a problem at UNR right now, and I talked to Brian Whalen, the director of the physical plant, and Joe Crowley about it. I understand that President Crowley wasn't too happy about people coming to Martha and me for money to do some of these little things around the campus, rather than going through the University of Nevada-Reno Foundation. [laughs] I thought, "Well, Good Lord. Nobody is going to tell me where I can put my money." I always ask them up there at the university, "Does the administration know that this is what we're doing and this is what we're using it for?"

Before the UNR Foundation was set up, you had to give money to the Board of Regents. Then I'd send a letter along with it to the department and also to Joe and let them know that this money was available. Where they put it, I had no idea, because I wasn't pursuing it at that time. But now I do know that everything goes through the Foundation.

When I give money for the Engineering department, I always specify that it's for them. I'll say, "Now, here is \$12,000 or something. I want \$6,000 to go for this item, and another \$3,000 for this item, and then we'll give \$2,500 unallocated that you can do what you want with." In this way, it covers three or four different areas, and the unallocated funds also get the administration and Joe what they're after. They like unallocated funds.

There are a lot of people that are not as familiar with the university as I am. Consequently, they are not able to designate specifically like Martha and I can. Whenever potential donors ask me, I say, "Well, if you have no preference, just give it to them and let them use it the way they want to." I will never try to divert them unless they ask me specifically, "How do I make a donation to something?" Then I will tell them how to do it. If it's a donation to the university and they don't have a favorite place to go, I tell them to go ahead and give it to the Foundation, which they do constantly. Every year we make about a \$5,000 contribution to their unallocated funds. This takes care of that area so they don't get very upset about specifically taking one area or another all the time.

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One area we have assisted that has been very valuable to the university is the Fleischmann Planetarium. I guess Max Fleischmann was still alive when he gave the money for building that Atmospherium/Planetarium. Since then, the atmospherium part has been taken away, and it's purely a planetarium.

When I was going to the football games over at the Mackay Stadium, you could get up in the bleachers where you could look down on the planetarium. I'd look over there and I'd see that roof, and I thought, "Good Lord!" The thing was a mess. The kids would get on motorcycles and stuff and run up all around the roof—they were just tearing the thing to pieces. Then a story came out in the paper about how the roof at the planetarium was leaking and water was getting into some very valuable displays. I got ahold of Art Johnson, the director of the planetarium, and said, "Art,

what's going on over here? That roof of yours is leaking."

"Yes, it's leaking," he said. You'd go in and there were pans all around, trying to catch the water.

I said, "For crying out loud, can't you put a new roof on it?"

He said, "They have no money for it."

I said, "Well, you get a bid on it and see how much it will cost, and then we'll talk about it." I always do it this way. I'll not make a commitment until I know just exactly what it's going to cost. So Art got a bid figure on it. He was pretty good about coming back in short order with answers. I told him to go ahead and get it fixed. I also told him it would be wise if he fixed it so kids couldn't get on top of the roof any more. They went ahead and got it fixed, and also put up a fence where the slope comes down to the ground, so the motorcycles can't go up there any more. Art got a good deal offered to him on a moon globe. It was something like \$15,000. I talked to Martha and told Art I'd get back to him. We told him later to go ahead and get it. In order to get it in the building they had to modify the doors because they were only three feet wide, and this was a five-foot globe. There was no way they could cut that thing to get it in. They eventually had to open up the doors to about a six-foot width or maybe even larger.

When they got the globe in, Art had a lot of ideas. One was to show the landing on the moon. We went along with him because I thought this was a great idea. Well, it wasn't able to work out just exactly the way he wanted it, and it still isn't the way he wants it. But he's working to that end. Now he's got the globe so it's pretty well fixed for display purposes. A lot of people go up there all the time to look at it.

Well, then one thing calls for another. Because they had a moon globe up there, they decided they needed an oceanic earth globe. It looked like we were stuck, so I told Art to get a figure on it. Well, that wasn't any \$15,000. It was closer to \$50,000. A parent once told me, "Boy, I'll tell you, one of the greatest things that you ever did at the university was to get that globe up there. Our kids want to constantly go up there, because it intrigues them. They stand there for an hour and watch it, and they can pick it all out." The globe gives the ocean depths, the valleys and land masses. It also shows all the fault lines around the world.

The children of the community use the planetarium a lot, and it's worked out well and we were very pleased with it. Of course, they always put your name on donations like these. Another thing Art approached me for was a sun dial. I agreed and told him that every place around the world that we went we saw sun dials. When we were in India we saw a place that was like a planetarium, but it was in stone. I don't know how many centuries ago that it was built, but you could stand up there and you could absolutely tell the time of day right then and there. We saw another beautiful sun dial in Machu Picchu in Peru. Martha and I got to thinking about it, and we said, "Well, get some figures." Boy, I'll tell you, that thing went up and up and up! I don't know how much it finally ended up costing, but I know every time that we turned around it was another \$20,000 to \$30,000.

When we got to talking about it and getting down to the final figures of it, I said, "How are these people going to get from the parking lot over here by the stadium and Lawlor over to see that sun dial? This was because it was placed north of the planetarium, on the outside, and there was no sidewalk leading

to it. I said, "They're going to have to put a sidewalk in up there. What happened to the money? Can't the university do that?" They had no money to do that. Every time we'd get some little thing like this, they had no money to do these things. So I said, "I'll get a figure on that sidewalk here."

Brian Whalen said to me, "You know, it isn't going to be any four or five-foot-wide sidewalk."

I said, "I know that. It's got to be eight to ten feet."

He said, "Well, I'm glad you understand that."

I said, "I'm quite well aware of it." It had to be so wide to accommodate walkers, roller skaters, and two people passing in opposite directions. I knew what it would have had to be, and I said, "Yes, it's going to cost money." Fortunately, it didn't cost as much money as I thought it would. After they put that sidewalk in, they also put in another sidewalk right along the side of the parking lot, too.

They had a big celebration up there after I'd had my operation, and Martha represented us. She gave a nice little talk, I understand, which she would, because she is very capable. She helped dedicate the monument that they buried. They encased a capsule to be opened in the year 2087. They fixed it up very nicely with bricks later. Then the university regents decided that they wanted to do something for that area, because of the Joneses again. They authorized the planting of seven trees to represent the astronauts killed on the *Challenger*. What they did is they planted seven trees in the form of the Big Dipper. This is what they call the monument.

They honored us with giving us honorary memberships to the planetarium and a card that's good as long as they're having shows or anything to get in. I thought it was very nice

of them to do it. We also supported them when they were raising funds to help maintain the planetarium, because after Fleischmann's funds ran out, there was nothing there to keep it going. The university hadn't put anything in its budget for it.

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Another area we have assisted is the Orvis School of Nursing. The school was founded by Arthur E. Orvis, who gave them \$100,000 or something like that. I had known Arthur quite well, and he applied to the lodge I belonged to over in Genoa, and was accepted, of course. The night that he received his 1st degree, I went over and delivered the lecture, which is about a 45-minute lecture. That solidified our friendship.

I got interested in helping the school when I saw some computer terminals at Washoe Medical Center. I had gone up there to visit some friends one day, but I couldn't get in to see them. I thought, "Well, I'll wait around for a while," because they said it would be about 10 minutes or 15 minutes, something like that. While I was standing there, I went over to the desk and I looked around to see what was going on there, and how they were keeping records and such. I noticed a computer terminal up there. It was the first time I had ever seen this.

I asked the nurse what they did with the computer terminal. She said, "That's our brains."

I said, "What do you mean?"

She said, "Every patient that comes in here is registered on this central processing unit for the hospital. Every bit of medication, every reading that is taken, and everything that happens to the patient is put through that terminal. We couldn't operate without

it. When the doctor comes in and he wants to know something about a patient, all he has to do is call it up on the computer, and he can get the whole story.”

After that, I was up at the university. I went to see Dean Marion Schrum of the Nursing School. I asked her if they had a computer lab to teach their students.

She said, “Are you kidding? We have nothing.”

I said, “How in the devil can you teach these students to be able to work in modern hospitals without knowing how to operate a computer?” This is why they were on the borderline for accreditation. She said she knew exactly what kind of system they wanted, so I asked her to put some figures together for me. She went ahead and got some figures together, and came up with about \$50,000. I asked her where they would put the system, and she explained that she and Brian Whalen had already figured it out. They now have six terminals in there, and the minute they opened it, man, that thing was just *constantly* used. Then some of the other students on campus got wind it was there, and they were trying to horn in and go in and use it. The school finally put a stop to it, and made a rule that anyone using the computer had to be a registered student in the Nursing School. I think it was earlier this year that they did accredit them for a master’s degree, too.

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When I was a student at UNR from 1927 to 1931, we knew that Morrill Hall was deteriorating rapidly. The question was whether they would tear it down. So they started a campaign: “Be a brick and buy a brick.” You could buy a brick for 10 cents. I didn’t have any money for other things, but I could afford a brick or two or three or maybe

ten of them. Now bricks cost plenty, but we did give money to buy bricks every year. I wonder sometimes what happened to that money. Somebody probably pocketed it. Nobody was accounting for it.

Every time they had a campaign for Morrill Hall or something, we’d give them money. This was when they were doing the big remodeling job there in the early 1980s, and Ed Parsons was the architect on the job. He and I went to high school together. I used to hear from him all the time as to what was going on, and when they needed money for a certain area to get finished. This is the way it was put together. Nowadays they have a museum on the top floor. That’s where there are portraits of all the presidents. We finally got the fourth floor remodeled, and now they have some offices on the east side up there, too. There’s also a nice area called the Clark Room in Morrill Hall where they have receptions. That’s on the third floor. When we got the Foundation started, we had to have someplace to put it, so the headquarters were put in Morrill Hall.

About the most important thing, I think, that the Joneses did for Morrill Hall is to put in an elevator. There are four levels in that building, and the stairs are very steep. There were an awful lot of people who were unable to get to receptions up in the Clark Room on the third floor. I got to talking with the administration about why they didn’t put an elevator in that building. In the process of renovating, they did set aside a space for an elevator to be built. I asked what would it cost to put one in. We figured it was going to cost \$40,000, and that’s exactly what we gave them up there for that elevator. When the elevator was built, boy, I’ll tell you the people were just tickled to death to have it.

I said, “Why don’t you put that down as being from the class of 1931?” A fund was

set up to see if some of the class of 1931 was going to put any money into it. Finally I checked with them and was told that nothing had ever been put in it. I said, "Well, you're going to take that plaque off of there and put, 'Presented by Clarence and Martha Jones.'" [laughs] Nobody else gave anything.

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We got involved with the Library, though I didn't use it very much when I was a student up there. Engineering students have that habit. [laughs] That's because we had enough work, and when you were working your way through school, you didn't have free time.

Martha and I get lots of magazines, and I've got a bunch of them here that we've been giving to the Library. People used to come by from the university to pick them up. Then there was a period in there which was very bad. I don't think they've been here at all for ages. I talked to them about it, and they said, "Well, just call us, or take them to the university and drop them off." I told them that that isn't easy for me to do, and that it would be easier for them to come down.

Martha is a bug for literary work and such, and we got involved with the Friends of the Library—they asked us to join. The Library received the *Nuremberg Chronicle*, which is a very valuable book. [*Liber Chronicarum* (The Nuremberg Chronicle). Nuremberg: Anton Koberger, 1493.] It's an early history of the world, starting with the creation. It is believed that some of the woodcuts in this book were done in the studio of Albrecht Durer. It's a very, very valuable book. The UNR Library's is particularly nice, because it has some hand-colored colorings to it. The Friends of the Library group was concerned because it needed a protective cover. I wanted to know what to do, and asked how much it

would cost. "Two hundred and fifty dollars," they said.

I said, "Go get it. Go get it covered. Get the best there is. What the devil, a few more dollars isn't going to make much difference." They did get a very lovely cover for it. These are the little things that you run into, but nevertheless, it's very, very important that you have those and take care of them before any damage gets done to the books.

I am the treasurer of the Friends of the Library, and have been for several years. Rollan Melton's wife, Marilyn, was the president, and has been for several years, and was replaced by Michelle Basta. Anne Morgan is secretary. We raise funds for the library, and do other things that are needed. Harold "Hap" Morehouse, Director of the Library, will call me and say, "Now we need to raise so much money for this project," so that's one of the things we do. We run the Book Nook, which is also a money-maker. We also put on receptions for people. In general, we are a support group for the Library. Now we have set up an endowment fund, which I helped to get started. I don't know how much money there is in it now, but it's on its way. Eventually we hope to have a million dollars. When Mrs. Gloria Grace Griffin died, she left a substantial amount in the endowment, and I'm sure that Dr. Fred Anderson will leave something if he is able to. I don't think he has a lot of money, but he's a very dedicated man for the Library.

As a group, last year we were able to put a lot of pressure on the legislature as far as the Library funding is concerned. We do this every two years when the biennial budget comes up. We're way under-booked from what we should have for a library on a campus this size. One problem is that all the libraries are separated. There's the Desert Research Institute, the community colleges around the

state...even in UNR itself, Engineering has a library, Mining has libraries...I mean, they all have their libraries. This results in a tendency to divide up funds, because when they budget funds in their own departments, some of that money is used for books. I don't think they have to. I think the branch libraries on the campus are all part of the main library, like Engineering and Physical Sciences, but they each take money.

People don't realize the value of a good library. However, it's costly. Books are very costly...\$40 or \$50 apiece or something. I remember when you used to be able to pay \$10 or \$12 for one of them. The periodicals are expensive, too, especially in the Engineering School. They have to have a lot of periodicals to keep up with changes.

The next thing that came along was that they built the new Getchell Library building, and then after they got it working, the basement needed to be completed. Joy Meeuwig was the interior decorator, and a very personal friend of ours. I had given a lot of money and support over at the church where she was a trustee. She came to me and said, "You know, I've got a little project you might be interested in."

I said, "Now what?"

She said, "We have a space at the Library that is down in the back end, and it's away from everything, and nobody wants to do anything about it. It's a very valuable place—people can come in, relax and sit down. We need to have that finished. We also need to have a clock." Again, I asked her to come up with a cost, which she came up with. The project was finished and the clock was put up. They were going to put our name on it originally, but I don't know what ever happened to it.

In the area we fixed up, there are nice little coffee tables and nice lounges. People

can relax there. The area is located in the basement of the Library. Hap Morehouse took me down and showed the area to me. I said, "Where the heck is the clock that I paid for?" [laughs] This was quite a while ago. I went looking for this clock we had bought, and I saw a clock up there. I said, "That's not the clock that we paid for. I know it isn't." I went looking around and there was the clock built in the wall there near here the Book Nook was. I said, "That's what we paid for. That's a very special gift." I like to check up on my gifts. I want to see that the money is used.

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There are two or three other projects I am involved with. One of them is the expansion of the Church Fine Arts Center up there. I think we gave them \$50,000. Of course, Martha being a music major was one reason we supported the effort. She had tried as a UNR student to get a good education at UNR in music, but at that time we did not have a good school or good training. That's why she went to the University of the Pacific, where she got her training in voice and piano. That's what she really wanted to get. So we support the University of the Pacific pretty heavily, too.

At UNR we did give them \$50,000 for this little music section. It's called the Clarence K. and Martha H. Jones Music Center. Professor Mike Cleveland is the head of the department. When he heard that we'd given this \$50,000 for this particular section, he got ahold of both of us and gave us a big hug and a kiss and all of that. [laughs] He said, "You couldn't have done anything better for this music school up here than that. That's what we need so badly." There's a series of practice rooms in the Music Center, and there are sound barriers between each room, which there never were before. It's a specially designed place. It was

dedicated a while back by the Grand Lodge of Nevada. Of course, Martha and I received recognition for it. Mike Cleveland said to us, "Now we're going to have a first-class department up here."

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The other project now is the Continuing Education building. We had two contributors from Las Vegas that we got together with. They donated a million dollars for the building. The reason that they kicked in is because it is built for the National Council of Juvenile and Family Court Judges, a group that we've been involved with for quite a while. They've been working on that now for quite some time. It's going to be located there on the west side of Virginia Street, north of the College Inn. It's going to be a three-story building, and it's got a lot of space in it.

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It irritates me that the National Council on Juvenile and Family Court Judges gets very little publicity, whereas the Judicial College got all kinds of publicity. One dean up there was a pretty rough one; he was the one that they got out of there for a while. He's back in town now. If he didn't get money for the Judicial College, he'd say, "I'm going to close this place up, and we'll move it someplace else." I never cared too much for him, needless to say, so his name didn't stick in my mind too well. He had to have the publicity in the newspaper and everything else. It really irritated me that they put pressure on the administration at UNR that the college would pull out if they didn't get some money.

In fact, UNR was working for an endowment for the Judicial College, but the dean's pressure was so great that UNR went

to the legislature and got \$250,000 for them. Oh, did I blow my top! I just really took them over the coals and told them exactly what I thought. I said, "Here you got an engineering school that is crying for money. They can use that \$250,000, and here you give it to this place that turns the criminals loose so they can go out and kill people and whatnot." I was pretty upset about the situation, and I still don't like it.

I don't question that the Judicial College performs a good service. I run into judges all over the world on some of our tours. They say, "Yes, we've been in Reno. We're familiar with it and the Judicial College," and they beam all over. They do a good job of bringing those judges in here, and they get to see Reno. Of course, they are subject to a lot of people when they go home, and they can tell them about Reno. That part I can buy very readily. But I object to the fact that the group that's really doing the good for the country and the world is the one that gets no publicity and money. Instead, they have to go out and raise all their own. Of course, I never liked the judges for the simple reason that they're so lenient in their thinking, and they turn these crooks loose instead of sentencing them to death. Why not sentence them to death, when they didn't think anything about killing somebody? I have very strong feelings on that. A discussion on psychologists is really the area for me to get into, because I have strong feelings about that. [laughs] I think an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is the one that we should go by that the Bible said years ago.

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The more you read nowadays, stress is becoming a number one concern of the people. Andrea Pelter has done a lot of good

on this subject. She hasn't had the funds to work with like we have, but she has given so much of herself. This is what I always admire her for. I knew her dad, Andrew Ginocchio for years and years.... She and Dr. Richard Rahe came to us and said, "Would you be interested in trying to get a stress center started at UNR?"

I said, "What do you mean?" I don't know just exactly how contact got going between her and Dr. Rahe, but they were good friends. We told them we were interested in helping, and ended up giving them \$100,000. It has been developing very nicely up there.

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Martha and I have given to the Lung Association and the United Way very heavily. We have given very heavily to the sports program at the university, too. It's another area that we help very heavily there, not only with the football and basketball, but also we have given money for the girls' programs and also for the skiing program. We also give to the American Red Cross, and the church. We give to the University of the Pacific because Martha went there.

The University of California at San Francisco is another place we give to, because they are doing research there on macular degeneration, a disease that Martha has. They are researching a part of the eye that they are having real trouble with that has never been worked on. Last time we were in San Francisco, the doctor was very pleased with the progress that he had made with Martha, in that her situation is controlled now. It will not deteriorate any more, and so she will never go blind now, whereas before she could go blind.

When Martha's mother died, she had a substantial estate of a couple of hundred thousand dollars or better. The University

of the Pacific was building a new library and Martha used some of the estate money to help finish it. Of course, we'd already been supporting them very heavily by giving four music scholarships each year. We were very close with the fund raisers there, and we'd go down to the donor recognition parties. Then, of course, Martha being an alumnus of it, this gives her the other tie to it. After the library got finished, there was still some money left over, so it was used for books. They put in a great big plaque in a wing in the memory of Charles and Lucinda Hansen, her mother and father. The plaque also had Martha's name on it. Then we've given them money for their chapel office down there, so they named that for both of us.

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Perry Jones at UNR developed a real fine university choir, but they needed money to make some trips, because there was none budgeted at the university, especially for the Music department. Because Martha was so active in music, we felt very strongly about supporting them. If I remember right, they were going to New Orleans for the World's Fair that was going to be held down there several years ago. They were invited to go down, so they had to raise funds for that. We were over at the Trinity Episcopal Church where they put on a performance, and we told them that we would give them \$1,000. That was the greatest thing we could do, because they said, "Now we can go." They did go on the trip, and they did a beautiful job of it. The choir made quite a name for themselves and for the university, so we were very pleased with the outcome.

I used the chorus as part of my entertainment when I held a meeting of the Red Cross of Constantine. We held it at the

MGM Grand Hotel, which is now Bally's. Later, they took part in a world competition of choruses that was held in Spain and the Basque country. I think that may have been last year. They were raising funds for that, so we gave them another \$1,000, so it made it possible for them to go and to do a good job. It's very nice, because they go out in the state of Nevada and give concerts, and we feel that we should support them very heavily. We look for these types of things to help.

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Another thing that we helped which wasn't quite as important was a traveling display of historic photographs to celebrate UNR's 100th Anniversary. Jane Manning had talked about having a display to go around the state, so they built a portable one. Joe Crowley dedicated it at a reception at Lawlor Events Center. We paid for the construction of the display. Jane picked it up, and they used it on a tour around the state. What we were trying to have was a tour around the state each year to show what UNR had to offer. They could do this with this display. It also let people know how UNR was spending their money that they have donated. The public should know this. The exhibit was very well received. This year I'm not sure that they're going to have one, because the university is completely reorganizing its fund raising strategy. Vice-President Paul Page will be working on publicity, which he'll be good at.

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Last spring we had the first annual science and technology fair at the university. They brought the top students in from all over the state. We paid for the cost of that, so they gave us a nice little plaque for that one. It was a

huge success, I understand. UNLV has been doing this for quite a long time. The next one will be held down in Las Vegas, because it alternates between the north and south.

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Frankie Sue Del Papa once told me that they should name UNR Jones University because of all the assistance we have given. She said, "Every place you go there's Jones's name on these things!" [laughs] It was interesting to have one of the former regents look at it that way.

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[For a more complete listing of Clarence and Martha Jones's philanthropic contributions to UNR, see Appendix C.—Ed.]

SIXTY YEARS AS A REPUBLICAN

The philosophy of the Republican party is exactly my philosophy of life. The Republican party stood for the opportunity of the individual to be able to go out and earn a living without having to be supported by the government. I've always been irritated about the philosophy of the other party for this very reason. I suppose that this goes back many, many years. I made up my mind, even though my mother and my father were both Democrats...that didn't make any difference to me.

A lot of my very personal friends that I thought very highly of were Republicans. This confirmed my own personal feeling about the philosophies—and I did study the philosophies of both parties. While we speak of the Republicans...actually it's a republic, but it also has a greater democratic philosophy than the party with that name. So I could never figure out why *it* should be the Republican party and the other one should be the Democratic party. The republic and its operation was closer to what the word *democracy* really stands for. Anyway, I had

formed that opinion before I was ever able to vote, so when it came time to register, naturally I registered Republican.

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The first person I voted for was Herbert Hoover, because I felt that he was the right man for the time. However, the second time around, I think it was, I had to vote for Roosevelt. What happened in that particular era was that Herbert Hoover had laid out a beautiful program for the presidency and for this country and for what it should do. President Hoover had a Democratic congress. Like Reagan, anything he wanted to do was defeated, because the Democrats did not agree with it. However, when President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was elected president, then everything was great. The things that Herbert Hoover had laid out were ready-made for Franklin Delano. He picked them up and used them, and you can see what happened to the country at that particular time. It was great; it saved a lot of revolution and a lot of

problems in the country, and it got it back on its feet. Of course, World War II was the thing that really brought this country back to stability again and operation. It always bothered me that Roosevelt should get credit.

I think one of the blackest periods in political history was the Roosevelt era. I say that because Franklin Delano Roosevelt was a politician, purely. When he came to dealing with Russia, he gave everything away. If he had not made the agreements that he did with Stalin, we would never be in the situation we are today in this world. Roosevelt met with Stalin and Churchill, and anything Roosevelt wanted, Churchill acquiesced to for the simple reason that it saved Britain and beat Hitler. But you never hear a word said over in Russia about the United States's participation in the war.

In analyzing history and what happened during his first term, you could give Roosevelt the benefit of the doubt. His second term was also a good term. I couldn't quarrel with him at all. I did vote for Roosevelt on the second time he ran because I felt that he was doing a good job, but for the third and fourth times, no.

We won the war, but Russia eventually did—*they* won it. So did Germany, and so did Japan. In other words, we were left out of it, in the final analysis, and we're suffering tremendously because of it today.

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It was right after Roosevelt was elected for maybe the second time that they got the Young Democrats working. They got a good, strong group of them, and a lot of my friends were members of the Young Democrats. They were having a big beer bust and rally out at Moana Hot Springs. One of my friends asked me if I wouldn't like to go to it. I said, "Sure, I'd like to go. I like to hear those

things," so I went. They'd get up there on the platform and they would rant and rave about the Republicans and about the country and everything else. The more I listened, I didn't get mad, because I kept myself from doing that, but I just analyzed what they were doing and what their thinking and their philosophy was.

After it was all over with, everybody got together, and they were drinking beer and yakking. An attorney came over to me, and he said, "Well, did we convert you?"

And I said, "Hell, no! I'm a stronger Republican now than when I came in here." That took care of that.

They were talking about giving everything away and emphasizing the more socialist aspect of it. They were all ranting and raving about taking the money away from the rich and giving it to the poor and all of this type of thing. They said the rich have no business with all the money, and yet most of the rich people were Democrats. The Kennedys and all of the big families were all Democrats.

I have never been in favor of welfare programs. I've been always in favor of assisting people, but not the welfare programs as they do it today. Medicare is fine, and I think Social Security is good. I support them 100 percent. The assistance to the aged, I think, is fine, as is assistance to those that really need help. The question is whether this is the job of the government.

There are just a tremendous number of private charitable programs. One I will mention is the Kentucky Colonels in the state of Kentucky. Since they started, they have given away something like \$8 million to organizations that work with these people and young people and families. There are many of these types of organizations that work with these people and young people and families around the country. Now, these

help considerably, *but* once a person gets on dole—on welfare—it's the hardest thing in the world to get him off of it. They learn that they can get by living this way. Most of these people have TV sets; they have good cars; and these are the things that you see. I think, "Well, now, why in the world should those people be given all of this money from the federal government and these different programs?" These are the things that I really object to and did object to. This started back in the Roosevelt era, and has continued to grow and grow and grow.

One of the big parts of the philosophy of the Democratic party is that you pay for welfare—you give it to them—whereas the Republican philosophy is that you give them the opportunity to work. The main thing is to get them off of the rolls and get them into earning a living. Most of the people that are on dole would prefer to work and earn their living. Then they're free to do what they want to do. They won't have that stigma on them for the rest of their lives—that they were on welfare.

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I used to always attend Republican precinct meetings. I was usually a delegate from a precinct to the county convention. I'd always attend the county convention, and I was always deeply involved with politics in there. This is where I got to know Barbara Vucanovich so well, because her husband, who later died, was very, very active, and he and I were very close. Marv Humphrey was another person who was a very strong and good Republican. His wife, Lucy, was later a national committeewoman. Martha was a Democrat, but now she's a Republican.

In 1952, I think, we elected Marv Humphrey as the state Republican party

chairman. He had his choice of picking a treasurer, so he asked if I'd serve as his treasurer for the Republican party. I had to get approval, of course, from the newspaper to go ahead and serve in that capacity, because that was dealing with money. The Republican party was in real bad shape in the state, and especially in this area. Of course, we went out and worked like the dickens for the Republican presidential nominee, Dwight D. Eisenhower. We got out and worked with him, and we carried the whole state of Nevada for Republicans. We had a Republican president; we had a Republican in the Congress, George "Molly" Malone, and then in the state house we elected a governor who was Republican—Charles Russell. So we had done quite well. We also had a Republican state legislature, and we did very well.

Right after we went in and took office, Marv and I sat down and announced that we were going to show the public that the Republican party was not a bunch of leeches, where they would commit bills, spend money, then never pay it. They had a very, very bad reputation on that score. Of course, with the newspaper I knew all of this. What we did was to go to every business that we knew of to get what books we could get from the former group that ran the Republican party. It was hard—believe me, they just didn't want to turn over anything. We did get what we needed, and then we started around to all of these businesses. We told them that the first thing we were going to do was to straighten up all the old bills of the Republican party. They said, "What? You don't mean that!"

"Yes, we do," we said.

"Well, God, we wrote that off years ago."

I said, "I don't care. Go find out how much was owed you at that time. We want to pay it."

"You do?"

“Yes.” So we got them to dig it up, and we paid off every single one of the ones that we could find. Boy, that was one of the things that put the Republican party back into the position it should have been in. People always said about the Republicans, “Oh, they’re no good; they don’t pay their bills.” This was always the reply you’d get from people, so we wanted to establish our position at that time. I went on to attend the Republican national convention in San Francisco. That was when Eisenhower was nominated. It was very interesting. There are a lot of things like that that I got into, and then I got more and more involved with the state Republicans and with the Washoe County Republicans, and I am to this day. I’m still active in the Republican party. But I don’t go out and make speeches, and I don’t go out and do a lot of physical work any more. This was one of the criticisms of the old regime of the Republicans, is that it’s composed of old people.

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We set up a program to bring in and develop the Young Republicans like the Democrats did with their Young Democrats. The Young Turks was the name that we were given. There was Les Gray and Marshall Giusti and on down the line with Marvin Humphrey and myself. It was a strong group of younger people. We decided that we were going to take over the state convention, which was held down in Tonopah. Noble Getchell and a bunch of those others that had been running it for years figured they had it all sewed up. They had the votes counted, but they had me count it in their sight. I wasn’t a designated counter, and I had to be very careful, because of working at the

newspaper. I kept on the outside, but I kept working with them. I had a good reputation with working with finances and being honest with people, so this helped considerably in this area, but I didn’t have to go out and be on the radio, or in meetings, which were all we had at that time.

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My work with the Republican party shows just how far I have been able to extend my influence and contacts from the state of Nevada. I became a member of National Social Club, a Capitol Hill club run by the Republican organization back in Washington, D.C. I have a card that I take back with me every year when I go to Washington, and I usually go up and have dinner and talk to the president of the club or talk with whoever is around there and see what’s going on. I got Barbara Vucanovich in the club, too. How I originally got into it, I’m not sure, but it was through some of my contacts with the Republicans back in Washington, I think.

Anybody that belongs to the club carries quite a position. I know Barbara Vucanovich was quite pleased that she was able to become a member of that as fast as she did. Sooner or later they will get the legislators. They like to have them because the National Social Club is located just kitty-corner across from the Capitol building. A lot of them go over there for lunch and for dinner, and then they have parties all the time and banquets. They also honor the people that have done a good job. Vice-President Bush is very active there. I don’t know whether the club holds meetings if the president is a Democrat. This is why it’s nice being in the right party at the right time! [laughs] I just missed meeting Vice-President Bush and talking to him the last time I was

there. I would have liked to have been able to talk to him personally.

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Another group that I belong to is the Republican Senate Inner Circle. Because I'm a member of that group, I get invitations all the time to attend meetings with the president. If I wanted to pay my fare to Washington, that's a couple of thousand dollars. I evaluated what it would cost me to go there to hear President Reagan and talk with him in the group, which would have been very nice. But usually I was tied up with other things here in the community. They usually have two meetings a year. They have one in about March or April, and one in September or October.

I did meet President Reagan one time when he was governor of California and Paul Laxalt was governor of Nevada. I had an invitation to come to the reception for Governor Reagan in Sparks at the Nugget Convention Center. Paul was standing there with him, and I came over, and Paul introduced me to him. I told him that I felt very strongly that what he was doing in California was right.

Politics are so much stronger in D.C. During his second term, President Reagan got many of his programs through. If it hadn't been for him, only the good Lord knows where this country and the world would be today, because he was very strong on defense. President Carter, on the other hand, let the thing go right on out. He used the money for welfare and these other programs, but not for defense, and we were defenseless, really. Now we are back up to a point where we are still considered either the number one or about equal to the number one power in the world. In some respects we're above the Soviets;

in other respects, they're above us. When I look at these things that they have done, this is what I would have liked to have gone back and been briefed on in these private hearings.

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I also am a life member of the Republican National Committee, which Frank Fahrenkopf has chaired for quite a while. I've been a life member of that since 1978. I got to be a member because I have been active on different levels. My biography has appeared in *Who's Who* and different books around the country. People pick it up and they see that you're a Republican, and then you start getting a lot of letters later and a lot of requests for money from them, because they know that you're interested. It's always the same thing... it always comes back to money and support.

I supported most of our Republican candidates except Patty Cafferata. See, she's riding a lot on the coattails of her mother, Barbara Vucanovich. She was Patty Dillon, originally; then she married Dr. Treat Cafferata. I said, "Patty, you're making a big mistake, and I wish you'd have come to me before you ever filed." She was doing a good job where she was as the state treasurer, and I felt that she should stay there until she got a little more maturity in politics.

MARRIAGE AND FAMILY LIFE

I knew my future wife, Martha Hansen, ever since she had come to Reno with her folks. But I was a confirmed bachelor, and was never going to get married. Martha was born in Sacramento, and her father worked for Lindley and Company, which was a wholesale grocery store. Mrs. Lindley also had an outlet up here in Reno. Her husband died, and she began to have trouble with the store here because it was not paying its way. Martha's dad bought the Reno store and went about straightening it out and operating it, and that's when they came to Reno.

Martha was in high school at the time. The Hansens were good friends of the Wainwrights, who ran a service station. Of course, I always used to go down there, as I had had a car since 1926. That was where I heard about Martha. I had also heard about her in high school, because all our group knew *I* didn't know her; I only knew *of* her.

Martha attended UNR after high school, and she was two years behind me. She was a brain, that gal. I think she went through high school in about three and one-half years.

She went to the University of Nevada for two years. She wanted to study music and voice, but there was no real teacher up here...but she was looking for something much better. The place that she found was in Stockton, California—the College of the Pacific, which is now the University of the Pacific.

It's an interesting story how we finally got together. I graduated from UNR in 1931, and during that period I devoted a lot of time to the Reno Meat Company. Then in 1934, I went back to the newspaper on a full-time basis. That summer I became very active in Eastern Star. The police chief's wife had invited her nephew and me to join Nevada Chapter No. 13 of Eastern Star. We joined during the men's day held in June. As it happened, Martha's mother was very active in this chapter, and her dad was the patron—the head of it. Martha had been a Rainbow Girl in Sacramento, and she joined the Rainbow Girls in Reno.

The police chief's nephew and I started going to the Eastern Star meetings to see what was going on, and to get familiar with

it. Eastern Star is both a men's and women's organization, and they have to have a man serve as the patron and do all the heavy work. Right after I joined, Martha's folks got her to go in. This was in about July or August of 1934. At one meeting, I had to go over and sit alongside of her, and she said, "Aren't you getting bored and tired?"

I said, "Yes!" [laughs] Then I asked her if she wanted to leave, and I would take her home. Martha went to her mother and told her she was going home to study or something, so I took her home.

We began to get a little more serious as time went by, and by the spring of 1935, we decided maybe it would be a very nice thing to get married. [laughs] Her mother decided to see if our wanting to get married was real or just a passing fancy. That summer of 1935, she took Martha and went back East to see her folks; she came from Virginia, from the Grymes and Washington families. She thought maybe this would break us up. She didn't really like me. She didn't think I was quite the caliber that her daughter should have. [laughs] Or maybe it was that I didn't have enough money, or maybe my family wasn't prestigious enough. She didn't know all of it, though, because on my father's side were blue bloods. But my philosophy has always been that I am what I am, not what my forefathers were.

When Martha and her mother went back East, they ended up buying a whole trousseau and everything! [laughs] Her mother found out that she wasn't going to break it up. When they came back here, we set September 7, 1935, as our wedding date.

The day we were getting married, I was working down at the newspaper, collecting and accounting for the money paid to the *Gazette*. Somebody said, "Aren't you getting married today?"

I said, "Yes, why?"

He said, "Well, shouldn't you be home getting ready?"

"Ready for what?" I said, "We're all ready." [laughs] At 4:00 in the afternoon, we were married at the Baptist Church on Chestnut and West Second. It was a very nice, good-sized wedding. Reverend Brewster Adams married us. He also had married my parents and two or three of my sisters, so we had a very close relationship with him.

After the wedding, we took off and drove to Bridgeport, California, that night, and we stayed in Bridgeport the first night of our honeymoon. The next day, we drove on down to Los Angeles, spent time down in the L.A. area, came back home, and I went back to work.

We rented our first home, which was located at 102 Vine Street. It was a nice little place. I think we paid \$37.50 a month for it. When we got married, I think I was making \$25 a week, so we figured we could afford it all right. We also had a car. That was nice. That was a luxury that a lot of people didn't have. But we did without a lot of other things in order to afford that luxury, and we still do today. We still have good cars today, and that has always been our one luxury—the automobile. We never did a lot of drinking, and neither one of us smoked, so there were just a lot of things where we saved money one way, but we spent it in another way.

Martha didn't have a job; the only thing she ever did, really, was to play the organ for over 30 years at several churches: the Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran and Catholic. With each church she played, she had to learn a new liturgy. But as far as she was concerned, the churches were nondenominational. It is *music*. Martha was one of the well-known organists here in town, and she liked to play for the Reno Men's Chorus.

We had been going to the Baptist Church, but changed to the Methodist when Martha became their steady organist. We're still members there. When Reverend Adams died, it was a different church entirely. We didn't fully agree with all their philosophies, but who does with all of them anyway? Martha got paid \$25 a month, I think, for playing the organ. It wasn't very much money, because it cost us more money to do it! Being an organist now is a lucrative job. Boy, they make big money. I think they make \$75 a week, or some darn thing. I know that Martha did it for a pittance, because she was committed three days a week. When Martha's eyes began to go bad, she couldn't read music or play the organ. For a while she could play, but she got to the stage where she couldn't see the notes.

I wouldn't have objected if Martha had wanted to get a job. In fact, she worked as a Campfire Girls executive during World War II. I always felt that I could support her easily. She wasn't the type of person to spend a lot of money. To this day, she will not buy expensive clothing, and she doesn't waste money. She buys conservative foods when she goes shopping. When I go, that's another thing. She says, "You don't need all of that stuff!" [laughs]

Martha and I had a philosophy about money when we got married. We decided with the money we earned, we would lay it out and decide what to do with it. We would save money all the time. Right after we were married, I got a \$5 a week raise, and we put that \$5 a week in the savings account. We began to add more, and pretty soon we got it built up. This helped for when the babies came.

Our first daughter, Ann, was born at 7:00 a.m. on the twelfth day of March, 1937. Then Charlotte was born on the twelfth day

of April, 1938, at 8:00 in the morning. Then there was a little strain put on working and the pocketbook and everything else. Martha was still playing the organ, so I'd always have to set aside those nights that she was going to be gone to stay with the youngsters. I was sort of a modern father in that way, taking care of my daughters, and also the grandchildren. I always loved kids, and got along very well with them.

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I used to haul Ann and Charlotte around when they were in school. Charlotte was a cheerleader, and Ann was part of a marching group, the Huskiettes. I always used to get a kick out of it when we'd be driving them up on the hill (in the Sierra) to ski—man, you'd sure get your ears full with those kids! I never paid any attention to it.

Being that I was brought up in a family of girls, I never missed not having a son. It was just as well, maybe, because we might have been scrapping all the time anyway. [laughs] It didn't bother me a bit that Martha and I didn't have any sons, because I had more fun with the girls than I ever would have with the boys. Boys have a tendency to get together and go off by themselves.

We had a station wagon, and we used to load up the girls and their friends and take them all over. We did everything as a family—we used to take vacations together. When I'd take the girls out skiing, one of my first rules was safety. I'd teach them how to ski properly, and how to fall properly. These are two very important things. I'd try to teach them what the proper thing was to do to not get hurt.

Of all the girls we took skiing, only one got hurt, because she violated one of the rules—at the end of the day, *do not* take a last run on a steep slope because of the crust that forms.

But this girl did it anyway, and when we were getting ready to go, someone told us a girl was up on the slope with a broken leg. We went up, and sure enough, it was our gal. That was the last time she went with us, because she didn't follow the rules.

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I always believed in education for women, and we were determined that our daughters would have a master's degree, if possible. I have a B.S. degree, Martha has a master's, and our daughter, Ann, finally got her master's because she's a schoolteacher. She teaches second grade at the Roger Corbett elementary school. She does a terrific job of it. She doesn't worry about how much she's getting or how many hours she's going to put in, because she puts in what she feels is necessary. She sometimes works Saturdays, Sundays, and at night. Interestingly enough, her daughter is following in the same pattern.

Our other daughter, Charlotte, has a very responsible position now. She's in mid-management at IBM, and she has done very, very well. She graduated from Stanford with a master's in mathematics. She has also taken computer work. Her work was interesting: whenever the Polaris missile was fired, all of that data would be sent back to the company she worked for in Palo Alto. She was one of the crew that would pull it apart, analyze it, and make up a report for management on how it performed. Then she went to work for IBM at that time. I've forgotten exactly which area, but it was with computers.

I know that Charlotte's position was fairly high ranking. It was in communications, and the area that she was in charge of had terminals that were connected to every IBM center around the world. They were all listed, whether they were in South Africa, or whether

they were in Japan, or wherever. If a person had trouble over in France, for instance, and they could call into that communications center, the staff would try to see what the problem was and solve it. Once in a while, they would have a problem come in that they had not had experience with before. They'd look at the list of the other places that had had the problems of a similar nature, so then they could patch it in from that point.

Charlotte's job was that of an administrator, and she also operated the computers. Charlotte is in a new business now, and has a PC of her own. She's always progressing. She's a lot like her sister Ann and me because she keeps abreast of what goes on in education.

Charlotte's husband, Milt Markewitz, also worked at IBM, but Charlotte was moving up in the ranks much faster than he was. His job was servicing equipment, and he was good at it. One day I was with him and I said, "Milt, what is the possibility of your becoming a supervisor or a manager?"

He said, "Well, I don't know." He said he kind of doubted it, because there were two or three others that were ahead of him. This was the method that they used—seniority. That to me is kind of sad in a lot of ways.

Charlotte, on the other hand, had two promotions since she went into the field of administration. The company would ask her if she would go out to California to have a seminar or something, and she'd go. She'd go any place they wanted her to go. Of course, this didn't sit too well as far as the family relationship went. It was hard on the family when she began to get promotions and her husband didn't get one. This was what I noticed more than anything else...you see it all the time. It's not the same idea or the same feeling if a husband goes up beyond the woman, but if the woman goes up beyond the man, then that's a lot different story.

I think that it is changing now, because you see the young men running around and carrying the babies, and doing all the things like this. In the years when we were young, the only time a man ever carried the baby was when there was something that was special to do. I think this exchange of roles is good. I don't think there's anything wrong with it, because that's the way some of these young men want it. In some cases, the women are out and they are breadwinners. Today sometimes you need two salaries, or they wouldn't be able to do half the things that they wanted to.

This philosophy didn't sit well, so Charlotte and Milt were divorced later on. Charlotte had already had one boy, Scott, by her first marriage, and that's one thing I always admired about Milt, and gave him lots and lots of tribute for: he adopted Scott. Scott carries the Markewitz name. But Milt just wasn't cut out to be a family man. They had a girl, Kristine. Krissy, of course, is pretty much like *her* dad, whereas Scott had the traits of his dad. Family has such a terrific bearing on these young people. You see it time and again. You get some of these families where the father doesn't care, or he's out drinking or carousing with some other woman or something, and the kids think that's the thing to do because their parents did that...this is why you get it carried from generation to generation. It's a sad situation, but this is what education does.

I have three grandchildren now. They're all grown, but none of them married. Ann's husband, James Carlson, died at an early age and she never married again. She's still a single parent, and Charlotte's a single parent, too. Charlotte's son, Scott, is about 28 years old. He finally got through the university—he had been to about three or four universities working towards his degree, but we kept on

his back. We weren't going to let him get away. It turned out that he finally liked Salt Lake City. He worked over there. It didn't make much difference to him what he was doing—whether he was flipping flapjacks or hamburgers or something else—as long as it was work. I admired him for this. That's what I used to do. He also liked to ski. He was quite an entrepreneur.

Ann's daughter, Lisa, is now going to the University of Arizona in Tucson. She's studying biological science. When she was a senior at Reno High, she was in the top group of her class. These students were offered the opportunities to do extra credit work. They picked topics, ran experiments and wrote up papers. Lisa's paper was on macular degeneration, which is a condition Martha has. We got information on macular degeneration from Martha's ophthalmologist in San Francisco. They have quite a library there, and so we got some material. Lisa went ahead and made up the report and did it in beautiful shape. Of course, Martha helped her with it. When she got her paper back, it was one of the top-graded ones. There was one ahead of hers, but her dad was a doctor, and I think he did 90 percent of the paper. [laughs]

Lisa had a test recently there in Arizona, and she didn't get her paper back. The paper didn't come and didn't come, and so she went to the professor and asked about her paper. "Oh," he said, "let me go look in the office." He took her into the office and he got her paper out—marked 100. He said, "It's the finest paper I have ever seen. With your permission, I'd like to make copies of this, because this is an example that people should see." We had bought her a typewriter—that can make a difference in appearance. Now she's getting all wrapped up in being able to make good reports.

At this point in time, Lisa, like her classmates, has not chosen a career. She doesn't want to be a doctor. She'd rather work in the field of biology. When she was here in Reno, she was one of the candy strippers at Saint Mary's Hospital. Whenever she'd get through with whatever they assigned to her, she'd go back and ask if there was anything else she could do. One day, one of the women at Saint Mary's told us, "You know, this is really interesting to see a person like this. Lisa is the only one that will finish a job that's been assigned to her, and come back and ask for more work. The rest of them will go over and sit down and play something, read, or some other darned thing."

My other granddaughter, Kristine—Krissy—is another sharp gal. She got to playing a lot of tennis. Back East, there were these foreign teams that came in, and so she'd always go down and watch them play. She got acquainted with some of the French tennis players from the women's teams, so they'd have them over at the house. In return, she was invited by the parents of one gal to visit them. So she went over there and had a great time with them, and she learned French. She can speak French very well. Then she came back and went to school. She graduated from high school in Reno several years ago, and now she's attending the University of Washington up at Seattle. This would be her third year, I think. She's majoring in the area of humanities, working with handicapped people. She just loves to work with the mentally and physically handicapped. She has that kind of trait that runs in the family, especially on her father's side. This is pretty much the way that those people do, and they deserve a lot of credit for that.

Last year, Krissy went to Lugano, Italy, and went to school there, so she had to learn Italian. Then when school was out and she

was going to come back here to the states, her brother and her mother met her in Italy, and they went on a bicycle tour. But I think it rained all the time, so it wasn't very conducive to their bicycling. They traveled quite a bit in Switzerland, and then on down into Venice and Florence. What they would do is they'd go in all of these little towns, whereas when we were in Italy, we couldn't go to the little towns because we couldn't speak enough Italian. Lisa was the spokesperson, and she'd talk to all the people there, and they'd ask her, "Are you Italian? You speak better Italian than most Italians!" They had a great time, and then she came back.

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We have a good relationship in our family...we always did. I always used to try to help the girls in math or something. Ann used to come in for help. Geometry was the one that always bugged her. I always tried to help Charlotte, too. I'd say, "Charlotte, if you need any help in your math, you let me know. I'll be glad to help you." "OK," she'd say. That's the way she is—she doesn't talk very much.

It went on and on, and I said, "How are you coming in math?"

One day she come in and she laid two papers down in front of me, and she said, "Would you look at these?"

I said, "OK." Well, I looked at them all right. I got the answer to one of them within a reasonable length of time, but I worked on the other one until about 2:00 in the morning. God, I tried every angle in the book of mathematical equivalents. Finally, I said, "OK, there's only one answer to this, and that is it's a reasoning problem and there really is no one answer to it."

After Charlotte turned in the problems, she never said anything about them. This

went on for about a month and finally I said, “Hey, how did you come out with those problems?”

“OK,” she said. [laughs] I worked practically all night, and only got an “OK” on it. Charlotte was our quiet daughter—and sharp. She takes in everything all the time. Helping the girls with their homework, that was one of the interesting little sidelights that you’d get into with your children. There are very few people that are able to do that, of course, but I always loved math, beginning back in high school.

AN INTEREST IN SKIING

It's fortunate that in all the years I've skied, I've never been hurt. When I was in high school and college, I used to do a lot of tumbling and acrobatics. That's where I learned how to protect myself when I fell. This made all the difference in the world, and that's what I used to teach the youngsters. I always told them that if they fell, their bodies were going to go where their heads were going.

When Ann and Charlotte were growing up, they were in the Junior Ski Program, which had just gotten started at the Sky Tavern slope on Mount Rose. I could see the value of the program, because there were only a few of us parents that would take kids up. We felt that these young children needed to have this type of sport. It kept them away from a lot of getting into trouble; it used up their energy; it built up their bodies and minds; and it made them into everything that we felt should go into a good, solid individual. Today, I see those people every once in a while and say, "Hey, hi! [laughs] Remember the days when we used to go skiing?"

Marcie Herz was really the one that took the kids out because she had a little skiing school. She'd take the kids out on the golf course, and eventually we integrated her school and the Junior Ski Program. Marcie was an excellent skier, and she used to race all the time. Marcie was also very good in the community. She used to put on a Christmas program that was supported by the newspapers.

Marcie was interested in getting the Junior Ski Program started, so she called a meeting of four or five parents. Milt Zimmerman was there, but I can't remember who the others were. Most of us had girls or boys who were up about that age. Milt had two girls, and we had two girls. We went to these service clubs for support. Milt took the Rotary Club, which had quite a bit of money. I took Optimist Club, which was a club for friends of boys, and to which I belonged. Some other parents approached the Kiwanis and Lions Clubs. We also got the support of the Chamber of Commerce, because we were members of the

Chamber. Then we got the support of the schools after that to use the buses to go up! It was kind of a gradual development.

After the Junior Ski Program got its start, and was accepted by the city of Reno, it was very successful. We had tried to get it under the city park program, but they wouldn't take it, because \$600 was \$600. They just didn't have that kind of money to put into another area, so they decided that they wouldn't go into it at that time. In spite of that, the ski program continued to grow, and each year it became bigger and bigger. There were about 1,100 or 1,200 youngsters that were in the program. Our program was mainly for the youngsters whose families could not afford the cost. The only thing the kids had to pay in the Junior Ski Program was about \$5 for the whole season. It was very minimal. That included the bus trips and the lessons. We would never charge them because we had volunteers.

The Junior Ski Program was located at the Sky Tavern ski slope. Keston Ramsey, the owner, didn't like supporting the program, though; he thought he should get something out of it. So we finally convinced the city of Reno in the 1960s that this was their program now, and that they should buy Sky Tavern. Of course, Kess was really happy to get rid of it, because it was not a money-maker. Plus at that time, Heavenly Valley and Slide Mountain came along, creating more competition, and the whole ski area of the Sierras began to open up.

The Junior Ski Program was not consistent from year to year because of the snow conditions. Some years there are beautiful conditions, and other years there are not. Some years the program was cancelled entirely because of bad conditions.

My daughter, Ann, who started in the Junior Ski Program, is still up there as

an instructor. Now she's one of the top instructors, instructing the instructors. Of course, there have been many different approaches taken in teaching skiing. Ann's daughter is also a skier, but she didn't take to it like Ann did. She had so many other things that she preferred to do, but she's still an expert skier.

Charlotte, our other daughter, went to Stanford University, and she was on the ski team. She was an excellent skier. One of her husbands was Dick Dorworth, who was one of the top skiers in the world. He carried the downhill speed championship for several years and lost it and then regained it and then lost it again. Charlotte's and Dick's son is now one of the top freestyle skiers. Right now he's taking pictures and working with *Powder Magazine*. In fact, he was on the front cover, and was in four or five ads. He has done a lot of running and bicycling, and he's quite an athletic individual. He's purely a vegetarian.

We were all one big family in the ski area, though Martha was never much on skiing. Once I got her up there at Sky Tavern, and it was just a little late in the season when there was wet and heavy snow. She was going to ski down the hill, and she started to make a turn, and she caught an edge of a ski and fell and put a strain on her knee. She said, "This is not for me. I like to play the organ. If I got hurt this way, I wouldn't be able to play." This was true. She had a lot of good common sense, even though we would have liked to have had her up there with us.

I no longer have the time to ski. The last time I went skiing was four or five years ago, when I was in my early seventies. I always hoped I'd still be skiing when I was in my seventies and eighties. My daughter and granddaughter tell me, "You're not going skiing—we don't want you to get a broken leg!" [laughs] It is pitiful when you see

somebody take a spill. I always have stopped to see if they need help.

The different ski resorts have different levels of slopes. Some are beginner slopes and others are intermediate and above. The slopes at Sky Tavern aren't that steep, but Slide Mountain has steep slopes. They did have some ski jumping at Sky Tavern, which I enjoyed. What I really liked to do was to work with the ski jumpers and keep the hill in shape for them rather than go up and do the jumping. It's a little safer. [laughs]

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The ski areas were so successful that Squaw Valley was chosen as the site of the 1960 Winter Olympics. It had been a dry year, and they had to wait for the snow. Finally, a day or two before the Olympics were to start, the snow came and everything was great.

I was chairman of the Nevada Civic Olympic Committee. I don't know why they picked me, but Eddie Questa, president of First National Bank, was the one that called Chick Stout, my boss, and said, "We want Clarence to be the chairman up here in this area. He is a businessman, he knows the whole organization, and he can get along with people and can handle things very well."

The first thing we had to do was organize all of the committees and the individuals who knew the particular languages throughout the world, so that when those people came in they could communicate with them. Our job was to receive and accommodate all of the dignitaries and athletes that came into the airport in Reno. We had to see that they got to Squaw Valley, where they had accommodations. We got a lot of credit for the job we did there. We also had to put on the official banquet for the Olympics, which was attended by 25 or 30 top people. The

banquet was held out at Eugene's. It was set up on a foreign format, where you did not start with salad; you ended with salad. It was interesting, and we got to meet these different people from Austria and Germany and other places.

Everyone had to come in through the Reno airport to get to Squaw Valley, California, so that's why the committee had to be based in Reno. However, California put up all the money to sponsor the games. There was a very top-notch Olympic committee in San Francisco, and we all worked very well together. Some of the women socialites in San Francisco were a little bit unhappy about not being brought into the fold as far as the social activities were concerned. Of course, we turned these duties over to them.

At that time, I was also involved with road construction, and we were pushing to get Highway 80 to this side of Donner Summit. That way, everyone could get to Squaw Valley on the highway, though you can't always bank on that because of the snow conditions.

MEMORIES OF SOME FRIENDS

When we first came to Reno when I was a boy, one of the first people that I met was James Scrugham. He and I were very good friends and still are today. We used to ski together and hike together and do those types of things. I coached him in Masonic work, too.

The person who really became my best friend in Reno was Marvin Humphrey. We did a lot of things together. We went through DeMolay together, and we went through the Masonic fraternity together and high school and the university. I was in Engineering and he was in Agriculture. His folks owned a ranch out in Sierra Valley. After he graduated, then he went out there. I helped him bale hay there for two weeks one time, and I wasn't very popular with Martha at that time for doing that. Normally we tried to get together and take the family and go someplace to do things together. I felt that I owed it to Marvin because he had helped me and Martha when we needed help to get a house. Two years after we were married, he loaned me \$1,500

to buy a house, and I paid him back. To this day we have been very, very good friends. We do a lot of things together. Our wives are very good friends, and, of course, he was the best man at our wedding. Our children grew up together. We have been very fortunate with our families.

Marvin went on to become a member of the legislature, and he did a very good job there. He was very active in community affairs, and I worked with him on the streets and highways committee. He was with the regional street and highway commission. We were able to do a lot of good for the community and the area through the two of us working together. He is one of the men that I have prized very highly...he's of very high character. He is my best friend—*definitely*. There's no question about it.

Now Martha and I are in a position to do things like buying tables for different affairs, different functions. Most of the time, we ask the Humphreys to sit with us. Through my good fortune of buying stock and getting that

to work for me, we're able to do things that they aren't able to do now. I always feel that I owe it to him to do these little things for him.

I remember once having a talk with Marvin's dad, who was a very good businessman. He was a banker, cattleman and rancher. He said, "Jones, one thing you must remember, you can never earn enough money to live comfortably the way you'd like to." He went on to explain that you have to save money and get money to work *for* you. I was telling Marv that one day, and he said, "When in the world did he ever tell you that? He never did tell me that."

Marv went the other route, the real estate route. He was a real estate broker in San Fernando. I went the route where I could see the money. When I invested it in something, I was going to get something back again. I wasn't going to wait several years and develop a piece of property or something and increase the value of it on a chance that it might come out in pretty good shape. So I took one route and he took the other. Of course, I was very fortunate....

I had a pretty good sense of people and character and such, so I knew the ones that I wanted to and didn't know the ones that I didn't want to know.

There were a number of others in the community whom I have gotten along with and respected. Frandsen E. Loomis was another one that lived down the street from us, as was Frank Walters. They all lived up in that same neighborhood up there together. Charles Mapes was another one. He lived right up in that area. Charles Mapes was a good friend—I'd say a good friend, but not a close friend. I always kept him at a distance with good reason.

Then there were the Sanfords, of course... John and Bill. Then there was Gomer Reese and Walter J. Harris, who was a banker at the

Farmers and Merchants Bank. Walter lived across the street from us up there on Ralston. His son, Everett W. "Doc" Harris, was an engineering professor at the university.

Henry Myles was another one that was a very close friend. In his earlier years, he was the librarian for Washoe County Library. He was a *brilliant* man. A brilliant man. I was standing outside the door with the doctor when he died. I always remember that after I'd take him to the hospital, he'd get mad at me for that, but he had prostate problems. There was no way in the world that he was going to get better unless he had some surgery done.

Henry Myles's very good friend was Leigh Sanford, who was also a good friend of mine. Leigh and Graham were brothers. Then there was George Sanford over in Carson City. There were three of them, and they owned the *Reno Evening Gazette*. Leigh used to come and pick Henry Myles up and take him down to the Scottish Rite meetings all the time. All of us were very active in Scottish Rite, and this is where I got to know so many of these people well. Henry got so mad at me because after Leigh died, I helped conduct the service. I have conducted many of my friends' services, which is really hard to do because it's such an emotional situation.

After Leigh died, I took over and kept a lookout for Henry and would go see him almost every day. I'd take him up to the lodge, up to the Scottish Rite, because that was the one thing in his life. I used to pick him up and then take him home again, and see that he got in his house OK. He was living alone, but he had neighbors on the other side of him who kept their eye out on him.

One time I went to see Henry, and there was no answer at the door. I went over next door and asked the neighbor about him, and she said, "Well, I know he's there. Why don't we go over there and see?" I went in, and here

he was in the bathroom, very sick. I asked if I couldn't get a doctor for him.

"Oh, no, don't you *dare* do that," he said.

I talked to Dr. George Cann. Of course, he and Henry were very good friends. I said, "Would you come up and see him and see if you can convince him to get to the hospital?" So I made an appointment to meet George at Henry's house. I got hung up, though, and he got up there before I did. He went on in to see Henry, and when I got there, man did I get a chewing out! But I told Henry that George had not come to see him as a doctor, but rather as a friend.

We finally convinced Henry that he should go to the hospital. I made all the arrangements for him, because somebody had to guarantee the hospital bill up at Saint Mary's. I kept thinking in my mind, "How am I going to pay this? [laughs] If I end up with it, why, what do I do?" But I figured we'd manage if we had to. He said, "You know, this is going to be my last ride in a car. When I go to the hospital, I'm going to die there."

I said, "Henry, that's the wrong attitude. In your time, the early days, yes, that's what you did. You went to the hospital to die. No longer. You go to the hospital to get well, do you understand that?" Well, I kept talking about that. I got him checked in, and then he had the operation, and then he came out of it in good shape. And here he was 88 years old. He and his daughter had problems, and I finally got them together and reconciled them before he did die. This is one of the things that I was able to do by not being afraid to step in and help people. Henry lost the will to live because all his friends passed on.

Speaking of friendship, one time I asked Joe McDonald, "Joe, what do you notice most in your life, relative to getting older?"

He said, "Clarence, friends...loss of friends."

I notice now with myself that I look around and I pick up the paper and all of these friends are gone. Fortunately, we do have a pretty good nucleus, the ones I have coffee with every morning, and we're all pretty close to the same age. We're within four or five years of each other. Marv Humphrey and I are the same age; James Bailey is a little bit older; Bob Pearce is quite a bit younger; Carl Feutsch is a couple of years older; Jack Burgess is a couple of years older. But we're all in pretty good health, and it's nice to have a group like that that you can get together with. But I'm in tune with all generations, and I've always tried to keep it that way.

* * * * *

There are many people who have been special to Reno and the state of Nevada. I've known every governor in the state of Nevada since Emmett Boyle. I met him through Jim Scrugham, who was the state engineer at the time. I also knew Charles Russell, who was the governor and a very personal friend. I knew Paul Laxalt, the governor. He and I were very good friends. We used to get together, and I used to dance with his wife, Jackie. He didn't care too much for dancing, so I would go dance with her. We maintained a good friendship. I never got too close with Paul's second wife, because she was back east in Washington most of the time after they got married.

Grant Sawyer was another very personal friend, and he belonged to the Masonic Lodge. He was telling me that he had always admired me greatly. He said, "You've been a real asset to the community and to the state. I've always prized you as a personal friend." That was a nice comment. Richard Bryan, our present governor, is a personal friend, and he's a member of the Masonic Lodge. He was

honored with the 33rd Degree honor of the Scottish Rite in Masonry.

Governor Mike O'Callaghan was another one that was a very good friend—he and his wife, Carolyn. While they were Democrats and Catholic, it didn't make any difference. We worked together for the good of the state. Bob List was another one that was a very, very good friend. I served with his wife, Kathy, on the board up at the UNR Foundation. Vail Pittman was another friend, and then also Key Pittman. I knew Key quite well; he was a U.S. Senator. Senator Patrick McCarran was another one that I knew quite well.

Alan Bible and I were also very, very good friends and went way back. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and he was in the class right ahead of me at the university. We used to go up there to the registrar's office when we were students. Either I'd get up there bright and early, about an hour before the time it would open, or Al would be there. It was always one or the other of us got number one or two registration cards.

Eva Adams was another friend. She worked with Senator McCarran and then she worked with Senator Bible. Anything I ever wanted, I'd pick up the telephone and call her and get it. But very rarely did I ever want anything. She later became a Distinguished Nevadan. She lived right close to where we did for a long time.

Senator George "Molly" Malone was another one. He was a character...he wasn't a real politician. I remember in the office one day somebody came in there and said something to him, and he hauled off and smacked him. [laughs] I finally went over and grabbed him by the arm and I said, "Hey, this isn't the way that you do these things. You're not going to fight in this office. If you want to fight, you go out in the street." Oh, he was

that type. He was a rough, tough individual. He didn't last very long in politics.

Then there was Walter Baring. He was a very personal friend. The fact is, he was one of our officers in Reno 13 at one time. He was very popular—a Democrat. He was a good man; I always liked Walt. He wasn't the smartest man in the world, but he was just a heck of a good Joe, and he'd do things for you. One thing that you had to give Walt real credit for as a politician was that anybody who wrote a letter to his office and wanted something always got a reply.

Then, of course, there's Barbara Vucanovich, who is a very, very personal friend. I have all the letters here from her thanking me for all the things I've done for her.

Barbara Vucanovich's daughter, Patty Cafferata, was the state treasurer. Then someone talked to her about running for governor. Instead of helping her financially last time, I said, "Patty, there's no way I can help. You're just clear out of your area, and you have no business here. You should have run for treasurer again, and you'd have gotten it. But running against Dick Bryan, who's a personal friend of mine...I'll have to support him." Now Dick Bryan's going to be running against Chic Hecht. Dick is a politician, and he's a smart one. I've had a lot of mixed emotions about that, I really have. I know Chic Hecht quite well. He is a good businessman, and personally, I'd rather see him stay in office.

Chic has been a *very* effective senator, but he is so low-key. I've been in his Washington office, and every time I go there—if he's there—I'm treated very royally. If he isn't there, they still do anything that I may ask. The first time I went there, he said, "Why don't you go and have dinner with me down in the dining room?"

The only other time I had that was when Al Bible was there. He took me to dinner at the senators' dining room. He pointed out all the different senators that you read about in the newspaper. When Alan Bible was going to withdraw, the pressure really got on him. He couldn't do that; he had to serve another term. Al told me he'd gotten his stomach full of Washington, and he just didn't want any more of it. His health was getting bad.

When Bible announced that he wasn't going to run, Clifton Young, another friend of mine, announced that he *was* going to run. Of course, Cliff had done very well by himself. Fact is, I coached him in Masonic work and got him into Scottish Rite, which he thanked me for over the course of years. He was also a member of the Methodist church, and then he later got out of that. I got ahold of Cliff and said, "For crying out loud, why don't you withdraw from the Senate race and go back and run for Congress again? I know there's no question about you getting elected there. There's no way in the world you're going to get elected senator." I talked like a Dutch uncle and good friend to him. I told him he was going to ruin his political career by doing this.

"Well," he said, "Jonesey, I am going to run. I've made the decision, and I'm going to go ahead and run, no matter what! No matter what you say or anybody else says, I'm going to run."

I said, "Anyway, you're crazy." So he did run, and he got beat.

I think Sue Wagner is a very bright person, and if there's ever going to be a woman governor, I always think it might be Sue someday...I would hope so. Or I would hope to see her run for Congress or the Senate. I think she has a great future ahead of her. To me, she is a very fine woman and a very good friend, and I think the world of

her. We sat together out at the high school graduation, because her son graduated and our granddaughter graduated. I enjoy her company, and she's a fine, fine person. She has done an excellent job. She's got a good mind; she's a good, clear thinker, and these are the things that you look at. I don't care whether a person is a woman or a man, as long as they have qualities like she has. She should be able to go a long way.

THE SPEIDEL STOCK PLAN AND THE DECISION TO RETIRE

The three men who set up the Speidel organization were John Ben Snow, Merritt C. Speidel and Harry Bunker. Harry Bunker and Merritt C. Speidel were from Iowa. Harry Bunker was in the advertising and editorial business in the newspaper put out by the University of Iowa in Iowa City. Merritt C. Speidel is that one that had the real idea that he would like to have a chain of newspapers. He had to have somebody that could really carry out that idea, and that was Harry S. Bunker, who was a very good friend of his. The next thing, of course, was who was available to finance such an undertaking, so they approached Mr. John Ben Snow. He thought that was a good idea, so he underwrote the program of buying newspapers and then setting up the Speidel organization.

If I remember rightly, the first newspaper that was bought was in Chillicothe, Ohio. That was before 1939. Then they bought the *Poughkeepsie Journal* in New York. From there they went to Nebraska, and from Nebraska they went to Colorado and Wyoming. The

Fort Collins, Colorado, newspaper is the one that they still own. They began moving out West, and the *Salinas Californian* was a newspaper they bought. Then they bought the *Stockton Record*, which was another good unit, and then the *Visalia Times Delta*. During that period, Speidel also bought the *Reno Gazette* and *Nevada State Journal*. That was in 1939. Those two newspapers comprised the Reno Newspapers, Incorporated (RNI).

After these organizations were set up and making money, John Ben Snow decided that the employees should be able to share the revenue. He set up a plan whereby each one of the top executives would be able to purchase a certain number of shares of stock. RNI got into the picture there, because I had bought one share of *Reno Evening Gazette* stock. I always prized that, but when they went to the RNI plan and employees began purchasing stock, I had to give up that one share of stock; I couldn't own it any more. I'd like to have kept that one and have framed it on my wall. Under the new stock plan, I was allocated a couple of hundred shares or

something like that that I could purchase. I worked out a plan of purchasing the shares, and did purchase all of them eventually. The people who were employees working in the pressroom or someplace like that were not eligible to buy stock at first. Then later they could buy non-voting stock. There were two types of stock, "A" and "B"—one was voting and one was non-voting. At first, we had to buy equal shares of voting and non-voting stock. Later on, all the employees could buy a limited amount of voting stock as an investment. At that time, we were also offered the opportunity to buy more shares than originally allotted. I've always bought as many as I possibly could buy. We were getting dividends on this stock all the time, and the stock was growing in value. This was a good start in my financial area.

When you have your own effort put into it, it encourages you a lot more to do a better job, is what it really amounts to. When Speidel merged with Gannett in 1974, that was a big step forward, because then for every share that we owned of Speidel stock, we got about two-thirds of a share of Gannett. As a result, things really began to grow, because there was a much broader base to work from. Gannett started in Rochester, New York. What they did was they began to split and give stock bonuses. It was just one thing after another. I had accumulated quite a few shares by the early 1970s. At that time, I decided I wanted to retire early. I got so tired of breaking in publishers all the time that I thought, Good Lord, I don't have to do it. Our children were out of school and we had everything paid for and didn't owe a dime in the world. We were in good health, and could travel when we wanted to. I didn't like staying here to work, because I was subject to call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and I worked 7 days. I was eligible for social security, and we had lived

on a lot less before. We could sure live on it again with everything paid for.

I think it was about January of 1971, when Rollan Melton was the president of Speidel, that I went to him and said I'd had enough with all these young people coming in at the newspaper. They were well meaning and gung ho, but I didn't feel that that was in the best interests of the newspaper or the public or the community, and let alone myself and my health. Actually, Rollie Melton was one of these young people I was talking about. In the old group, we had Charles Stout and those types of people. We were all more or less on a very close level, and we had certain philosophies that operate a newspaper. Charlie Murray was the same way. He and I still agree that our way of operating the newspaper was the right way.

An incident took place which I didn't approve of, and Rollie Melton and I disagreed, and it was one of the reasons I retired early. A local reporter wrote a story on the front page and had her name on it, and all it was was an editorial. Boy, I just blew my top on that one. The next morning at our meeting when we discussed what was going on, I told them this was not right. The news columns are what the people rely upon for accuracy and for a true story, while that story was nothing but an editorial. I said, "Since when are we using the news columns for editorials?"

"That's the latest thing. That's what they're teaching at the university."

I said, "I have never learned that way, and the public doesn't look at it that way." I still quarrel with this doggone issue. I was told in no uncertain terms that when a by-line is put on a news story, that it is the opinion... the way a person sees that story. I don't agree with it at all. I think radio and TV is what brought this on, too. The reporters don't report the facts. They give their view of what

they think is happening. Now they're trying to get back to the old method that we used to use. Originally there were no by-lines, unless it was some major story that would go out all over the country. A writer is entitled to that by-line, but this is where the distinguishing difference is.

This was a point upon which Rollie and I didn't agree. Of course, he was the head man. I said, "It looks to me like it's about time for me to get out of here and let you young fellows have it, because I don't agree with your way of operating. I'm giving you notice."

He said, "Give it to me in writing."

I said, "When do you want it? I'll write it out right now!" [laughs]

We had a few arguments, Rollie and I. Of course, one of the other things is that he was establishing his position, because he had just gone in as publisher. I could respect that, because this is what the younger person has to do with older employees. But I felt that the time had come to get out from all of this pressure.

They always had the idea that I felt that I was indispensable. I told Martha, "We'll show them how much we think about being indispensable." There was a whole flock of us—five or six—that left that year. They were the department heads...the old guards. They left for pretty much the same reason I left. They all felt that they'd served their time and that they'd saved enough in stock that they could retire and go do another job if they wanted to.

I decided I would retire on December 31, 1972, so I ran into the office and wrote it down. All these other people who were also leaving would take time off, but I worked every single day right up to 6:00 on December 31, 1972. I took my keys in—I had all the keys to the whole place—and turned them over to my secretary, Nancy Wells. She was

a sharp gal, and I had her broken in so that she could do practically anything around that newspaper that needed to be done to keep it running. If she couldn't, why, she knew where I was.

When I left, nobody knew practically anything about how to run the paper. It was sad. I tried to get them to come in and learn, but they'd say, "Oh, no. We know all about that." After I left Nancy my keys, I went home.

That was the first December 31 and January 1 that I had not worked at that newspaper since 1942: *30 solid years*. I'd have a vacation sometimes, but not very much. Everybody else would work maybe four or five days, depending on what they felt like, but I would cover right straight through. It's just my way, my nature. Usually, by the morning of January 2, I would take our report for the whole year down and put it in the post office and send it back to Speidel in Colorado Springs for accounting. Ours was always the first one in, and it was always complete. I would also have our books reconciled. My crew didn't like having to work January 1, but I told them it was better to get it out of the way. It helped the office, too. The day I retired, I said, "When I leave here tonight, somebody else is going to worry about that report."

When I left the *Gazette*, I didn't look back. I wasn't happy to go—I was just looking forward and not back. The first day of my retirement, we stayed in Reno. On the second, we took off for Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. In those days that was really a backwoods area—primitive as it could be. It was a real nice place to go. We were there during their New Year's celebration. That was a ball. That was the way we planned it.

When we came back from vacation, I didn't have a feeling of loss that I wasn't going back to work. That's because right away we went to Hawaii, and then we followed

that with Puerto Rico on a golfing tour. This was our transition from a seven-day work week into relaxation. I always had a lot of Masonic work I could do, as well as community activities. I had also already set up another office in September 1972, so that when January 1 came, I had an office to go to.

* * * * *

In retirement I have a set schedule that I follow. I usually try to stay in bed till about 7:30 or so in the morning. Normally we do not go to bed too early. We usually stay up and watch the 10:00 news, and that means that we don't get to bed until about 11:00 or 11:30. When I get up, we have breakfast. We usually have cereal—Product 19—and bananas. We have orange juice or grapefruits. Then I go down to coffee at about 9:00, 9:15, over at the Holiday with about five or six friends: Marvin Humphrey, Bob Pearce, Jim Bailey, Carl Fuetsch, and Jack Burgess. We meet every day except Saturdays and holidays, but I still come down on those days.

I get mail in my office every day, because I'm an officer of three international Masonic groups. I get my correspondence taken care of, and then I usually like to make a bunch of phone calls myself. I don't hesitate to pick up the phone and call somebody back in Ohio or call our daughter in New York or even somebody in Paris, somebody in the South Pacific. Right from my office I can call all around the world. So many of these phone calls and things seem to come on day after day. I found a long time ago that to me, the most valuable thing I have is time. I have no time to myself, to speak of. I have to do a lot of preparation work, because we travel a lot. We're always planning ahead for our trips. When I'm gone, the mail stacks up, because I have nobody to work it while I'm

gone. Martha gives me help at the office, and so does Nancy. We send out notices, news cards, and we collect dues. I also do a lot of traveling because of my Masonic work. We're gone quite a bit.

I usually leave the office to go to lunch with Frank Hart. He's the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge and the Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery, so he has a lot of information on what's happening day to day. For a long time I wasn't getting out of the office until almost 6:00 in the evening. Six o'clock is when Martha has dinner ready. When I don't get home by 6:00, she gets a little upset. I don't blame her, because that's the way she schedules her pattern of life.

Martha does a lot of work for the church. One time, for two or three weeks in a row, we never had dinner at home one night. It was just one dinner and meeting after another. We were going to a lot of social functions in the evening, which gets kind of tiresome. These were fund-raising deals such as the Nevada Lung Association and the Friends of the Library at UNR. Then there was the engineering annual banquet just before that. I look at my calendar, and it's just one after another. We've got the Prospectors Ladies party twice a year—a spring formal and a winter formal. It's a beautiful party for them. That was the club where there was controversy about allowing women to join. They still don't belong. It's for businessmen. I've taken Steve Riddell from the university foundation up there a couple of times.

On Sundays we go to church. Then after church I come to the office again. I have to get a lot of little things lined up, and you don't have time to do them till you *have* to do them. I've always worked hard—it's always been that way. I do enjoy it. One thing that bothers me is that I have so many things in this office that I'd like to get straightened

around. For instance, I have a whole pile of maps that I thought would have been out of here a year ago.

Another thing that takes up a lot of time is the Masonic cemetery. Being an engineer, I'm the one that goes up and tries to see that we get progress made. We didn't have anybody on the board for years that knew that, and consequently, the cemetery was getting run down. Now, we've graded the whole hillside and put in trees around it to match the Odd Fellows side. We ran into about two weeks of problems trying to find the septic tank. We finally got ahold of the contractor and I said, "Where did you put that septic tank?"

"I don't know. We'll have to find it."

Well, they had to go down a special way with a wire and try to chase it down, so I really chewed them out. I said, "Who is the clerk of the works on this job?" The fellow's face got a little red, because one of the responsibilities of a clerk of the works is to show any changes on the plan. They don't always do it, and this is what causes complications.

Martha says, "You're just too fussy about things like that." But things have to be right. This has always been my way.

* * * * *

Sometimes, when I think of my busy life and my accomplishments, it scares me. I just can't conceive of all the things that I have done. Most people will work maybe five days a week, and maybe they'll work six, seven hours in a day. That's about 30 hours. I put in sometimes 30 hours in a couple of days...more than that. Consequently, I spent a lot more time being able to use my abilities and wherewithal to do these things. I enjoy doing it.

People ask many times, "Why do you give as much money away as you do?"

I say, "Because we enjoy doing it." I buy a lot of things for different people and for different projects that I used to work on. Everything goes back, I think, to my philosophy of life. I call upon the good Lord every day and thank Him for His assistance, because without Him, you certainly can't do it yourself. This is where I've always felt that we should follow those precepts and teachings that we are given, especially in Masonry, because what has had the greatest importance in my life is helping others.

PHOTOGRAPHS



The Genoa home of Clarence's maternal grandparents, ca. 1900.
Katherine and Frederick Klotz are in left foreground.



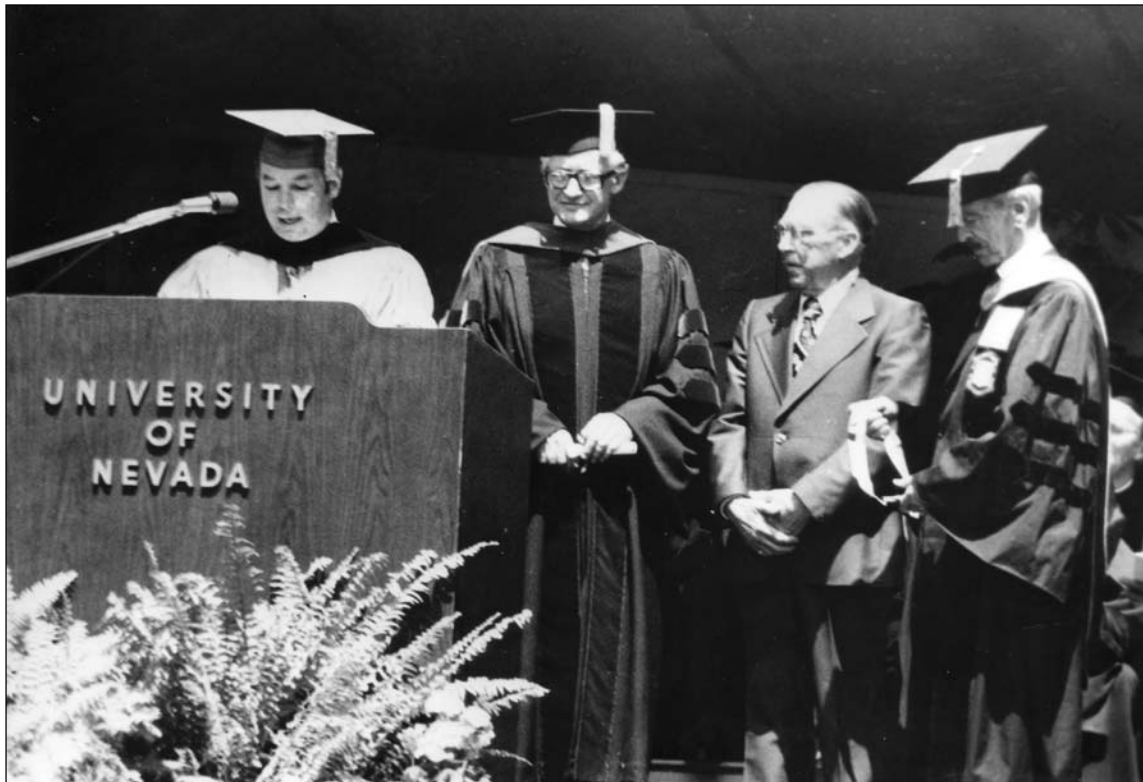
Avid skiers (l. to r.) Ann, Charlotte, Clarence, and Martha Jones on a 1952 Sun Valley vacation.



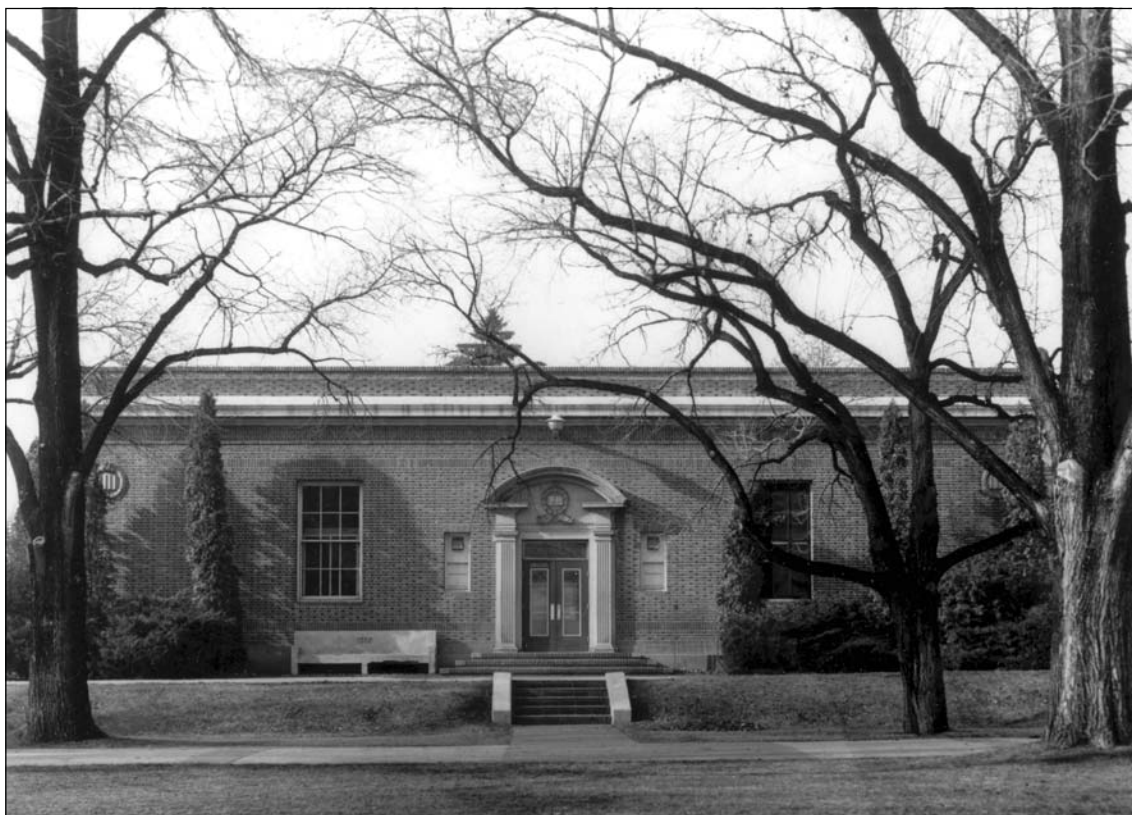
Clarence Jones was born into a Masonic family. Lionel Eugene Jones, his father, is pictured here ca. 1910 in the uniform of the Knights Templar, DeWitt Clinton Commandery No. 1 of Virginia City.



In 1958, Clarence served as commander of his father's lodge, DeWitt Clinton Commandery No. 1. Here he is seen in his commander's cape, embroidered in Europe with thread woven of gold from Virginia City mines.



Clarence K. Jones is presented with the Distinguished Nevadan Award in 1977.
From the left: James L. Buchanan II, chairman of the board of regents; Max Milam,
president of UNR; Jones; Alexander Dandini, university marshal.



This Frederick De Longchamps building was constructed as the university library in 1913. Clarence and Martha Jones, major benefactors of the University of Nevada, Reno, sponsored its renovation in 1983. It is now the Jones Visitor Center.

Courtesy of Special Collections, University of Nevada, Reno Library.

All photographs courtesy of Clarence and Martha Jones, unless otherwise noted.

APPENDIX A: MASONIC ORGANIZATION MEMBERSHIP

This appendix consists entirely of information provided to the University of Nevada Oral History Program by Clarence K. Jones and reproduced here at his request.

LIST OF MASONIC ORGANIZATIONS OF WHICH
CLARENCE K. JONES HAS MEMBERSHIP

November 28, 1987

- Reno Lodge No. 13, LM No. 4, Reno, NV, MM 6-19-31; Master 1940, Treasurer 1941-1980, Trustee 1980-present
- Douglas Lodge 12, LM No. 5, Genoa, NV, Member 1964, Plural
- Research Lodge No. 1, LM No. 148, Carson City, NV, Ch SW 1974; Master 1975, Trustee 1976-1980
- Research Lodge No. 2, AF&AM, Des Moines, Iowa; Member 1978
- Research Lodge of Otego, No. 161, Dunedin, New Zealand; Member 1971
- Victoria Lodge of Education and Research, Victoria, B.C.; Member 1977
- Southern California Research Lodge, Buena Park, CA; 1977, LM 1986
- Northern California Research Lodge, San Francisco, CA; Member 1986
- Quatuor Coronati Lodge No. 2076, London, England; Q.C. Correspondence Circle Limited Member 1980
- Philalethes Society, Columbia, MD; Member 1975, LM No. 28, 1976
- Council of the Nine Muses No. 13, Allied Masonic Degrees of the U.S.A.; Member February 11, 1984, Washington, D.C.
- Great Priory of America, Chevaliers Bienfaisants de la Cite Sainte; Member February 22, 1981, No. 129 Eques ad Probitas
- Colorado College Societas Rosicruciana In Civitatibus Foederatis; Member November 21, 1972, Denver, Colorado
- The Grand College of Rites of the United States of America, Virginia Beach, VA; Member February 1977
- Grand Master's Council, A. Allied Masonic Degrees, Washington D.C.; Member February 1977
- Grand Council of Knight Masons of the United States of America; Kincora Council No. 8, Denver, CO, September 1972; Kilkenny Council No. 33, Las Vegas, NV, June 1987
- Masonic Order of the Bath of the U.S.A., Washington, D.C.; Member February 15, 1975
- Ye Ancient Order of Corks, Washington D.C.; Member February 15, 1975
- Oxford Lodge No. 1, Ark Mariners, Norway, Maine; Member February 11, 1984
- Order of the Golden Poppy; Life Member, April 27, 1977, California
- Kerak Temple A.A.N.M.S.N.A., Reno, NV; Life Member Temple & Hospital October 19, 1946; Widows and Orphans Fund, October 25, 1946; Kerak Crescent Shrine Club 1965-present

LIST OF MASONIC ORGANIZATIONS OF WHICH
CLARENCE K. JONES HAS MEMBERSHIP

December 3, 1987

The Royal Order of Scotland Provincial Grand Lodge of the United State of America, Denver, Colorado, November 12, 1960; Provincial Grand Guarder 1986; Alexandria, Virginia; Chairman Nevada Screening Committee, August 1978.

Robert the Bruce Association, Los Angeles, CA; 1980 Member.

Clan Bannockburn, Reno, NV; 1986, Charter Life Member No. 24, Charter Chief 1986-87.

Thistle Clan, Seattle, Washington; 1986 Member.

Red Cross of Constantine, Joan of Arc Conclave, Reno, NV, initiated March 10, 1956; served as Sovereign 1964.

United Grand Imperial Council of Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine and Appendant Orders for the United States of America, Mexico, and the Philippines-(Japan), elected Grand Almoner in Little Rock, Arkansas, June 7, 1980. Served the various offices and elected Grand Sovereign June 8, 1985 in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Conferred with the honor and dignity of the "Knight Grand Cross of Constantine."

Holy Royal Arch Knight Templar Priests, initiated in Las Vegas, November 12, 1971, by officers of the Grand College of America, G. Wilbur Bell Grand Preceptor. Charter member of Saint Matthias Tabernacle No. LVII, Jurisdiction of Nevada-Utah. V.E. Preceptor, 1972; Registrar 1972-present.

Grand College of America, Outer Guard 1980-81; served various offices and presently Deputy Grand Preceptor 1987-88; Grand Preceptor February 14, 1988, Washington, D.C.

Knights York Cross of Honour, Nevada Priory No. 50; inducted June 10, 1959; Registrar-Treasurer 1959-1965, 1966-1987; Prior 1965-66. Knight York Grand Cross of Honor, Four Quadrants; Grand Chapter 1965, Grand Council 1966, Grand Commandery 1973, Grand Lodge 1980.

Convent General, Grand Sentinel 1973-74; served the various offices and elected Grand Master General October 8, 1978, in Savannah, Georgia. Conclave held in Reno, Nevada, September 22, 1979; Grand Treasurer 1982-present; York Cross of Honour Medical Research Foundation, Treasurer, 1982-present.

York Rite Sovereign College of North America, Grand Governor General's College, Detroit, Michigan, Member July 30, 1985; Order of the Purple Cross, Calgary, Canada, August 2, 1986.

Deputy Governor of Nevada, accepted April 14, 1987. (1985-1988)

The Holy Royal Arch Knight Templar Priests, Grand College of England and Wales and its Tabernacles Overseas, Joining Member of Victoria Tabernacle No. 52, October 24, 1987, in Victoria, British Colombia, Canada.

LIST OF HONORARY MEMBERSHIPS
IN MASONIC ORGANIZATIONS
CLARENCE K. JONES

January 9, 1988

- Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons of Alaska, April 19, 1986
- Grand Council of Cryptic Masons of Alaska, April 18, 1986
- Alaska Priory No. 63, Knights of the York Cross of Honour, April 17, 1986
- New Covenant Tabernacle No. LXVIII, H.R.A.K.T.P., Merced, CA, 1986
- Northern Lights Tabernacle No. 130, The Holy Arch Knight Templar Priests, Grand College of England and Wales and its Tabernacles Overseas, Edmonton, Canada
- Inland Empire Conclave, Red Cross of Constantine and Appendant Orders, Riverside, CA, March 9, 1986
- St. Alban Conclave, Red Cross of Constantine and Appendant Orders, Seattle, WA, May 23, 1986
- Grand Assembly of the Grand Imperial Council of the Red Cross of Constantine of Canada, appointed Grand Sovereign Clarence K. Jones, K.G.C. and Honorary Past Grand Sovereign of the Grand Imperial Council of Canada on August 28, 1985.
- Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons of Victoria, Australia, in Melbourne, was made an Honorary member January 15, 1986.
- Edward C. Peterson Commandery No. 8, Carson City, NV; made an Honorary Past Grand Commander April 3, 1974
- Zelzah Temple, Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America; Elected to Honorary Life Membership, the 22nd Day of April 1980, Clarence K. Jones, Most Worshipful Grand Master of Masons State of Nevada
- Special Honor conferred upon Knight Priest Clarence K. Jones, K.C., Most Eminent Grand Preceptor of the Grand College of America, Holy Royal Arch Knight Templar Priests on Saturday, June 11, 1988, at the annual assembly of the Grand College by the Most Illustrious Knight Priest John Owen Place, Grand High Priest, held in the Warwickshire Masonic Centre, Birmingham, England: the rank of P.G. VII P (Past Grand Seventh Pillar) of the Grand College, Holy Royal Arch Knight Templar Priests of England and Wales and its tabernacles overseas.
(Letter from Grand Recorder G.G.F. Halliwell, P.G. VII P of the Grand College, H.R.A.K.T.P. of England and Wales, 10th February, 1988)

LIST OF MASONIC TITLES
OF CLARENCE K. JONES

DECEMBER 29, 1987

Title	Date	Organization
Past Master Councilor	1930	Nevada Chapter Order of DeMolay
Senior Past Master	1940	Reno Lodge No. 13; Free and Accepted Masons, State of Nevada
Past Master	1975	Research Lodge No. 1; Carson City, Nevada
Treasurer	1988	Council of Nine Muses No. 13; Washington, D.C.
Chairman, Nevada State Screening Committee to present and Grand Guarder	1978	Royal Order of Scotland, State Provincial Grand Lodge of the United States, Alexandria, Virginia
Past Grand Sovereign, Knight Grand Cross	1986	United Grand Imperial Council, Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine and Appendant Orders for the United States of America, Mexico, the Philippines and Japan
Past Puissant Sovereign	1964	Joan of Arc Conclave, Red Cross of Constantine
Past V.E. Preceptor Pres. Registrar/Treasurer	1972	Saint Matthias Tabernacle No. LVII, Holy Royal Arch Knight Templar Priests
M.E. Grand Preceptor	1988	Grand College of America, Holy Royal Arch Knight Templar Priests, Lusby, Maryland; Washington, D.C.
Past Eminent Prior Past Registrar/Treasurer Served 1959-1987 Knight Grand Cross of Honour, Four Quadrants	1965	Nevada Priory No. 50, Knights of the York Cross of Honour Past Grand Presiding Officer of following:
	1965	Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons
	1966	Grand Council Cryptic Masons
	1973	Grand Commandery Knights Templar
	1980	Grand Lodge F. & A.M. of Nevada
Past Grand Master General Present Grand Treasurer/ General	1979	Convent General Knight of the York Cross of Honour, Ann. Conclave in Reno, September 22, 1979
Treasurer	1982	York Cross of Honour Medical Research Foundation
Deputy Grand Governor of Nevada	1987	York Rite Sovereign College of North America, Detroit, Michigan
Past Associate Bethel Guardian	1972	Bethel No. 2, International Order of Job's Daughters, Reno, Nevada

LIST OF MASONIC TITLES FOR
CLARENCE K. JONES, CONTINUED

DECEMBER 31, 1987

Title	Date	Organization
Clarence K. Jones, Nevada Grand Representative For Other Jurisdictions		
Grand Representative Near Nevada	1961	Grand Lodge of the State of Louisiana, F. & A.M.
Grand Representative of Nevada	1977	Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons of Hawaii
Grand Representative to Nevada	1958	Grand Council of Cryptic Masons of Arizona
Grand Representative for Iowa	1959	Grand Commandery Knights Templar of the State of Iowa
Grand Representative to Nevada	1954 11-4-54 to 1977	For the Grand Chapter of Royal to Arch Mason of the Republic of the Philippines
Had excellent correspon- dence with my counterpart. Met with him in San Fran- cisco on several occasions.		Companion Brigido T. Capili was recommended by the Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of the Philippines to be their representative to the Grand Chapter of Nevada. This Commission was issued June 7, 1955.

Grand Representative Red Cross of Constantine
Foreign Grand Imperial Council

February 21, 1986 at the Annual Assembly of the Grand Conclave of the state of Victoria, Australia, Knight Companion Alan S. Williams, Most Illustrious Grand Sovereign of the Grand Imperial Conclave of Victoria, announced that Knight Companion Clarence K. Jones, K.G.C. the Most Illustrious Grand Sovereign of the United Grand Imperial Council of the United States of America, Mexico and the Philippines, had been welcomed to the State of Victoria by him. He had been selected as the Grand Representative from the Grand Imperial Conclave of Victoria to the United Grand Council of the United States.

Clarence K. Jones, K.G.C., G.S., representing the Grand Imperial Conclave of Victoria, Australia.

January 20, 1986, honor conferred upon Clarence K. Jones--appointed Past Most Illustrious Grand Sovereign of the Grand Imperial Conclave, Red Cross of Constantine, for Western Australia.

LIST OF MASONIC TITLES OF CLARENCE K. JONES

DECEMBER 29, 1987

Title	Date	Organization
Past High Priest	1954	Reno Chapter No. 7, Royal Arch Masons
Past Illustrious Master	1958	Reno Council No. 4, Royal and Select Masters
Past Eminent Commander	1958	DeWitt Clinton Commandery No. 1, Knights Templar
Past Grand High Priest	1965	Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons of Nevada
Past Most Illustrious Grand Master	1966	Grand Council of Cryptic Masons of Nevada
Past Right Eminent Grand Commander	1973	Grand Commandery Knights Templar of Nevada
Past Most Worshipful Grand Master	1980	Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Nevada
Past Master of Instruction	1964	Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of the State of Nevada
Past Wise Master	1952	Washoe Chapter Rose Croix, Valley of Reno, Orient of Nevada, Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry
Past Commander	1953	Pyramid Council of Kadosh, same as above
Past Venerable Master	1961	Nevada Lodge of Perfection, same as above
Past Master of Kadosh	1969	Reno Consistory, same as above
Past Master of Scottish Rite	1969	Having Served all Four Scottish Rite Bodies
Inspector General Honorary Thirty-Third Degree	1959	Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry Southern Jurisdiction, U.S.

LIST OF MASONIC TITLES OF CLARENCE K. JONES

DECEMBER 29, 1987

Title	Date	Organization
Past Thrice Illustrious Master	1967	Order of the Silver Trowel, Royal and Select Masters of Nevada
Present General Grand Treasurer	1987 to 1990	General Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons International
Present Aide to the Grand Treasurer	1982 to 1988	Grand Encampment Knights Templar of the United States of America, Chicago, Illinois
Past Worthy Patron	1947	Nevada Chapter No. 13, Order of the Eastern Star State of Nevada
Past Worthy Grand Patron	1968	Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star of the State of Nevada
Ex. Master of Ceremonies	1956 to 1988	Grand Council of Anointed High Priests; Order of High Priesthood, Nevada Convention

LIST OF MASONIC RELATED ORGANIZATIONS AND PROJECTS
CLARENCE K. JONES

DECEMBER 6, 1987-DECEMBER 26, 1987

George Washington Masonic National Memorial Association, Alexandria, Virginia, Trustee 1981-1984. Mailed 150 Medallions with the Temple on Obverse side and the Mural of the Red Cross of Constantine on the Reverse side to be used as the Trustees determine, September, 1987.

Masonic Public Library, 1611 Kewalo Street, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822. Supported financially for a number of years. Contains much history of the Kamameha family. The Kings were members of the Masonic Lodge in Honolulu.

THE MASONIC BOOK CLUB, Member August 6, 1974, continuing membership.

STATUE OF LIBERTY RESTORATION PROJECT-MASONIC COMMITMENT, February 1984-October 28, 1986.

LIST OF MASONIC RELATED ORGANIZATIONS AND PROJECTS
CLARENCE K. JONES

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THE MASONIC BOOK CLUB, Member August 6, 1974, continuing membership.

STATUE OF LIBERTY RESTORATION PROJECT-MASONIC COMMITMENT,
February 1984-October 28, 1986.

SPECIAL MASONIC HONORS

ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE, Valley of Reno, Orient of Nevada.
Invested with the Knight Commander of the Court of Honor, March 10, 1965, Reno, Nevada. Coroneted 33rd Degree Honorary, October 20, 1959, Reno, Nevada.

ROYAL ORDER OF SCOTLAND, The Provincial Grand Lodge of the United States of America, initiated in Denver, Colorado, November 12, 1960.

RED CROSS OF CONSTANTINE AND APPENDANT ORDERS, Joan of Arc Conclave, initiated in Reno, Nevada, March 10, 1956.

HOLY ROYAL ARCH KNIGHT TEMPLAR PRIESTS, Saint Matthias Tabernacle No. LVII, Reno, Nevada, initiated in Las Vegas, Nevada, November 13, 1972.

GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER ROYAL ARCH MASONS INTERNATIONAL, GOLD MEDAL for Humanitarian Service to Mankind. Presented at Triennial in New Orleans, Louisiana, September 25, 1984. At this same time Roy Rogers received a Gold Medal for work in the Arts.

YORK RITE SOVEREIGN COLLEGE OF NORTH AMERICA, ORDER OF THE PURPLE CROSS for service to the Craft and the Humanities, presented in Calgary, Canada, August 2, 1987

CHEVALIERS BIENFAISANTS de la CITE SAINTE-(C.B.C.S.) Great Priority of America, Washington, D.C., inducted February 22, 1981, No. 129, Distinctive Title Eques ad Probitas. Meaning "Knight of Integrity."

COUNCIL OF NINE MUSES NO. 13, Washington, D.C., inducted February 11, 1984

APPENDIX B: CLUB AND ORGANIZATION AFFILIATIONS

This appendix consists entirely of information provided to the University of Nevada Oral History Program by Clarence K. Jones and reproduced here at his request.

LIST OF SPORTS, COMMUNITY, COUNTRY, MISCELLANEOUS CLUBS
CLARENCE K. JONES HAS HAD MEMBERSHIP IN OVER THE YEARS

JANUARY 11, 1988

20-30 Club 1931-1940

Optimist Club 1964-present

Prospectors Club 1966-present

Hidden Valley Country Club (Golf member) 1963-1979

Reno Ski Club 1927-1973

Auburn Ski Club, Auburn, California 1930-1937

Far West Ski Association, Life Member 1935 Century Club

Arctic Ocean Golf and Country Club, Prudhoe Bay, Alaska 6-7-79

United States Golf Association, Far Hills, New Jersey, USGA Associates
Program-Eagle Club 1977-present

United States Ski Association, Colorado Springs, Colorado

Reno Golf Club, Reno, Nevada 6-30-78, Originally 1942

Lakeridge Golf and Country Club, Reno, Nevada, Member 3-18-73

United States Olympic Society, Boston, Massachusetts

United States Olympic Committee, Colorado Springs, Colorado

U.S. National Ski Hall of Fame, Inc., Ishpeming, Michigan

Northern Chapter, Nevada State Golf Association 6-4-84

Prevention Magazine Walking Club, Member October 1986-present

LIST OF MISCELLANEOUS ORGANIZATIONS OF WHICH
CLARENCE K. JONES EITHER HAS MEMBERSHIP OR SUPPORTS

January 12, 1988

PROFESSIONAL:

Institute of Newspaper Controllers and Finance Officers (INCFO), Member 1952, Retired member 1972-present. Name was changed to International Newspapers Financial Executives (INFE) May 12, 1985. Served on Technical Advisory Committee 1954-1957.

Advertising Media Credit Executives Association, member 1969-1972.

The INSTITUTE OF ELECTRICAL AND ELECTRONICS ENGINEERS, INC.

Member No. 3628468, 1954. Life Member 1983.

Member of The Computer Society of the IEEE.

Life Member IEEE FOUNDATION, INC.

Member of the IEEE Society, Industrial Electronics (Robotics)

Member of the IEEE Robotics and Automation Council.

Member of the IEEE Industrial Electronics Society.

IEEE Spectrum Periodical included with IEEE membership.

IEEE Industry Applications Society.

IEEE Control Systems Society.

IEEE Proceedings Periodical included with IEEE membership.

Society of Photo-Optical Instrumentation Engineers.

IEEE Life Member Fund.

IEEE Center for the History of Electrical Engineering.

NORTHERN NEVADA SECTION IEEE, Reno, Nevada member October 20, 1965.

Civil Air Patrol, Carson City, Nevada

The Harrah Automobile Foundation, August 10, 1984

United Way of Northern Nevada and the Sierra, President 1974

Reno-Sparks YMCA, Member of Heritage Club 1984-1986

YMCA of the Sierra Endowment Development Committee 1985-1986

National Right To Work Committee, Washington, D.C.

National Right To Work Legal Defense Foundation, Inc., Springfield, Virginia

American Security Council--Peace Through Strength, Washington, D.C.

American Security Council Foundation, Washington, D.C.

National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C.

National Air and Space Museum, Washington, D.C.

Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C.

Air and Space-Smithsonian member, January 1988, Washington, D.C.

LIST OF YOUTH GROUPS SERVED BY CLARENCE K. JONES,
INCLUDING HONORS RECEIVED

December 27, 1987

International Supreme Council of the Order of Demolay:

DeMolay Chapters--Sponsored by Masonic Bodies.

Nevada Chapter No. 1 Reno, Nevada, member May 6, 1926.

Served as Master Councilor 1930.

Advisory Member 1931-1946.

Chairman of the Northern California and Nevada Association of
DeMolay Chapters in Reno, May 1931.

Awarded DeMolay Active Legion of Honor, April 2, 1935.

Instituted Northern Nevada Preceptory Legion of Honor Order of
DeMolay August 24, 1973; Dean 1974.

Hon. Member Southern Nevada Preceptory L.O.H. 1980. Fifty Year
Member Order of DeMolay, May 6, 1976.

Elected as an Honorary Member of the Supreme Council Order of
DeMolay, May 2, 1979.

DeMolay Foundation of Nevada May 21, 1976; President 1976 to
present.

Charter Life Member of the DeMolay Alumni Association May 30,
1985, Number 63.

The main purposes of DeMolay are the building of better citizens and
creating leaders through the development of character in young men.
The youth movement bolsters a boy's character by emphasizing the virtues
of comradeship, reverence, love of parents, patriotism, courtesy,
cleanness, and fidelity. Ages 13-21.

International Order of Rainbow for Girls:

Mt. Rose Assembly No. 13, Reno, Nevada.

Served on Advisory Board 1946-1953.

Awarded Grand Cross of Color 1951.

The Order of Rainbow for Girls is composed of girls between the ages of
12 and 18 who are the daughters of Masonic or Eastern Star families or
friends of such girls. Its purpose is to teach young girls those broad
fundamental principles of right living and right thinking. The ideals are
high, teaching Love, Religion, Nature, Immortality, Fidelity, Patriotism
and Service.

International Order of Job's Daughters:

Bethel No. 2, Reno, Nevada.

Served as Associate Bethel Guardian 1968-1972.

The purpose of the International Order of Job's Daughters is to band
together young girls, ages 11 to 20, with Masonic Relationship for
character building through moral and spiritual development by teaching a
greater reverence for God and the Holy Scriptures; loyalty to the Flag
and the Country for which it stands, and respect for Parents and
Guardians. The Order is Based on the Book of Job.

Northern Nevada Camp Fire Girls Council:

Served as a member during World War II, 1942-1945. Camp
Chairman 1944.

Boy Scouts of America:

Reno Council Troup 3, member 1921-1926.

Still supporting Scouting financially.

LIST OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS
ASSOCIATED WITH ACTIVITIES OF
CLARENCE K. JONES

MARCH 1, 1988

Listings in *Who's Who* Various Editions.

INTERNATIONAL WHO'S WHO IN COMMUNITY SERVICE: Third Edition 1978;
Fifth Edition 1980-1981.

WHO'S WHO IN THE WORLD: Fourth Edition 1978-1979; Sixth Edition 1982-
1983; Twelfth Edition 1970-1971; Thirteenth Edition 1972-1973; Fourteenth
Edition 1974-1975; Fifteenth Edition 1976-1977.

WHO'S WHO IN THE WEST: Sixteenth Edition 1978-1979; Seventeenth Edition
1980-1981; Eighteenth Edition 1982-1983.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHICAL INSTITUTE--PERSONALITIES OF AMERICA:
Tenth Anniversary Edition 1980.

PERSONALITIES OF WEST AND MIDWEST: 1977-1978 Edition.

COMMUNITY LEADERS AND NOTEWORTHY AMERICANS BICENTENNIAL
MEMORIAL EDITION 1975-1976.

WHO'S WHO IN FINANCE AND INDUSTRY: Twenty-First Edition; Seventeenth
Edition 1970; Eighteenth Edition 1974; Nineteenth Edition 1976-1977;
Twentieth Edition 1977-1978.

DICTIONARY OF INTERNATIONAL BIOGRAPHY: 1974-1975 Edition.

ANCHOR COMMUNICATIONS, INC.: WHO IS WHO IN FREEMASONRY, 1984
Edition.

APPENDIX C: SUPPORTING THE UNIVERISTY OF NEVADA

This appendix consists entirely of information provided to the University of Nevada Oral History Program by Clarence K. Jones and reproduced here at his request.

LIST OF PROGRAMS AND PROJECTS
AT UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO
SUPPORTED BY CLARENCE K. JONES
ALSO HONORS RECEIVED

JANUARY 15-17, 1988

1927-1931 while attending the University there was a group interested in preserving Morrill Hall. The slogan for raising funds was "Be a Brick and buy a Brick," 10 cents per brick. Nothing much really came from this project. I bought bricks each year.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA: Alumni Association, Life member 1931 for \$10.00. Again in 1936 a second Life membership for \$25.00. Have contributed regularly for its various projects.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA: Department of Electrical Engineering, member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers (AIEE), 1931, San Francisco Section, Reno Sub-Section. Name was changed to Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers, Inc. Present name.

July, 31, 1950, the Electrical Engineering Sponsor Group was formed, with Professor Irving J. Sandorf, Chairman, Electrical Engineering Department, and Clarence K. Jones, EE 1931, Secretary-Treasurer of Sponsor Group. I handled funds collected for field trips and miscellaneous programs. No funds from UNR. This group was operative until 1979, when the balance of funds in the bank, \$380.64, were transferred by: First National Bank, Cashier's Check No. 83351, in the amount of \$380.64, dated April 3, 1979 to then Department Chairman of the Electrical Engineering Department, Bruce Johnson, for field trips and some miscellaneous expense. This closed the account.

Elected to the University of Nevada Electrical Engineering Hall of Fame, 1965.

January 25, 1974, donated a Hewlett-Packard Model 35 Portable Calculator and magazines relating to computer research and modern developments. Since that date Martha and I have made contributions to the Electrical Engineering Department on an annual basis and also as some particular need required financial help.

April 14, 1977: UNR's First Annual Alumni Action Day; was the guest speaker at the request of the Department of Electrical Engineering and the University of Nevada Alumni Association.

June 6, 1980: The Board of Regents received a check from the Speidel Newspapers Charitable Foundation representing a grant made to the Electrical Engineering Computer Department at the request of Clarence K. Jones. Amount of grant: \$11,425.85. The SNI Charitable Foundation was dissolved and contributions made by members was disposed of according to their request.

Starting in 1977, one donation each year was matched by Gannett Foundation which doubled the amount available for the Electrical Engineering Department and to Morrill Hall (\$1,000), (EE \$5,000).

Clarence K. Jones Computer Laboratory was dedicated February 25, 1980.

September 28, 1982: The Electrical Engineering Students presented Clarence and Martha Jones with a letter of appreciation.

LIST OF PROGRAMS AND PROJECTS
AT UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO
SUPPORTED BY CLARENCE K. JONES
ALSO HONORS RECEIVED

JANUARY 15-17, 1988

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, member 1984-present

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO, member
1979-present

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO, WOLF CLUB ORGANIZATION, member Silver
Club 1977-1980, silver wolf 1981-present. Scholarship program.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO: Clarence K. Jones designated as a
Distinguished Nevadan at the May 14, 1977 Commencement Exercises.

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO: THE DONALD W. REYNOLDS SCHOOL OF
JOURNALISM AND CENTER FOR ADVANCED MEDIA STUDIES.
Plaque to Clarence Jones, in appreciation for his dedication and
service to the Donald W. Reynolds School of Journalism and Center
for Advanced Media Studies at the University of Nevada-Reno, 1983.

KAPPA TAU ALPHA, the National Journalism Honor Society, approved a
certificate of outstanding service, May 6, 1976.

LIST OF PROGRAMS AND PROJECTS
AT UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO SUPPORTED BY
CLARENCE K. JONES (MARTHA H. JONES)

JANUARY 25, 1988

COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING ADVISORY BOARD:

Was re-established May 24, 1984, with George Ball elected Chairman and consisted of sixteen members representing most phases of engineering. Clarence K. Jones was a member.

CAMPUS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, supporting 1975-present.

FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, member 1960-1965, 1980 to present, Treasurer January 1, 1984 to present.

LEGISLATIVE RELATIONS COMMITTEE-UNR, member 1985 Session.

JONES VISITOR CENTER, New Campus Map January 1988, Support of programs throughout the rural areas, disseminating information on what is available at UNR; the Traveling Exhibit, June 1985-1986. Also furnished the offices, furniture and equipment.

UNR ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, GOLDEN REUNION CLASS OF 1931, May 16, 1981, Co-Chairman with Marvin B. Humphrey.

UNR LIBRARIES; Noble Getchell and Engineering, Donations of books and magazines.

UNR ATHLETICS: Football, Basketball, Ski Team, have done this for a number of years. Wolf Club and Boosters; Ski Team Boosters, 1988.

UNR MUSIC DEPARTMENT: Financed Chorus director Perry Jones on his projects of the Chorus performing in New Orleans at the World's Fair, to Spain for World Competition and the Basque Country; this trip was very successful. There were others.

UNR SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, NEVADA STRESS CENTER: Paid for bringing to the University Colonel Thomas Schaefer to speak on his experience as a hostage in Iran, November 11, 1987. He also spoke to a general assembly of the students at Wooster High School on the following day. This was a very fruitful program and project and received good feedback.

UNR FOUNDATION: Charter Member, Board of Trustees, May 1981, Presidents Associates Clarence K. and Martha H. Jones Charter Life Members, September 17, 1981 (Certificates); Member of Comprehensive Development Plan Task Force, 7-1-80. Vice Chairman for Finance, Operations and Development (1986-1988); UNR Foundation Trustee since 1981; Clarence K. and Martha H. Jones UNR Associates (1986-1987), UNR Centennial Associates (1986); UNR Benefactors; Capital Campaigns-Fine Arts Complex, Center for Continuing Judicial Education, Engineering Research and Development Center; Graduation Gift Luncheon for Seniors Graduating: UNR Foundation Banquet, (Tables: 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987); Sponsored first annual "Science and Technology Day" March 19, 1987. This is a statewide program involving Nevada's best and brightest high school students in UNR programs. Clarence K. and Martha H. Jones received a Special Award for underwriting this event.

LIST OF BUILDINGS ON UNR CAMPUS ASSOCIATED
WITH THE NAME OF CLARENCE K. JONES

FEBRUARY 27, 1988

MORRILL HALL--First Building on Campus. Supported maintenance and restoration for many years. Installed Elevator in 1982. This represented the first major asset, recorded as received by the Foundation. (Letter from William C. Thornton, Chairman. Dated October 29, 1981.) Working now on carpeting the Clark Room.

FIRST LIBRARY ON CAMPUS then English and the birthplace of journalism in the state of Nevada. Cornerstone set 5-20-83. Complete remodeling including the basement. Named the Jones Visitor Center in honor of Clarence K. and Martha J. Jones. (Office of Public Information.)

SCRUGHAM ENGINEERING--THE CLARENCE K. JONES COMPUTER CENTER housing the Computer laboratory and Computer Science; also Robotics was started here. April 1984. Electrical Engineering Department, Benefactor.

FLEISCHMANN PLANETARIUM--Life Member, Society of Patrons; new roof 1979, Moon Globe Dec. 1984, Oceanographic Globe May 10, 1985, Sun Dial and sidewalk from parking lot to Monument April 24, 1987 dedication. "Save the Stars" Campaign.

ORVIS SCHOOL OF NURSING--MICROCOMPUTER CENTER--November 8, 1984. Clarence K. and Martha Jones Computer Laboratory.

NOBLE GETCHELL LIBRARY--Completed lounge in basement area. Installed a special wall clock in basement film learning, and film library.

FINE ARTS COMPLEX--CLARENCE K. AND MARTHA H. JONES MUSIC STUDIO CENTER, Rehearsal and Practice rooms, December 31, 1985. Church Fine Arts Building, Dedicated by Grand Lodge 10-8-87.

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE--NEVADA STRESS CENTER, Department of Psychiatry and Behavioral Sciences, Center Director Richard H. Rahe, M.D., November 20, 1986.

CENTER FOR CONTINUING JUDICIAL EDUCATION--The funding for the National Headquarters for the National Council of Juvenile and Family Court Judges, the National Judicial College; also for the University of Nevada, Reno, Division of Continuing Education; the goal was reached October 22, 1987. Groundbreaking is set for May 13, 1988, with U.S. Supreme Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor assisting.

LIST OF PUBLIC HONORS CONFERRED
ON CLARENCE K. JONES

JANUARY 2, 1988

UNITED WAY OF NORTHERN NEVADA: Plaque presented to Clarence K. Jones, President United Way of Northern Nevada for Distinguished Service to the People of Northern Nevada, 1974.

THE VIKING ASSOCIATION OF THE WORLD: Plaque presented to Clarence K. Jones by Order of the Kings, Queen, and President of the Scandinavian country, making him an Honorary Member of the Viking Association of the World. B. Toby Johnsen, President of the Association for America.

THE NATIONAL CAMPING TRAVELERS, INC.: Plaque presented to Most Worshipful Clarence K. Jones Grand Master of the Grand Lodge F.& A.M. of Nevada, in appreciation of his visit to National Camping Travelers, Inc., 9th District Rally at MGM, Reno, Nevada, May 1980. Ed O'Brien, District Director and Ernie Smith, 3 V.P., Rally Chairman.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JUVENILE AND FAMILY COURT JUDGES: Plaque presented by Dean Louis McHardy; Honorary Membership presented to Clarence K. Jones, July 1982.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA: Plaque presented by the Nevada Area Council U.S.A. to Clarence Jones as a Leadership Member, 1978.

STATE OF NEBRASKA, Commission by Governor J. James Exon as an Admiral in the Great Navy of the state of Nebraska, May 13, 1977.

STATE OF TEXAS, Commission by Governor Mark White as an Honorary Texas Citizen, July 11, 1985.

LIST OF ORGANIZATIONS OF WHICH CLARENCE K. JONES
HAS MEMBERSHIP OR SUPPORTS

DECEMBER 7-26, 1987

COMMUNITY AND HISTORICAL

CENTRAL NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Tonopah, Nevada, 1978. Family Life Membership, December 31, 1981-present

CARSON CITY ARTS ALLIANCE, Carson City, Nevada. Charter May 1977. The name was changed to Brewery Arts Center in 1982.

SPARKS HERITAGE FOUNDATION AND MUSEUM, Sparks, Nevada. Charter August 2, 1984. Member 1984-present

LEAGUE TO SAVE LAKE TAHOE, South Lake Tahoe, CA. Organized 1957. Longtime member at least 20 years-present.

NEVADA STATE FAIR, Reno, Nevada. Member July 1984--Bronze membership.

CITIZENS FOR PRIVATE ENTERPRISE, Northern Nevada Council, Reno, Nevada. Member May 1978-present

NAVY LEAGUE OF THE UNITED STATES, Reno Council, Reno, Nevada. App. 10-yr. member.

AMERICAN CB RADIO ASSOCIATION, Hartford, Connecticut. Member October 18, 1977-present.

THE HONORABLE ORDER OF KENTUCKY COLONELS, Louisville, Kentucky. Member April 20, 1982. Commission signed by Governor John Y. Brown and Joe L. Hamilton, National Commanding General.

CARSON VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Minden, Nevada. Mormon Station Fort Museum, Genoa, Nevada; attended Genoa Elementary School 1916-1920 in Old Courthouse.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF JUVENILE AND FAMILY COURT JUDGES, Reno, Nevada. Associated in May 1979. Elected to Honorary Membership July 1982, National Council.

UNITED WAY OF NORTHERN NEVADA, Reno, Nevada. President 1974. Community Chest, Coordinator 1957, Budget 1958-59, Director 1960; United Way Director 1961-73, Treasurer 1962, 1975-76.

WASHOE CHAPTER AMERICAN RED CROSS, Reno, Nevada. Director 1957-1963, Vice Chairman 1961, Chairman 1962.

LIST OF ORGANIZATIONS OF WHICH CLARENCE K. JONES
HAS MEMBERSHIP OR SUPPORTS

DECEMBER 7-26, 1987

COMMUNITY AND HISTORICAL

- RENO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Reno, Nevada. Board of Directors 1955-1959. Served on many Committees: Streets and Highways, Sports and Special Events, Business related, Western Industrial Nevada.
- NEVADA CIVIC OLYMPIC COMMITTEE FOR THE VIII WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES, Chairman 1958-1960.
- RENO Y.M.C.A. when it was on E. First St. 1920; Foster Dr. 1930-present.
- RENO Y.W.C.A. when it was in basement City Hall, 1920. Helped with financing for Building on 1301 Valley Road.
- RENO BOWL RECREATION ASSOCIATION, operator of Slide Mountain Ski Area, President 1954-1960.
- NORTHERN NEVADA BOARD OF TRADE, Director 1956-1960, President 1957.
- WASHOE YOUTH FOUNDATION (operator of Reno Silver Sox Baseball Team), Treasurer 1955-1967.
- SPARKS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Reno Newspapers, Inc. member represented by Clarence K. Jones. Elected to Board of Directors 1965. Merged with Greater Reno Chamber of Commerce in 1967.
- CITY OF RENO, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION, member 1973-1976.
- BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS, Reno Lodge No. 597, member April 10, 1961; Life member May 13, 1976-present. Member of Elks National Foundation 1965.
- WASHOE COUNTY, PUBLIC WORKS COMMISSION. Upon recommendation of Commissioner Jack Streeter, the Washoe County Commission approved formation of the Public Works Commission in 1960. Clarence K. Jones served from 1960 to June 30, 1979. Chairman 1967-1969.
- STATE HIGHWAY ADVISORY BOARD. Created by 1957 Legislature. First meeting called by Governor, Honorable Charles Russell in the State Highway Building, Carson City, Nevada on June 3, 1957. Clarence K. Jones representing Washoe County 1957-1961.
- REGIONAL TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION, CITIZENS ADVISORY COMMITTEE, Reno Chamber of Commerce Streets & Highway Committee Member 1959-1972; Chairman October 15, 1969-January 1973; WCATS 1972 Vice Chairman to July 1983, Chairman July 1983 to present.
- RENO CLOWN ALLEY, member 1943-1946, during World War II.
- PROSPECTOR'S CLUB, member 1963-present.
- STEARNS/BLODGETT TRUST, one of three Committee Members, approved by Court February 1979. Member 1979 to present.
- SPEIDEL NEWSPAPER CHARITABLE FOUNDATION, Trustee and Secretary/Treasurer 1979-1981.
- COMMUNITY FOUNDATION OF NORTHERN NEVADA, Trustee 1982-1985.

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